THE ENGLISH REVIEW

VOLUME XXXIX

JULY TO DECEMBER, 1924

LONDON

4, DEAN'S YARD, WESTMINSTER, S.W.1

THE LONDON & LANCASHIRE
ACCIDENT FIRE MARINE

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

1/- No. 1 MONTHLY

JULY, 1924

Mussolini, Doom Ingo, and Democracy — Ernest Remnant
Current Comments — H. C. I.
Spain To-day—and To-morrow? — Charles Wathen
An Irish Apologue — H. Alfred Bell
The Lesson of an Englishman — V. H. Friedlaender
Can British Subjects Abroad Expect Protection?
The Decline of the Moth (Story) — Major-Gen. Sir Philip Nash, K.C.M.G.
Power as an International Force — Peter E. Wright
Schoolmasters and Novels — A. P. Garland
"Sir Sergeant Murphy" — Desmond Harmsworth—M. R. Hamilton
Poetry — Sagittarius
Agriculture: A Roumanian Warning — Rt. Hon. Lord Killanin
Ulster and the Malouin Coast — Violet Hunt
The Bull Ring for Rabbits — J. D. Kerruish
The Making of a Martyr (Story) — Albert Mansbridge, LL.D.
The Redemption of Working-Class Ability — James W. Reid
The Great Unpaid and their Appointment — F. V. Dumford
The Magic of Nothing — Stephen Sherwood
The Art of Frank Brangwyn — Harold V. Wyatt
The Empire's Future — E. T. Good
The Menace and Meaning of Nationalisation — R. W. S. Mendl
Personality in Musical Composition — Horace Shipp
Arnold Bennett and Another
Books—Correspondence
Empire Supplement
The "White Australia" Policy and its Critics — Hon. F. W. Eggleston

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION 12/- POST FREE.

All rights reserved.

4, DEAN'S YARD, WESTMINSTER, LONDON, S.W.1

ASK FOR
COCHRANE, BLAKE & Co.'s
"STRATHNAVAR"
and
"SCOTTISH CREAM"
RARE OLD SCOTCH WHISKIES

An

ENDOWMENT ASSURANCE POLICY

combines

LIFE ASSURANCE with INVESTMENT.

Immediately the first Premium is paid your **LIFE** is covered for the **FULL SUM ASSURED.**

During the currency of the Policy you have a valuable security on which money may be raised.

On maturity, if you have chosen a "with-profit" policy, the sum payable will considerably exceed the original sum assured.

By placing your Insurance Contracts with the

PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED,

you will obtain

UNRIVALLED SECURITY & FAVOURABLE TERMS.

All classes of Insurance Business transacted, including :—

LIFE, FIRE, BURGLARY, SICKNESS, ACCIDENT, MOTOR, WORKMEN'S COMPENSATION, LIVE STOCK, MARINE, etc., etc.

Invested Funds exceed - - - **£155,000,000**
Annual Income exceeds - - - **£33,000,000**

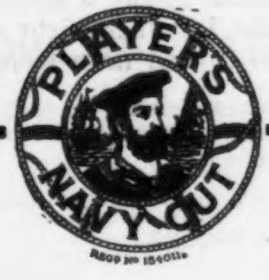
Chief Office : HOLBORN BARS, LONDON, E.C.1.

THE successful accomplishment of any task is always a matter of satisfaction. The calm smoking of a pipe of tobacco always brings added contentment.

There is one brand that never fails to please

They call it

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT



P.1100

Every Burberry Garment bears the Burberry Trade-mark.

Bad Weather means Nothing to the man who wears The Burberry. Downpour, drizzle, wind or cold don't disturb him in the least. He just puts on his "Burberry," and keeps dry and comfortable.

THE BURBERRY

is equally serviceable for all occasions, as well as all weathers. It provides a distinctive lightweight Overcoat for wear about Town, as well as a loose, easy-fitting Weatherproof for sport and country life.

THE BURBERRY

Practically weightless and faultlessly air-free, The Burberry is worn on hot dusty days without its presence being felt; yet should the weather turn from good to bad, its impenetrable weatherproofness ensures perfect protection whatever befalls.

BURBERRYS

HAYMARKET S.W.1 LONDON

Boul. Malesherbes PARIS and Provincial Agents

Burberrys Ltd

THE
ENGLISH REVIEW
JULY, 1924.

Correspondence

Meat and Cancer

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—The four points raised by Mr. M. E. Hayes in your May issue can easily be answered.

I.—"*We have eaten meat from ancient times onward.*"

It is only within recent times that meat-eating has extended to the whole population. Up to about a century ago meat was, for the mass of the people, an occasional event, say, once a week or less often. Then the meat was fresh (not tinned or chilled) and from healthy animals. As Major J. B. Paget stated in his article, "The Health of the Nation," the consumption of meat in these islands was about three pounds per head per annum. The food of the people was mostly fish, vegetables, fruits, and coarse wholemeal bread. The aristocracy were practically the only meat eaters. Noble families, who did not refresh their blood by taking wives from the non-meat-eating classes, died off in about two hundred years.

II.—"*Under the beneficial and health-preserving Mosaic law, the Israelites were not only permitted, but commanded, to eat meat.*"

At the time the Mosaic law was enacted, the Israelites were nomads who had, perforce, to live on the cattle which they drove with them, as they had little opportunity to grow vegetables or fruit. The Mosaic law enjoined the utmost care in ascertaining the soundness of animal flesh before it would be allowed as food, and certain animal food was completely prohibited. No meat eaten by Christians to-day is subjected to such a thorough test. The meat-eating of the Israelites might explain why their expectation of life did not extend beyond three score years and ten.

SUMMER
in the
GARDEN OF ENGLAND

Birchington-on-Sea, Thanet,

Has a Climate which for combined Sunshine, Warmth and Dryness is unsurpassed in England.

Week-end Return Fare - 1st class, 20/-

BERESFORD HOTEL,

"An Ideal Hotel in an Ideal Situation."
"A Garden of Eden on the Kentish Cliffs."—Mr. Geo. R. Sims.

Under 2 hours by Train from London. **R.A.C. *** A.A. Tel.: Birchington 101.**

SECLUDED private lawns to cliff's edge. Refined comfort of a luxurious private country house, rarely found in an hotel. The cuisine and wines have gained a high reputation.

GOLF.—Hotel Car takes Visitors to and from six Golf Courses at a nominal charge.
TENNIS.—Sheltered hard courts throughout the year.
CROQUET. BILLIARDS. BRIDGE.
DANCE BAND SATURDAYS.

HYDROPATHIC AND ELECTRICAL TREATMENT

Seawater, Seaweed (ozone), Radiant Heat, Electric & other Medicinal Baths & Massage. Treatments by qualified attendants; many can be given in visitors' own rooms. Suites with private sitting-rooms and baths.

SPECIAL DIETS AND TREATMENTS in accordance with Doctors' orders.

SUNNY PLAYROOM FOR CHILDREN.

III.—"*A joint of meat is one of the few articles of food which cannot be adulterated.*"

Apart from deliberate adulteration, a joint of meat is frequently exposed to treatments not altogether wholesome. Some butchers, for example, now and again wash their meats in a solution of permanganate of potash, to hide or delay putrefaction. Meat gathers dirt all the way from the slaughter-house to the table. It is often handled in a most insanitary manner. Many an animal slaughtered is tuberculous, cancerous, or suffered from wasting disease. Chilling does not altogether prevent a slight decomposition taking place, sometimes, near the bones. Joints in many a gas oven are subjected to fumes produced by imperfect gas combustion, and this may possibly be a source of trouble. I could mention other causes likely to affect the soundness of joints, but these will suffice to show that a joint of meat is not free from risks of contamination or adulteration.

IV.—"*Without flesh food a people like the Esquimaux would surely find it impossible to exist.*"

The name Eskimo or Esquimaux signifies, in the language of the Red Indians, *those who eat raw flesh.* This poorly developed race lives on flesh-food through force of circumstances, and, as a consequence, they are a small, short-lived race. They eat the flesh raw, not cooked. Were they to cook it, their lives would be shorter still. Were we to eat nothing but flesh-food we, too, should soon sink to the mental and physical level of the Esquimaux. The example of the Esquimaux is a warning we should heed.

Yours truly,

ALEX. CLEMENT.

THE
ENGLISH REVIEW

Mussolini, Dean Inge, and Democracy

In a recent article in the *Morning Post* these three strangely associated factors of our modern world were assembled together in a disquisition by the second of them on the other two. There could hardly, perhaps, be a more piquant mixture than that of the stern dictator of Italy, "the melancholy Dean," and the myriad-tongued monster which threatens to bring civilisation to ruin and itself to death. We do not propose here to follow the Dean in his examination of the dictator's doctrine. We agree to the full with our ecclesiastical critic, who is in truth a clear and cogent thinker, that Mussolini is wrong if indeed he regards fear as the mainspring of human order. On the contrary, that mainspring is, we believe, the ethical consciousness of the mass of citizens that certain acts are wrong, coupled with the recognition that those acts are opposed to the general interest. The correctness of this belief is proved by the fact that all law, to be permanently effective, requires the assent of the inhabitants of the country in which it obtains. Law which is in agreement with such assent is readily obeyed. Law which is not in agreement with it usually meets with contempt. Even so is it in the United States, where prohibition is admittedly a miserable farce, because it is felt to be unjust and unfair.

But though the validity of law thus depends on what we may term moral acquiescence, it is still operative on the ill-disposed mainly through the fear of punishment which it inspires, a fact which the sentimentalists who talk of the reformation of the law-breaker as the supreme aim would do well to remember. For a law which had no force behind it, a law which could not inflict penalty when it was broken, would be of small value indeed.

We think it probable that some such meaning as this is that which should be attached to the utterance of Mussolini, referred to by the Dean, although his words may not have conveyed it clearly. At any rate, Mussolini has touched on one great fundamental fact, which is that, without this fear of consequences on the part of would-be wrong-doers, human society cannot be held together. This is what is implied in the words of Machiavelli, which the Dean quotes: "When the fear of God is wanting, a kingdom must either go to ruin, or be supported by fear of a prince," that is, in modern construction, by fear of legal punishment. But fear of this last kind is of a far lower sort than the other, for fear of God implies not merely dread of future suffering by reason of present ill-doing, but also spontaneous recoil from breaking the law of righteousness by the perpetration of evil.

Here it is that we reach the greatest weakness of modern democracy, which, in the decay of Christian belief, is having its moral stamina corroded by Socialist doctrine. For, as we have previously pointed out in this REVIEW, science, like Christianity, teaches the full development of faculty to be the duty of man. But, in at least ninety-nine cases out of every hundred, the motive for such development is self-interest. Most human beings wish to profit by the result of their own exertions. This has meant, throughout the ages, that men of exceptional force and ability have come to the front; that they have founded powerful families, and, in the instance of modern industrialism, that they have made large fortunes which have supplied the capital required for extension of industrial undertakings, and, of course, for the wage fund. But Socialism preaches that these men of exceptional quality are not to get exceptional reward. The wealth created by their superiority is to be distributed at once amongst the mass of workers. Thus they are not to be allowed to benefit their children by bequeathing to them their gains, for there will be no gains to bequeath, and they are not to furnish the capital vital to the life of a modern State and to the actual existence of the masses themselves, who have in front of them, therefore, in a small non-agricultural country like Britain, under a Socialist *régime*, no brighter prospect than that of death by starvation.

In this way Socialism presents an implacable opposition to human evolution, which has hitherto advanced through the efforts of able individuals. For since the prize of such effort is to be withdrawn, the effort itself will be no longer forthcoming. But when all such endeavour has been thus suppressed, when all the accumulations made by such persons and their predecessors in former days have been spent—and through our present taxation and death duties we are spending them now at a prodigious pace—and when the standard of production has been permanently lowered to the mediocre level of the average man (as, in England, is largely the case already) it is extremely difficult to see whence, in any country, the good things promised by Socialism are to emerge. The greed of an all-powerful majority may be an effective instrument of acquisition, so long as there is anything to acquire, but when there is nothing left it becomes ineffectual. A shipload of two thousand artisans, wrecked on a desert island just capable of producing enough food for one thousand, might demand with one voice the equivalent of full trade union rates for their labour, and they might insist on their right to "a living wage"—but they would not get it, because it would not be there to be had.

The truth is that democracy, which in any case carries within itself the seeds of its own decay, is having its demise rapidly hastened by the ghastly fallacies which Socialism proclaims. If British working-men only understood the dire fate to which they are being carried by their Socialist friends, they would all become Mussolinis! But, failing a Conservative reaction—which is our only hope for the immediate future—democracy in Great Britain is already perishing. That is the perfectly natural and inevitable result of universal franchise. What everyone possesses no one values. This last addition of millions of young women under 30 to the electoral registers may be regarded as the death stroke of democratic institutions, and this, not on account of the sex of the new voters—for most of them are probably not more unfit to exercise their new privilege than the great mass of men of like age—but because it completes the preposterous absurdity of the whole system. For reason shows that the real object of any scheme of government should be to place in power the men best

fitted to rule, while under our plan those who win office are the persons who promise most. Well may Dean Inge say that "the salient fact to-day is the systematic corruption and demoralisation of the younger generation by the politicians," but this oratorical debauchery is the direct consequence of franchise extension. When "the have-nots" form the great majority, the obvious way to gain their support is to promise them the possessions of "the haves"—and this is in essence precisely what is happening. The destiny of despair which is thus being framed for the dark days of the future is hidden from the eyes of the uneducated.

As we contemplate the history of the last hundred years, the first Reform Act of 1832, the Disraelian extension of the franchise in 1868, the Gladstonian widening of it in 1884, and these developments of later time, we might well feel oppressed by the ruthless irony of events. Waving its banners, demanding power, and shouting "Progress," English democracy has gone on its triumphant march through the ages ever since the days of Tudor sovereignty. Now at last the goal is reached, democracy is throned and, lo, its gorgeous seat is crumbling into dust beneath it! Socialism, Bolshevism, Syndicalism, like worms gnawing the hulls of ships, are eating it away, while red ruin looms ahead. It is an old story. It can be told of other nations and of other days. Is it, then, an inexorable law of human society that a civilisation must run a certain course, must pass through the stages of autocracy, of oligarchy, and, finally, of democracy, with the certainty that when, after generations of striving, this last system of government has been fully attained, then the people treading this well-worn road which former peoples also have trodden, must pass into the valley where lurks the shadow of national death? If the leaders of the Church of England grasped the significance of what is happening around them they would cause prayer to be offered throughout the land that the Socialist Satan might be overcome and that this civilisation of ours, surviving the strain to which other civilisations have succumbed, might carry mankind forward to nobler things.

Current Comments

"White Australia"

THE closely reasoned defence of the "White Australia" policy by the Hon. F. W. Eggleston, which we print in our *Empire Supplement* this month, blows up the foundations upon which distant critics of that firmly held national ideal of the Australian people are accustomed to base their case. The writer deals in turn with the questions of racial admixture, climate, economic exploitation and defence, and shows that in each case the weight of argument is in favour of exclusion of non-European elements. He points out that, although Australia is within easy reach of Asia, no attempt was ever made to colonise it until the white man arrived on the scene, that the reclamation from wilderness of a country such as Australia could only have been effected by a race which had reached a high degree of economic organisation, and that even the early white settlements had a very hard struggle until the introduction of the merino sheep provided a sound foundation for expansion. The climatic argument against the settlement of the empty north by white men, which is one of the favourite weapons of arm-chair critics who view the question from afar, is turned inside out, and Mr. Eggleston contends that only the white man with his sanitary discipline can hope to cope with the tropical diseases that have to be overcome in the coastal belt of the north. He shows, further, that from the defence point of view the emptiness of the north has its compensations, since it would be waste of time for an attacker to land an army in such an unoccupied region when, in order to achieve any permanent result, he must defeat the defenders of the main stronghold of Australia—the relatively closely settled and industrialised south-eastern portion of the island continent. It is on such points that the amateur strategist, studying the problem with a small scale map, is apt to go astray. As to the

ethical justification for the reservation of Australia for the white man, the answer to this question will be given according to the habits of thought of the individual concerned. But only the man who habitually assumes that his own countrymen must necessarily be in the wrong when a racial dispute arises—and there would seem to be a larger percentage of such persons in this island than in any other country in the world—can remain blind to the consideration that the race which in a century and a half has raised Australia to the proud position it now occupies—while Asia left it in the possession of a few thousands of the most degraded branch of humanity, in spite of the fact that it has been open and accessible for thousands of years—has a strong moral claim to be allowed to safeguard the fruit of its enterprise, regardless of the inconvenience that may be caused to those who would reap where they have not sown.

Conservative Organisation

It is now tolerably clear that a General Election cannot be long delayed. It is high time, therefore, that Conservatives throughout the country should set to work in real earnest to organise their forces for the coming struggle. The Labour Party has not been idle since the last election, but the general apathy of Conservatives has been and still is lamentable. In these days it is hopeless to expect success at the polls unless the party organisation is continuously kept in running order. In the agricultural districts, especially, the want of energy of Conservatives is painfully noticeable, and yet it is clear that strenuous attacks must be expected, even in constituencies that have hitherto been looked upon as Conservative strongholds. If the majority of those who are the natural leaders of the Constitutional forces in the country will not take the trouble to interest themselves in politics, except during the actual course of an election, they must not be surprised if their candidates fail to effect an entrance into the House of Commons. The type of man who goes about saying that politics are too dirty or too boring for him to take any part in them is usually the man who is loudest in his condemnation of the party organisation after an unsuccessful election. He

is too selfish and stupid to see that no team can be successful unless all its members play for the side.

Candidates' Expenses

Mr. Baldwin's recent outspoken remarks with regard to the heavy financial burdens imposed upon most Conservative candidates for the House of Commons should be taken to heart by Conservatives throughout the country. So long as a candidate is expected "to put up" the greater part of the money required by the party association in his constituency, as well as to pay his own election expenses, it is tolerably clear that the supply of suitable Conservative candidates will be limited in the extreme. Some cynic has remarked that a Conservative can only get into Parliament by paying his constituents out of his own pocket, whereas a Labour candidate can do so merely by announcing his intention to get a great deal for them out of other people's pockets. In a democracy such as ours it is not difficult to see which candidate has the greater prospect of success.

Conservative Needs

The Conservative Party has within its ranks some of the best brains in the country. The misfortune hitherto has been that it has generally neglected to utilise them. Hitherto it has not been the policy of the party to encourage men to stand as candidates for the House of Commons unless they happened to be rich. Conservatives have relied almost entirely upon the services of those who have decided to take up politics either as an hereditary duty or as a means of securing an hereditary distinction. They can continue that reliance no longer. The immense increase in the electorate has changed the whole political situation. The forces arrayed against Conservatism and the existing social system are too well organised to be overcome unless the services of the ablest men can be enlisted on the Conservative side.

Conservatives must realise, therefore, that the time is past for a few men to finance their party and to represent their cause in Parliament. In future all ranks in the party must contribute their quota to the party's funds. In other words, constituencies must support their members, not members their constituencies.

In view of these facts, it is a hopeful sign of the times to find that Colonel F. S. Jackson, Chairman of the Conservative Party, is urging the selection of Conservative working men as candidates for the House of Commons. There is no doubt that, both in industrial and also in some agricultural constituencies, such candidates might be of immense assistance to the party. The belief which appears to be prevalent among many people, who ought to know better, that all the men and women of the working classes must inevitably belong to the Labour Party is a wholly false one, and by far the best way of proving its falsity is for the Conservative Party to encourage the candidature of representatives of the working-class community.

Working Men as Conservative Candidates

The third English-Speaking Conference on Infant Welfare is being held at Caxton Hall, Westminster, on July 1st, 2nd, 3rd, and 4th. At this Conference delegates from overseas and from the British Isles will meet to discuss such specialised questions as Education in relation to Maternity and Child Welfare; Comparative Legislation dealing with Illegitimacy; The Prevention of Foundlings; Toddlers' Playgrounds; Child Adoption; Overseas Settlement of Children; Day Nursery Work; Care of Expectant Motherhood; The Scientific Principles of Propaganda on Maternity and Child Welfare; and The Treatment of Babies Suffering from Mal-nutrition. In addition, three lectures will be given during the week on "Mental Hygiene in relation to Child Training," by Sir Maurice Craig; "Milk, Dangerous and Safe," by Mr. Nathan Straus (U.S.A.); and "Sunlight and Childhood," by Dr. C. W. Saleeby. A novel feature of the Conference week consists of personally conducted tours (by motor car) to Child Welfare Institutions in the London area. There will be a Mothercraft Exhibition open daily at 117, Piccadilly, London, W.1. Full information regarding the Conference arrangements may be obtained from the Secretary, "National Baby Week Council," 117, Piccadilly, London, W.1, or from Miss J. Halford, Hon. Secretary of the Conference Committee, at the same address.

Infant Welfare

CURRENT COMMENTS

Greater Infant Safety

It is a matter for national congratulation that it is now twice as safe to be a baby as it was at the beginning of the century, for the Registrar-General's figures record an infant mortality rate of 69 per thousand births, as against 154 per thousand births for 1900. The great saving of life which this fall indicates represents also a great raising of the standard of health of infants and children all round, for the measures which save life are the measures which promote health. Those measures were first inaugurated by voluntary effort. They soon justified themselves, and were adopted by the public bodies. In 1918 they were crystallised in the Maternity and Child Welfare Act, which empowered local authorities to take measures to promote the welfare of children under five years of age, and of their mothers. At five years of age the bulk of the children automatically come under the School Medical Service.

The problem of sickness and mortality of children aged one to five has impressed itself upon the National Council dealing with the subject very greatly, for while the death-rate of infants has gone down so satisfactorily (being 69 per thousand births last year, as against 154 at the beginning of the century), the death-rate of children between the ages of one and five has, during the last few years, fluctuated slightly, with an ultimate slight increase in 1922, the last year for which the complete figures for England and Wales are available.

"Christian Bolsheviks"

The Bishop of London is reported to have announced that we have "Christian Bolsheviks" in Poplar. It would be interesting to know what exactly he meant by that expression. At first sight it would appear to be one of those loose and silly remarks which mean nothing at all, but which, nevertheless, when coming from a Bishop, are calculated to misguide God-fearing people. A great deal of mischief is being done at the present time by the unthinking support given by clerics of the Church of England to political doctrines which, even if they were sound in theory, could not be put into practice without the most far-reaching and momentous social revolution, with ultimate effects beyond anyone's

power to foresee. It is unfortunate that clergymen, who used formerly to consider it unbecoming their cloth to take an active part in politics, now do not hesitate to declare themselves as Socialists, and to appear on the political platforms of the Labour Party.

Anti-Christian Clericalism

THE Bishop of London and others of the clergy who couple Bolshevism with Christianity should reflect upon the fate of the Church in Russia, and hesitate before they give utterance to remarks which, however innocently meant, are open to misconstruction, and may make for the subversion of Christianity itself. If the clergy will intrude upon politics, they should exercise their brains, and not merely be guided by the dictates of emotion.

Cultivation of the Sea

THERE appears to be definite statistical evidence that the depletion of the North Sea fishing grounds, which supply such immense quantities of human and cattle food and soil fertilisers to this and other countries, has been proceeding at an accelerated pace since the "close season" due to the war came to an end. The day when it will be necessary to go much farther afield for fish is drawing steadily nearer, and the increased cost of trawling must necessarily be reflected in the price of the catch. The time when there will be an actual famine is perhaps far distant, but the possibility is not altogether fantastic and, unless some action is taken to counter the effects of the intensive fishing in adjacent waters, it may be nearer than we think. The Scientific Correspondent of *The Times* recently discussed the subject and made the interesting suggestion that, just as random hunting and the culling of natural vegetation have been replaced by stock raising and agriculture, the exploitation of the waters will have to be replaced by aquiculture. "At present," he points out, "the produce of a large uncultivated water area is much less than that of a similar area of cultivated land. But an area of water subjected to culture, whether it be a fresh water carp pond or a stretch of the shore devoted to oysters or mussels, is more productive than a corresponding area of land." He proceeds to forecast a time when the waters may be

manured with suitable chemicals to stimulate the growth of what is useful as food for fish and suppress what is harmful, and suggests that maritime peoples and dwellers in islands may yet overtake the owners of large tracts of prairie land in the struggle for sustenance.

The Rodeo

CRITICISM of the exciting display in the Wembley Stadium that has delighted many thousands of people during the past fortnight, on the ground of cruelty to the animals engaged, was almost inevitable in this country, though it is difficult to acquit those who have complained of some lack of a due sense of proportion. There is doubtless far more real suffering endured by live cattle transported to this country across the Atlantic and in many of our slaughterhouses, but, being unseen, it is not made the subject of a hostile demonstration. Or can it be that, so long as an animal is intended to be eaten, its treatment and the manner of its killing are regarded with indifference? One unfortunate result of the controversy to which the Rodeo has given rise is the implied criticism of the humanity of the people of the United States and Canada, who see nothing objectionable in such exhibitions and are likely to resent an apparent assumption of moral superiority on the part of the British people. On the other hand, there is some justification for inquiring whether an international event of this character should have been staged under the auspices of an exhibition which is supposed to be confined to the British Empire. This, however, has nothing to do with the merits of the entertainment, which has undoubtedly proved one of the great attractions of the exhibition.

"Turning Down" the Dominions

THE reasons for and against the grant of preference to the products of the Dominions have been so exhaustively discussed, in relation to the proposals brought forward by Mr. Baldwin in the House of Commons, that we do not intend here to repeat arguments, touching the economic questions, which have been already urged. But we desire to emphasise a point on which we think that too great stress can hardly be laid, namely, that even assuming, for the sake of argument, the validity of the economic objections urged by the

opponents of the course proposed, the case for preference might well be thought to remain overwhelming on other grounds. For—to recall the oft-quoted declaration of Adam Smith—"Defence is greater than opulence," and what is here concerned is our union with the Empire, which in the highest degree involves defence. As Mr. Wyatt indicates in the article which we publish this month, the component parts of the Empire must either contrive means to come closer together, or else submit to drift farther apart with, in all probability, the very terrible result of final separation. But there is no point on which those Dominions insist at this moment with a greater vehemence than on that of reciprocity, and in repudiating that urgent request we most clearly incur that danger of future severance with all its implications of peril to the safety of Britain.

England Helpless Without the Dominions

For, setting aside the immense risk of losing markets vital to the existence of our population, what chance would Britain have in a future war if shorn of the heritage of Empire which the past has handed down to us of later time? How could we protect, whether by naval or by aërial power, those trade routes along which the food of our people is brought to our shores, if deprived of the bases which Canada and Australia, New Zealand and South Africa are able to supply? What the value is of the aid which the oversea sons of England can supply we ought in these days to know. Not yet, assuredly, has the memory faded of their valour and their sacrifices in the years of fiery strife. Yet in sober truth what we can do we are doing, by this rejection of preference (as by the refusal of the dock at Singapore), to thrust our brethren farther from us and thus to deny ourselves their help in a future hour of desperate need. Has history ever known a greater instance of imbecility?

The present constitutional position of the Upper House will be discussed by the Earl of Selborne, K.G., in our August number.

Spain To-day—and To-morrow?

An Interview with the President of the Directory

By Ernest Remnant

THERE is an old story in Spain to the effect that when, not satisfied with the rich blessings bestowed on his country by *le bon Dieu*, a fertile soil, a generous climate, beautiful women, prosperity and wealth, etc., a Spaniard asked for one more—good government—he was rebuked for being too greedy.

Now, at last, the moral of that story, lightly told with a laugh, perhaps for centuries, is revealed to the Spanish nation. It is, simply, that, unlike the physical endowments of her soil and climate, good government is a boon which she can only win for herself in the exact measure of her deserts. It is born only of sustained effort and high character, not of intelligence alone, but of disinterested service and acknowledgment that there can be no honour without honesty—that the code which governs the personal relations of honourable men is not less inexorable in respect of their relations with the State—these are the indispensable conditions of good government. In their default, the most elaborate Constitution, compounded though it may be of all the best elements in foreign models, must fail utterly.

Ever since modern representative government was established in Spain its record of failure has been unredeemed. There is no Spaniard who will not admit this and there is none who will not equally confess that his country has suffered as much from corruption as from incompetence.

My purpose is to provide English readers with a short sketch of the present political situation in Spain, from which, if I have judged it fairly, it may be possible to make some intelligent estimate of the probable outcome.

The absolute unanimity of all testimony, from whatever source, as to the continuous failure of Spanish parlia-

mentary government exempts me from the need of wasting space in demonstrating it. It is a tragic historical fact. Personalities, which have counted for more in Spanish politics than perhaps anywhere else, have been reduced to two, who dominate Spain in this crisis—King Alfonso and General Primo de Rivera, Marquis de Estella, President of the Directory, or Dictator. While the hopes of successful emergence from the present interregnum depend almost wholly upon them, it is significant that these two, for the moment absolute, rulers, are engaged upon the stupendous task of eliminating personalities (from Ministers to petty officials) who served themselves at the expense of the State, and in trying to substitute the machinery of a State administered by the best qualified of its citizens in the interests of all.

In order to get some reliable information at first hand, I have spent some time in Madrid, where I had the advantage of meeting diplomats, journalists, bankers, members of the professional and commercial classes, and others. Owing to the censorship, opinions adverse to the present *régime* are not to be found in the Spanish Press, but I have conscientiously waded through every line of a bulky indictment of the Directory published in Paris a few weeks ago, consisting mainly of the squeals and sarcasms of the dispossessed politicians who, to serve their own ends, nearly succeeded in bringing civil war, anarchy and ruin upon their country. In private conversation with Spaniards of all classes, I could find no justification whatever for the diatribes of the ex-politicians, and indeed hardly ever a word, except of extreme satisfaction, for release from the nightmare of misgovernment, a release too good perhaps to last in a country where political intrigue and corruption have such deep roots. I have travelled about the country and taken meals in remote *fondas* never visited by tourists or journalists, where the character of the company has changed but little since the days of Borrow, and still I have found nothing but satisfaction with the tranquillity, the absence of crime, the certainty of prompt justice, the speeding up of public works, such, for instance, as road repairs, and generally the belief that the workers, producers and taxpayers could go about their business without being molested and exploited by the

parasitic politicians. The immense power of the Church has been exercised unreservedly in support of the Directors.

The only note of doubt or anxiety which I could detect, and which was not infrequently expressed, was as to whether a small committee of military men, however honest and patriotic, would prove competent to deal with the many complicated economic, industrial, and technical questions which must soon press for solution. A very natural doubt, which I should myself without hesitation answer in the negative, but which, fortunately, is equally shared by this little group of generals and their King. I will deal with it later.

I should perhaps add that I have had some previous knowledge of Spain, her surviving colonies, the Canary Islands, and the machinery of her central, provincial, and municipal government. I have met two of her former Prime Ministers and many officials. I had also the great good fortune the other day to meet again an old friend, a type of Spaniard whose integrity, intelligence, and enterprise have won the high esteem of the many Englishmen with whom he has come into contact, whose son has taken honours at Cambridge, and who, in the crisis of last September, was called upon by General Primo de Rivera to assume what amounted to the Governorship of his province.

I place more reliance upon the views of such a man than upon reams of newspaper articles written by politicians out of work and without a dole. My friend, whose name I refrain from giving in deference to his modesty, confirmed fully all the impressions which I have stated above. Feeling myself thus to have probed the extremely obscure situation as thoroughly as is possible for a mere visitor in a limited time, I asked for and obtained an interview with the President of the Directory, General Primo de Rivera.

I will try, first, to give an impression of the man, and, secondly, of his policy. Of his character, one little incident will convey more than volumes of description. A good many years ago, Primo de Rivera, then a lieutenant-colonel, was in Seville during a serious strike. After some days of rioting and violence the strikers

decided to attack the club of the officers of the garrison. They massed in front of the building and commenced to stone the windows. Colonel Primo de Rivera, drawing his revolver, coolly surveyed the angry crowd, and then ordered a very frightened servant to carry his table for lunch on to the verandah. There, with his revolver on the table, he calmly ate his luncheon. The rioters were cowed and quietly dispersed. In action he has won the Spanish medal for valour, equivalent to the Victoria Cross.

One more proof of his nerve is enough. For years past, the 1st of May, Labour Day, has been one of terror for many Spaniards. Demonstrations, inflammatory speeches, bands and processions, seldom passed off without damage to life and property. No owner of a private car in Madrid would dare to take it out on that day. It was freely predicted that the 1st of May last would bring trouble, perhaps the beginning even of a serious rising against the Directory. Primo de Rivera simply announced that, the 1st of May being a holiday, workmen and others would then be free to enjoy excursions, picnics, or other innocent pleasures. But there would be no processions, no meetings, no speeches. The quidnuncs and the politicians either trembled, or hoped for trouble, in accordance with their sympathies. The 1st of May passed without a broken head or window, without even a protest. In the afternoon private cars began to appear as usual. Two inferences may reasonably be drawn. Labour sees no special menace in the Directory, and everyone knows that the President means what he says.

Primo de Rivera is obviously a man of boundless energy, resource, and initiative, supported by apparently inexhaustible physical vigour. After nine months of tremendous responsibility, he appears remarkably fit and alert. I left him one night towards nine o'clock, when crowds of people were still waiting for an interview. He may have dined at eleven, or at midnight. He looked fresher than any of the people waiting in his ante-room. He gave me a further appointment for the next morning at 9.30. He had then evidently been at work for some time, judging by the quantity of papers which I saw carried by his secretaries from his room. Again he looked as fresh as possible, and, when he spoke, I found that his

mind was as quickly receptive and responsible as that of a man in the pink of condition.

I mention this fact particularly because, amongst much of the foolish talk which one hears on all sides, is the prediction that no man of his age (he is only fifty-five) could possibly stand the physical strain of his position much longer.

For the rest, I should put down General Primo de Rivera as a man of the world, a *bon viveur* of the soldier type who is always ready to take what comes, with considerable powers of penetration, quick decision, and a sense of humour. To his intimates certainly a good fellow. Such is the number and variety of the theories that have been spun as to the motives of the President in making the *coup d'état*, of the relative positions of the King and himself, that they constitute a very forest obscured from view by the trees. Most of them are merely what the Spaniards call *fantasia*. An examination of them all would fill a book, nine-tenths of which would have no interest for English readers. All that is clear and all that matters is that both the King and General de Rivera realised that the tragi-farcical "representative" Government of Spain had broken down, and that the country was on the eve of a crisis likely to end in an anarchistic revolution, followed, as such destructive upheavals inevitably are, by the terrorism which is their only possible outcome.

Let it be clearly understood that hardly a seat in the Cortes was filled by a member who could be said truly to represent his supposed constituents. The two great parties—Conservatives and Liberals—were bound by a pact since 1886 to take, turn about, the sweets and emoluments of office, which were constantly expanded to an incredible point so as to give power to plunder the community in every conceivable direction. The whole machinery of elections, national and municipal, was in the grip of an organisation exercising almost absolute powers in every town and village, beside which even Tammany might claim to be truly democratic. In a speech at Cordoba in 1922, publication of which was suppressed by the then Government, the King said :—

"As King I can only sanction projects when they have been approved by Parliament. No more. Responsibility

has been conferred on Parliament, and (it is a bad thing to say, but true) Parliament is not doing its duty. The many projects that would be of great benefit to the country make no headway. There is profuse debate without sign of desire for improvement—only, on the contrary, the intention of securing the indefinite postponement of such schemes. Time passes and the Government falls. Others take office, and again the King signs the project for presentation to the Cortes, and because those who supported it previously are now in opposition they oppose it. I have been King for nineteen years, and have never infringed the Constitution, but in view of the conditions I have described I feel the need for the Provinces to support the King, and then in Parliament the welfare of the nation—and not political interests—will triumph. Then the politicians will behave as representatives of the people, whose vote will be honoured."

In the course of his manifesto announcing the *coup d'état*, General de Rivera said:—

SPANIARDS: The moment more feared than hoped for by ourselves has arrived for us to take note of the anxiety, to attend to the clamorous demands of those who, while loving their country, fail to see any other hope of salvation for her than that of freeing Spain from the professional politicians, from those men who, from one cause or another, have provided us with the picture of misfortunes and political immoralities which commenced in the year '98 and now threaten Spain in the near future with a tragic and dishonourable end.

The closely woven network of the policy of dishonesty has caught in its meshes, and sequestrated, even the royal will.

We are going to assume every responsibility and to govern the country. We have had enough of tame rebellion which, while it provides no remedy for anything, undermines that discipline which is still sound and healthy.

We therefore pronounce for Spain and the King.

This is a movement organised by men; he who does not feel his masculinity sufficiently strong, let him wait in his corner and not disturb in any way the bright days which we are preparing for our country.

Spaniards: Long Live Spain and Long Live the King!

Amongst the reasons justifying his act he gives assassinations, financial waste, open boast of political immorality, social indiscipline gravely impairing production, communist propaganda, and the domination of justice by politics.

No one has ever dared to question the absolute truth of these statements. They are, indeed, undeniable.

Such a condition of affairs, after so many years of "representative" Government, after so many previous

denunciations and so many promises of reform, could be dealt with only by the most drastic measures. The choice lay between one last bold effort to save the State and the Monarchy, or the horrors of anarchy. After the French revolution and the Russian, these are no longer even unknown. Barcelona had provided Spain with a sufficient foretaste. Hence the universal sense of relief when General de Rivera and the King between them carried through, without the loss of a single life, one of the most remarkable and, as it is to-day after nine months, perhaps the most successful revolution in history.

So far, by way of introduction, I have tried to convey the result of the enquiries which it has been within my power to make. I will now give the substance of my interview with the President of the Directory, General de Rivera.

In reply to my question as to the probable duration of the Directory, to which I ventured to add the view that its prolongation would be preferable to premature restoration of Parliamentary Government, the President assured me most emphatically that it was the strongest wish of the King and the Directory to restore constitutional Government as soon as public opinion appeared to have organised itself effectively. He added with evident satisfaction that there were already indications that it was doing so.

I then asked whether meanwhile it was the intention of the Directory, while retaining control and maintaining order, to depend as much as possible for advice and guidance upon the best available brains in the country through the medium of the Economic Council and otherwise. The President replied that the Economic Council had been created for this purpose and to satisfy public opinion that upon all economic, technical, and industrial questions, the Directory would be guided by the ablest and most reliable advisers available, while a valuable organisation would have been created whose services could later be transferred to a restored constitutional Government.

I should here explain that by a decree of 8th March, 1924, an Economic Council was created and charged with the duty of investigating and advising upon all questions relating to trade, manufactures, tariffs, transport, and agriculture. It is charged also with the negotiation of

commercial treaties and the revision of all laws relating to the economic interests of the nation. Representatives of all the associations of commerce, shipping, iron and steel industries, mining and agriculture are elected or co-opted. The Council will examine and approve the annual national Budget. Its members will include representatives of the General Workers' Union and the National Confederation of Workmen's Syndicates as well as the chief permanent officials of the various departments of Government.

In reply to my enquiry as to when the Council would be completed and functioning effectively, the President stated that he hoped it would be completed within two months, while some of its most important sections were already constituted and actively at work.

I next ventured to remark that one of the commonest criticisms of Spain relates to her neglect of education.

The President assured me that he and the King were fully alive to this, that already orders had been given for the building of more schools, and that, pending only a comprehensive examination of the whole question in all its aspects (a very large one, be it said, since quite fifty per cent. of the population is illiterate), they were determined to provide universal facilities for education in Spain.

Whatever may be the development of her mines and industries—and it is already very important—Spain is before all an agricultural country. In addition to her rich soil and generous climate she is fortunate in having a thrifty and hard-working peasant class, who are unquestionably her most valuable asset. A century ago, it was the peasants who excited the admiration of Borrow. Since the glorious days of conquest brought to Spain "the wealth of the Indies," followed by the period of exploitation of rich possessions like Cuba, Spain has no more sources of what Americans call "easy money." The politicians and the moneyed classes have certainly not given the farmers and peasants the consideration which is their due. The willing horse has been allowed to pull more than its fair share, with stinted fodder. There are in Andalusia, Seville, Cordoba, and Granada, vast estates owned by landlords who never visit them and take no interest whatever in their tenants except through the medium of an agent, who is commonly

also a local political *cacique* (boss), bent on extracting the last *peseta* in rent. These gentlemen, if not engaged in the political game, appear to spend much of their time at the windows of their clubs in Madrid, with the usual summer visit to San Sebastian and occasional trips to Paris. Of that sense of obligation imposed by possession, which is the rule in England, there is hardly a vestige, but for a very few honourable exceptions. The conditions of tenure are too much in favour of the landlord. There is consequently an agrarian question in Spain. In the event of any further political upheaval, it would be as easy for the demagogue to foment trouble among the peasants as amongst the industrial population. Moreover, until the question is settled in the only right way, viz., either by the transfer of proprietorship to the tenant on an equitable basis, or at least by the extension to him of reasonable tenant rights, protection in respect of improvements, etc., such improvements, and production, are hampered.

I therefore put the following rather searching question to the President: "Will the Directory initiate a liberal agrarian policy tending to break up the large estates owned by absentee landlords and to establish the owner-farmer as in France, or, in the case of tenants, to secure for them such reasonable protection in the matter of improvements, etc., as is given, for instance, under English law?"

The reply to this question could not be, I gathered, as complete and specific as I had hoped, in view of the fact that the whole Agrarian problem is in process of being carefully examined by a commission whose recommendations are not yet formulated. I was assured, however, that its objects were directed especially towards increasing the area of cultivation and of agricultural production generally, the growing of cotton, the adoption of the latest methods of resisting animal and vegetable diseases, as well as to such amelioration of the conditions of tenure as would be calculated to satisfy the farming class throughout the country. The problem is complicated by the great variety in the conditions obtaining in the several provinces, some more, and some less, satisfactory, but the President recognises that the farmers and peasants are the backbone of Spain, and is evidently fully alive to the prime import-

ance of ensuring their prosperity and consequent contentment.

I would here add my own strong view that not only is the agricultural class hard-working and thrifty, but sober, patient and good-natured to a degree which makes it almost impossible to conceive that, given reasonable conditions, they would ever lend themselves to any revolutionary movement. They are, on the contrary, a powerful element of stability. I am equally of opinion that, notwithstanding the infection of a comparatively small percentage of the industrial workers, chiefly in Barcelona, by alien anarchistic influences, the same is true of the Spanish working classes generally. With reasonably good government, even that of a benevolent autocracy, the elements of revolution do not exist amongst the working population. They could only be fermented by a return of the corrupt, incompetent and incredibly selfish form of misgovernment which cursed Spain like a parasitical blight until it was swept away last September.

The subject, of course, upon which most interest is concentrated is that of Morocco. General Primo de Rivera more than once has given some indication of his personal view that the Moroccan mess must soon be either ended or mended. It is universally recognised that the war is a drain upon the resources of Spain in men, money, and energy, which is beyond her capacity to bear without injury to such national interests as education, the development of transport, roads, irrigation, etc.

Stability, prosperity, and contentment at home, no less than credit abroad, must depend, therefore, in a large measure upon the early settlement of this question. Both outside and inside Spain, the opinion is crystallising that, unless it can be settled by military measures within the present year, then military operations should be confined to the protection of territory already occupied, with a minimum of expense. So much I ventured to say to the President, adding, of course, that I recognised the extreme difficulty of his making at present any very definite statement, in view of the fact that military operations are now actively proceeding. He replied that the Government were very much alive to the heavy cost of the war and the necessity for its early reduction. He reminded

me also that Spain had international treaty obligations in respect of Morocco. It was obviously impossible to press the question further. One is permitted to guess what the plans of the Government may be, and I am inclined to predict that within the year this inglorious war, if not ended, will have assumed a new character of infinitely less cost to Spain. Should I prove to be wrong, then I confess that my confidence in the successful emergence of the Directory from the present abnormal conditions would be considerably shaken.

My last questions related to finance. The President assured me that in the past eight months public receipts had been increased more than 10 per cent. and expenses reduced by more than 5 per cent. The forthcoming Budget could hardly be expected to show more than this, but in the following Budget he anticipated further substantial economies. The only single item in which a really big cut could be made is, of course, Morocco.

I concluded by a frank statement of the problems of British investments and enterprise in Spain, setting out in some detail many of the points which in the past had given rise to friction, to anxiety on the part of investors, and to prejudice in many quarters against participation in Spanish enterprises. I expressed the belief that a frank exchange of views between responsible financiers and the Government would result in a clear understanding as to mutual interests. While it must always rest with Spain to decide as to the extent to which she favours the introduction of foreign capital and enterprise, it is clearly desirable that whatever she invites shall be on such a basis as will redound to her credit abroad as well as to the advantage of the investor.

The President assured me that all the points I had raised, and, indeed, the whole question of the economic development of Spain, including the important element of foreign capital, were already under serious consideration, and that by the end of the present year he expected that such new regulations, or modifications of the existing law, would have been decided upon as would remove all legitimate grounds of complaint. In view of such a hopeful and unquestionably sincere statement, it is perhaps hardly worth while here to pursue a subject of interest

only to those who have investments in Spain. I trust that the hopes created by the President's predictions will be fully realised.

There would be nothing easier than to fill pages with cheap criticism of Spain. Spaniards themselves have been their own severest critics. The Directory is the answer. The many English friends of Spain sincerely hope that it will succeed in turning her course away from inevitable disaster into a new channel of progress, which may lead to a future worthy of her splendid past.

It is a tragic revelation of the impotence of democracy that Spain's sole chance of emerging from the deadly quicksands into which she had been plunged by parliamentary government depends upon the efforts of two temporary autocrats, the King and General de Rivera.

As Mussolini has lately been reminding a world bemused with idealistic theories, the instant that the safety of a nation is threatened by another, the cardboard crown of democracy is thrown aside and an autocrat is implored to save the country. Spain was in mortal danger from within, and nothing but an autocrat could have saved her. She is more fortunate than she deserves in having been given a chance of salvation without passing through blood and fire. When I venture to speak of her deserts, I have in mind, not so much the vices of her past administrations as the moral torpor which would never rouse itself into effective protest. Such supine inertia implicated the whole nation in the guilt of the professional *chevaliers d'industrie* who have misruled and plundered Spain for generations.

That under the Directory, whether it lasts for one year, or ten, in its present form, Spain would be infinitely better off than before, I have no shadow of doubt; but, inasmuch as it is the sincerely professed intention of the King and of that body to re-establish Constitutional Government at the earliest possible moment, the only vital question is whether that extremely difficult surgical operation can be effected as successfully as, so far, it has been bloodless. Should it fail, it will not be the fault of the King and Primo de Rivera. They have shown courage, resource, and patriotic devotion of the highest order, for which their country should be for ever profoundly grateful. They have saved her from herself and afforded her the

opportunity of proving that there are men of good-will, character, and ability in Spain who will redeem her honour and realise a great future, eclipsing perhaps even her glorious past.

Do such men exist in sufficient numbers? Will they come forward, even at personal sacrifice? Will the country rally to their support? These are questions upon which the future of Spain depends. It is not the part of a foreigner to rush in with an answer that few Spaniards are yet inclined to venture. One can only express the fervent hope that within the next year or two these questions will have been answered with a triumphant affirmative.

In my travels in remoter parts I have seen and admired the hard-working peasantry of Spain, to whose courtesy and dignity is surely due the saying that every Spaniard is a gentleman. I have passed many a smiling boy, driving goats, or cattle, or a string of laden donkeys, with a careless, roguish, yet friendly glance for a stranger, and I thought he was formed of the stuff that makes good men. I have great hopes of those boys. If the men of the towns, of the professions, and of commerce will serve their country as well as the peasants, King Alfonso and Primo de Rivera will have saved Spain.

An Irish Apologue

By H. C. I.

Once upon a time, not so very long ago, there was a man whom, though it wasn't his real name, we may call John Smith, an Englishman who, either as a punishment for innate wickedness or through sheer ill-luck, had inherited a small Irish estate. The property consisted of thirty-two fields, of which twenty-three were in the occupation of a farmer called Michael, while the other nine were held by another farmer of the name of Andrew.

Michael had never been a very satisfactory tenant, and was generally on bad terms with his neighbour Andrew, who, on his part, had no great liking for Michael, but was sincerely attached to Smith. After a time Smith grew tired of the constant friction between his tenants, which caused him a good deal of trouble and annoyance, and resolved to put an end to it. His first idea was to throw the two farms into one, and to make over the management of the whole to Michael, leaving Andrew as the latter's sub-tenant. But this arrangement did not at all commend itself to Andrew, who vowed that he would rather die than submit to it. At last, however, after much persuasion, not unmingled with threats, he consented to give up three of his nine fields to Michael on a distinct promise from Smith that the remaining six should be secured to him by a perpetual lease.

This was done, but Michael was still dissatisfied and tried to encroach on the six fields retained by his neighbour, and especially on two of them to which he said he had a right, on the ground that some of the labourers employed on them were his cousins. In short, he made himself so disagreeable, and fired so many shots from behind hedges at Smith's bailiff, that Smith got badly rattled, and invited him to what he called a conference, in which Andrew was not asked to take part, though an

assurance was given him that his interests should not suffer in any way. Michael, after some hesitation, consented to confer, and after a great deal of arguing and some threatening on both sides, Smith again gave way and agreed to make over the twenty-six fields to Michael in perpetuity, relinquishing all claim to interfere with his management of them. And he further undertook that Andrew should nominate somebody who, with someone else, nominated by Michael, should revise the boundary between their respective farms, and that he himself would appoint an arbitrator to decide between them where they differed. When Andrew, who had not been consulted, heard of this, he thought himself very ill used, but offered, for the sake of peace, to meet Michael and consider with him the exchange of inconvenient corners here and there, but declared that he could never consent to any arrangement which might deprive him of whole fields. He relied, he said, on Smith's promise, made two years before, that the six fields should be his for ever, unless he should at any time, of his own free will, consent to amalgamate them with the twenty-six fields held by Michael.

The matter got into the newspapers, and aroused a good deal of public interest. Some people declared that Andrew was obstinate and recalcitrant, and that it was his duty to accept the terms which Smith had made for him. In any case, they said, Smith was bound in honour to see that his agreement with Michael was "implemented," with or without Andrew's consent. Others argued that Smith was bound in honour to keep his promise to Andrew that he was to hold his six fields undisturbed as long as he chose, and that that promise could not be invalidated by any subsequent agreement between Smith and Michael to which Andrew was not a party.

What do *you* think?

Can British Subjects Abroad Expect Protection?

By H. Alfred Bell

Director of the British Chamber of Commerce, Paris, and Vice-Chairman of the Lille (Northern France) Committee.

BEFORE the Great War, the leading textile centres of France and Belgium, such as Lille, Roubaix, Tourcoing, Croix, Armentières, Ghent, Courtrai, and Brussels, were important centres of industrial and commercial interest to British textile machinists, flax and cotton spinners, mill furnishers, flax, wool, and cotton merchants, yarn and cloth exporters and importers.

The result of these Franco-British and Anglo-Belgian transactions was that numerous British subjects expatriated themselves in order better to serve their firms and British trade. They settled in France or Belgium in the midst of the activities interesting their trade, as agents, salesmen, or fitters, or they opened local branches of British firms, as merchants, manufacturers, spinners, combers, or mechanical engineers. Their work, involving temporary absence from Great Britain, was undoubtedly an industrial advantage to the Mother Country and considerably helped the export of British goods abroad.

At the declaration of war in August, 1914, most members of the British Continental colony returned to Great Britain and later served in the Forces. Others thought it better—conscription not being then in force—to remain at their post in mill, factory, workshop, or store, whilst rendering "local" service. The majority of those who remained behind were surprised by the rapid German advance and were transported by the Germans as civil prisoners to Ruhleben, or other camps, for a period of four years.

1918—ARMISTICE—DEMOBILISATION.

They returned to the liberated regions to find British factories ransacked, mills emptied of machinery and raw material, mechanical workshops looted and voluntarily destroyed, stores with bare walls, houses pillaged and uninhabitable, all brass, mattresses, etc., stolen. British

property especially was never spared by the German hordes. Such was the state of affairs on the return to Lille, Roubaix, Ghent, etc., of our compatriots anxious to resume commercial operations and rebuild British trade on the Continent. Their first thoughts were that, as the damage to the property had occurred in France or Belgium, and as they had themselves for many years paid rates and taxes to these countries, the French and Belgian Governments would indemnify them in the same way as these countries were indemnifying the losses of their own nationals. This, however, was not to be, and so as to come into closer contact with each other and to defend their interests, British business men—members of the British Chamber of Commerce, Paris—suggested to the Chamber that it would be useful to form a local committee in Lille and Northern France. This was done in July, 1919, and the following reports, which I drew up at the request of the Chamber, will enlighten readers on this subject.

FIRST REPORT OF WAR DAMAGE COMPENSATION.

LILLE, *December 31st*, 1921.

The deplorable situation of British subjects having suffered War Damages in Northern France is not generally known in Great Britain, and as no immediate solution seems likely, it is important that public opinion be acquainted with the facts and with the untiring endeavours of the British Chamber of Commerce in Paris, and of its Lille (Northern France) Committee, to obtain satisfaction for all British subjects concerned.

The French War Damages Bill of April 17th, 1919, states :—

" Foreigners in France are entitled to compensation, subject to conditions to be fixed between the French Republic and the nation to which such foreigners belong.

" In the interim and with a view to securing their rights, foreigners may have evidence taken and valuation made of the damage they have suffered."

Basing itself on this law and on the correspondence exchanged between the British Chamber of Commerce in Paris and the British Embassy, in November, 1918, the first steps of the Lille Committee at its creation in July, 1919, were, therefore, to endeavour by every possible means that some such agreement for the reciprocal payment of War Damages be come to between the British Government and the French Republic, as that which was shortly afterwards arranged between the Belgian and the French Governments.

Repeated representations were therefore made direct and through the British Chamber of Commerce to the British Embassy, the Foreign Office, and to the Prime Minister, as also on the French side, to the

Préfecture du Nord and to the Ministère de la Reconstitution Industrielle in Lille and in Paris, fully explaining the gravity of the situation.

In October, 1919, I was verbally informed at the British Embassy that it was not thought possible to conclude such an agreement, as there really was no possible reciprocity, very few French subjects in Great Britain, if any, having suffered war damages, and it not being possible for the Treasury to comply with the financial conditions proposed (which proposals were not divulged).

There being, therefore, little hope of satisfaction through a Franco-British agreement, the efforts of the Lille Committee were then directed to endeavour to obtain direct compensation from the British Government, such compensation to be paid out of the German War Damage Indemnity due under the Treaty of Versailles, and, in November, 1919, a further petition was sent through the British Embassy to the Foreign Office again drawing the attention of the Government to this matter.

A few days afterwards, on the invitation of the British Chamber of Commerce, Paris, a delegation of the Lille (Northern France) Committee officially met Sir Hamar Greenwood, Parliamentary Secretary to the Department of Overseas Trade, and Sir William Clark, Controller-General of the same Department at the British Chamber of Commerce Offices in Paris. I put the whole situation before these gentlemen, who promised to report to the Government.

In November, 1919, the Foreign Office, as also in April, 1920, the Reparation Claims Department, stated that it was not possible to give British residents in France immediate satisfaction, as it would be giving them preferential treatment over British subjects who had also suffered war damages in other parts of the world. To this the Lille Committee replied that they considered British subjects in the *actual seat* of the war, and who had *for four years been deprived of all means of livelihood*, had a prior claim over those who were outside the occupied area, and who had possibilities of insuring against war risks.

British subjects were invited, however, to register their claims with the Foreign Claims Office. This was eventually done.

In the meantime, French subjects and Belgian subjects in France were receiving compensation from the French Government, rebuilding their factories, replenishing their stores, and refitting their private houses. *British subjects during that time were left to act as best they could*, and if it was not possible for them to obtain outside financial help, they had to wait in their devastated factories, warehouses, or homes.

On May 4th, 1920, Mr. Austen Chamberlain stated in Parliament that no individual would have a claim in law for any sum which the British Government may receive from Germany in respect of Reparation, and that H.M. Government recognised that, while there can be no legal claim, a private individual may have a strong moral claim. For that purpose, a sum of £5,000,000 sterling, out of the first receipts on account of Reparation, was to be set aside to be used as a fund out of which payments would be made as an act of grace on the part of H.M. Government. This statement and the very small amount set aside, compared with the actual damage, surprised all concerned. The

attitude of the British Government, compared with that of the French Republic, who, in their War Damage Bill, stated, in Article 1, that the Republic proclaimed "equality and solidarity of all French citizens as regards the cost of the war," is very depressing indeed.

In May, 1920, the Reparation Claims Department sent out a circular enclosing various forms (R.C.4), to be filled in so as to prepare the claims to the British Government. These forms were duly filled in. Notwithstanding constant reminders, no further news having been received on October 14th, 1920, a further memorandum was sent to the British Embassy for transmission to the Home Authorities, reminding them again of the unfortunate situation of British subjects in France.

In February, 1921, the Reparation Claims Department advised the Lille (Northern France) Committee that an agreement had been come to between the British and the French Governments, by which the French Commissions Cantonales had agreed to value British claims, this assessment to be on the same basis as the claims of French citizens. This agreement, however, referred to valuation alone and *not* to payment. The Committee was further informed that the results of this valuation would be placed before the Grants Commission which was to be established for the purpose of making *ex gratiâ* grants. All British subjects, therefore, filled in again new Commissions Cantonales forms, which were sent through the Reparation Claims Department to the French Authorities.

In August, 1921, a Royal Commission was appointed to consider claims for compensation made by British nationals for damage arising out of the action of the enemy in the late war. The Commissioners appointed were Lord Sumner, Mr. W. Edgar Horne, and Mr. Joseph H. Sabin.

In September, 1921, the Clearing Office (Enemy Debts Department) issued a circular stating that it was thought possible to register certain claims with that office under Article 297 of the Treaty of Versailles, and invited claimants to fill in new sets of forms for that purpose. The Lille Committee took up this question with the Clearing Office, and it seems that only such goods as were seized by the German Army and transported to be sold in Germany and the sale of which could be traced could come under this article of the Treaty. It is, however, nearly impossible to trace these sales, and, in any case, only a few commercial or industrial concerns would be affected by this new circular.

In November, 1921, at a general meeting of the Lille (Northern France) Committee, it was decided, supported by the Chamber in Paris, that united action be invited between the British Chamber of Commerce in Belgium, the British Chamber of Commerce of Turkey and the Balkan States, and the Lille (Northern France) Committee of the British Chamber of Commerce in Paris, and any other British Chamber interested in war damage compensation. The object is to group all efforts in view of obtaining some result, and so to emphasise to the British Government the importance of this question of war damage compensation. At date of writing, negotiations are being carried on to that effect.

To resume the situation; although most members have gone through

numerous formalities and have already filled in five sets of forms, *i.e.*, with the Foreign Claims Department, the French Commissions Cantonales, the Reparation Claims Department, the Commissions Cantonales through the Reparation Claims Department, and the Clearing Office (Enemy Debts Department), no result whatever has been attained three years after the Armistice. Several members of Parliament have been approached by the Lille (Northern France) Committee, questions have been asked by them in the House, the British Consul in Lille has frequently reported these cases of hardship, the Federation of British Industries has taken up the question for us, and the British Chamber of Commerce in Paris has been indefatigable in our cause, but always without avail.

British business men, whose requisitioned goods often represented the capital of the firm, to-day still find their firms closed down until payment of claims permits them to re-open. Homes in which mattresses, linen, carpets, brass and copper fittings of all kinds have been stolen by the German Army are still without these necessities, awaiting the money which will allow their replacement.

Before the war, Frenchmen, Belgians, and Britishers lived and traded in Northern France. The war came to a successful end by the co-operation of France, Belgium, and Great Britain. After the war French and Belgian citizens are indemnified for their losses. British subjects are not. I ask the question: Why?

SECOND REPORT.

LILLE, *December 31st*, 1922.

Since my first report of the 31st December, 1921, the following steps have been taken by the Lille (Northern France) Committee to obtain satisfaction for all British *sinistrés* (sufferers) in Northern France.

At the beginning of January, 1922, I received a letter from the Préfet du Nord, stating that, in consequence of representations I had made to him, he had issued a special circular to the Presidents of the various Commissions Cantonales instructing them to proceed with the valuation of the claims of British subjects with the utmost despatch, so that these valuations could be transmitted to the British Embassy and from there to the Royal Commission.

Bearing in mind that a conference was at that time to be held at Cannes, a telegram was sent on January 5th to Mr. Lloyd George, Prime Minister, reminding him that, notwithstanding constant reminders, no compensation had as yet been received by British subjects in Northern France, and suggesting that the question be discussed with the French Government at the Conference. No reply was received from the Prime Minister, and it is to be supposed that the question was not discussed at the Conference.

At a meeting convened by the Federation of British Industries in London, and held, on March 7th, at their offices, several members of the Lille (Northern France) Committee were present; and at this meeting, held under the chairmanship of Mr. Angus Faulkner, it was decided to endeavour to arrange for an interview with the Chancellor of the

Exchequer. In order to collect all necessary information before this interview, I sent out a circular on March 10th to all British residents in the North of France, asking for full particulars of their claims up to date. An unsuccessful attempt was made to have this question brought up at the Genoa Conference. While in London, our Chairman also interviewed prominent officials at the Reparation Claims Department and also at the Clearing Office (Enemy Debts Department). After repeated appeals to the Chancellor of the Exchequer to grant an interview, a joint deputation of Members of the British Chamber of Commerce, Paris, and the Federation of British Industries, London, headed by Mr. Angus Faulkner, Chairman of the Lille (Northern France) Committee, was received at the Treasury on July 11th by Sir Basil Blackett, Financial Secretary to the Treasury, to whom a full memorandum of the position was handed, and a suggestion was made that the French Government should be asked to pay British claimants in respect of damage in French Government bonds, the value of which be set off against the debt of the French Government to His Majesty's Government. Sir Basil Blackett promised to bring this statement to the notice of the Chancellor, as also the suggestion referred to, and stated that they would be carefully considered.

During the period under review the Chamber in Paris had been several times in communication with the British Embassy and, in July, 1922, again wrote to the British Ambassador asking, in view of the approaching meeting to be held in August in London between the British and French Prime Ministers, if he would bring to the knowledge of the competent authorities the unfortunate position of British subjects who were still awaiting the payment of compensation.

At the same time, at our request, the Federation of British Industries again brought the subject to the notice of the Treasury. Replies were received from the British Ambassador and Sir Basil Blackett stating that the matter was having attention.

After further representations, a reply was received from the Treasury stating that the Lords of the Treasury regretted that, so far, no suitable opportunity had arisen for dealing with the matter.

The Lille (Northern France) Committee had also been concerned by the position in which firms registered under French law, but capitalised by persons of British nationality, had found themselves, owing to the stoppage of payment of war damage compensation by the French Government, in accordance with a circular issued by the Minister of the Liberated Regions on December 2nd, 1921. Repeated representations were made by us to the competent French authorities, and those, in conjunction with other circumstances and various judgments of the Courts, had resulted in the issuing, on September 8th, 1922, of a circular recognising as French companies and authorising payment of compensation to " Sociétés Anonymes " who fulfilled the conditions of the law, and, after further endeavours, on November 3rd, 1922, a further circular was issued recognising as French, and extending the same rights to " Sociétés en nom collectif, ou en commandite."

This has the effect of reducing claims on the British Government by a very considerable sum, and renders possible a hope of a slightly increased dividend to be paid out of the £5,000,000 sterling set aside

for the purpose, and for which British " sinistrés " have been waiting so patiently and for so long.

On October 23rd, 1922, the Reparation Claims Department invited us to be present at a meeting to be held in London on October 25th, 1922, to consider questions relating to restitution of cash or goods under Article 238 of the Treaty of Versailles. Our Chairman, Mr. Angus Faulkner, and I were both present at this meeting. The question was discussed and a plan proposed for the forming of a fund, the purpose of which would be to compensate British nationals who had had goods transported into Germany. On the day of this meeting and during the course of an interview we had with Mr. Neill, Controller of the Reparation Claims Department, he asked me to furnish him with a list of the claims of British " sinistrés " in Northern France, giving the amounts awarded by the Commissions Cantonales, or, where the claim had not yet been passed by the Commission Cantonale, the actual sum claimed.

On our return, a circular was sent out for the purpose of obtaining this information, and a list was compiled and forwarded to the Reparation Claims Department.

I had also been asked by Mr. Neill to do all I possibly could to hasten the valuation of British claims by the Commissions Cantonales so that all information would be ready for the Royal Commission. The necessary steps were taken, and the Préfet du Nord was approached on our behalf by H.B.M.'s Consul at Lille, Mr. J. R. Murray. The Préfet du Nord promised to do his utmost, and has issued a second special circular to the Presidents of the Commissions Cantonales urging them to hasten the work of valuation.

We have also been, during the past year, in close touch with the Turkish Reparations Committee of London and with the British Chamber of Commerce in Belgium.

In December, 1922, the Prime Minister stated in the House of Commons :—

" The German factories and mines were not destroyed; those of the French were almost destroyed. Is it reasonable to suggest that some reparation should not be made for this destruction by the party that caused it? "

In view of the meeting in London between Mr. Bonar Law and M. Poincaré, held early in December, 1922, we approached, through the Chamber in Paris, the British Embassy, Lord Derby, former Ambassador in Paris, and several Members of Parliament, amongst whom were Sir Francis Lowe and Sir W. Joynson-Hicks, Parliamentary Secretary to the Overseas Trade Department, pointing out the urgent need there was for the payment of compensation to British subjects, and suggesting that the moment was a suitable one for again bringing forward the question.

The Treasury was also approached on the matter by the Federation of British Industries with whom we had been in communication.

Acknowledgments were received from these different persons.

Lastly, on January 5th, 1923, Mr. Cahill, Commercial Counsellor to the British Embassy, obtained an interview in Paris for Mr. John Laurier, President of the British Chamber of Commerce, Paris, Mr.

Angus Faulkner, and myself, with Sir Philip Lloyd-Greame, President of the Board of Trade, and Mr. Otto Niemeyer, Controller of the Treasury. These gentlemen listened to our case, and promised to bear the matter in mind when the occasion should arise.

The total of claims registered with the Lille (Northern France) Committee, which total does not comprise all British claims for damage done in Northern France, but certainly includes the bigger claims, was as follows on December 15th, 1922 :—

48 private claims amounting to (assessed by French Commission Cantonale)	Fr.	1,103,522
23 private claims not yet passed by the Commission Cantonale	Fr.	786,224
71 private claims ... ... TOTAL	Fr.	1,889,746
8 industrial claims amounting to (assessed by French Commission Cantonale)	Fr.	90,509,915
20 industrial claims not yet assessed by the Commission Cantonale	Fr.	76,425,534
28 industrial claims ... ... TOTAL	Fr.	166,935,449

GRAND TOTAL—FRANCS 168,825,195.

1918-1922.—Four years have gone by since the Armistice, and not a single penny has been as yet paid to British " sinistrés " in France. Frenchmen and Belgians have received large sums; yet most British subjects trading in France have been paying taxes both in Great Britain and in France, and they are helped by neither country. They hoped that, during 1923, the situation would at last change, and that justice would be meted out.

It must not be forgotten that British subjects who are resident in France are mostly there to promote British trade and to import British goods into France. They are a necessity to British commerce, and they look to the British Government, who recognise the value to British commerce of " exports," to recognise that they owe these British subjects compensation for the damage they have sustained whilst endeavouring to increase British trade abroad.

THIRD REPORT.

LILLE, *December 31st, 1923.*

Since I drew up my report of December 31st, 1922, an uneventful year has passed, and I regret to state that, notwithstanding the Lille Committee's continued efforts, the position of British subjects claiming compensation in respect of damages sustained during the war has remained practically stationary.

Following the interview on January 5th, 1923 (referred to in my report for 1922), accorded by Sir Philip Lloyd-Greame, President of the Board of Trade, to a deputation from the British Chamber of Commerce, Paris, I wrote to Sir Philip Lloyd-Greame, on April 28th,

asking if, in view of the declarations made at that time by Monsieur Loucheur, of the conversations taking place between Great Britain and Germany, and of possible negotiations between Great Britain and France, he would bear in mind the situation of British "sinistrés" in Northern France. A reply was received from Sir Philip Lloyd-Greame stating that this letter would have his attention. A similar letter addressed to Sir Philip Lloyd-Greame, on September 26th, was replied to in the same terms.

In May, the Chamber in Paris consented to the reprinting in combined form of my Reports on War Damage Compensation for 1921 and 1922. A copy of this combined report was sent to every Member of Parliament, to 22 Government officials, and to the editors of over 80 British newspapers. Further copies were distributed on our behalf by the Federation of British Industries, and also by the Turkish Reparations Committee, London. A copy was also sent to every British "sinistré" having registered a claim with the Lille Committee. As a result of the distribution of these reports, questions were asked in the House of Commons by four members of Parliament. Unfortunately, the replies given by Sir W. Joynson-Hicks, Secretary to the Treasury, did not throw any new light on this, up to the present, obscure question. Correspondence was also exchanged with various Members of Parliament, who promised to keep the matter before them and to bring it again before the House at a suitable opportunity.

In May, certain information was sent by me to the Federation of British Industries, in order that they might have complete records which would enable them to prepare a memorial for presentation to the Government. In September, after an exchange of correspondence, the Federation of British Industries stated that, in view of the political situation in Great Britain, it was considered advisable to await a more favourable opportunity.

In October, a special Reparation Claims Department Commissioner came to Lille for the purpose of investigating and assessing claims of British subjects which had not been passed by the Commissions Cantonales, or which had been received by the Reparation Claims Department after the advertised closing date for the reception of claims, *i.e.*, November 28th, 1922. I understand that, as soon as all British claims have been assessed, and probably at the beginning of January, a report will be issued by the Royal Commission on Compensation for suffering and damage by enemy action, a dividend upon the sums assessed will be decided upon, and payment made in the first six months of 1924.

It would appear, therefore, that British claimants for compensation may look forward to a small payment in the near future. What will this payment be? Of the £5,000,000 set aside by the Government for the payment of compensation claims from all sources, I understand that nearly £3,000,000 have already been distributed in payment of death, health, and internment claims, in accordance with the interim report of the Royal Commission issued on January 22nd, 1923.

The claims from Northern France alone amount to approximately 170 million francs. When the huge sums are borne in mind which are being claimed by British subjects in Belgium, Turkey, Russia, etc., it is

easy to conceive that only a derisively small dividend will be allotted to claimants.

How, I ask, can British business men in France hope to compete with their French and Belgian rivals under such conditions? The continued efforts of our Committee must be to obtain further and full satisfaction of our just demands. More than five years after the cessation of hostilities, British subjects abroad are still awaiting what their Allies have already received, and foreign markets are passing from British into other hands. A prosperous Great Britain without foreign markets is inconceivable, and the British " sinistré " has constantly in mind the words of our King, when Prince of Wales:—" Wake up, England ! "

Situation To-day.

June, 1924.

In my third report of December 31st, 1923, I had stated that a small payment was to be expected, but I certainly had not thought that the amounts to be received would be as insignificant as they have been.

On February 26th, 1924, the Royal Commission on Compensation at last published its Report and recommendations for final payment, after having examined some 11,000 property claims situated practically all over the world. In this Report the Commission states that they have always been ready to give a personal hearing to claimants who wished to appear before them, but that this number had been inconsiderable. The majority of claimants never knew that they could appear before this Commission; otherwise very many would certainly have availed themselves of this opportunity of presenting and defending their cases. This system is adopted in France, where, before allotting a definite sum for compensation to a claimant, he is heard, and after discussion, and in his presence, the sum is fixed after both parties have agreed. On page 8 of their Report, the Commission states:—" Where the normal compensation is the value of the thing seized or destroyed at the time when the wrong was done, in which the resumption of operations abroad is a matter for the choice of the claimant himself, the 1914 value has been adopted, since it is impossible to get the value at the precise moment of the damage without reassessment case by case. For this the Commission have now neither the time, the opportunity, nor the materials." This statement is not correct, as all claims have been, according to a Franco-British agreement, minutely

examined by the French Commissions Cantonales, or Assessment Commissions, in presence of the claimants, and, after discussion, all the claims had been given a 1914 and a present-day value, and generally had been considerably reduced on the original amount claimed for. These reduced claims of 1914 and present-day value were accepted by the "sinistrés" who expected to then be paid in full as were paid the French "sinistrés" (*i.e.*, sufferers).

Contrary to their statement, the Royal Commission had, therefore, before them full details of claims duly assessed by competent French authorities and requiring no re-assessment.

As to the question of the resumption of operations abroad being a matter for the choice of the claimant himself, this is hardly a fair or practical way of inducing British subjects to expatriate to the Continent, there to sell British goods and help to diminish unemployment in the Mother Country by increased Continental sales.

The Royal Commission have, therefore, practically in all cases taken the already reduced 1914 value, translated the franc value claimed for into pounds sterling at the rate of exchange of 25.157, and on the total in pounds, allotted :—First £250 of assessment in full.

On any excess of £250 up to £1,000, 50 per cent. dividend.

On any excess of £1,000 up to £50,000, 30 per cent. dividend.

On any excess of £50,000 up to £100,000, 25 per cent. dividend.

On any excess of £100,000, 10 per cent. dividend.

In any instance in which the compensation payable under these scales would exceed £50,000, the Commission recommend that payment should be limited to that figure.

This system certainly gives a great advantage to small claimants having a maximum claim of £250, but by commercial or industrial enterprises, a very small dividend is received.

Cheques were duly made out in March by the Reparation Claims Department and sent to the Foreign Office for transmission to H.M. Consuls abroad. These cheques, however, in most cases remained over six weeks in the Foreign Office and were only dispatched in April

and May. Had they been sent at once in March, claimants would have exchanged these cheques into francs at about 120 francs to the pound instead of 64 or 65 francs, thus obtaining a greater amount of compensation, in francs, without a halfpenny's cost to H.M. Government.

The system of paying claims on 1914 value is a most unjust one, as goods, furniture, machinery, or buildings, etc., which had to be replaced could not be replaced or rebuilt at 1914 cost, and the damage was repaired at a coefficient varying between five and six times 1914 value, for example :—

A claim officially assessed by the French Commission Cantonale at 46,200 francs 1914 value, and at 149,527 francs as being the cost of replacement to-day, was paid by the Reparation Claims Department £817, which, exchanged at 65 francs to the pound, represents 53,000 francs. The replacement having been effected at the claimant's cost and on borrowed money, the total loss to the claimant is 96,000 francs.

The Lille (Northern France) Committee is at present gathering information as to the exact amounts assessed by the French Commissions Cantonales to each claimant in 1914 and present-day value, the amount received in pounds sterling, and the deficit thereby arising. After having completed this document it intends again to bring the matter before H.M. Government and hopes that justice will at last be meted out, and that British subjects abroad will be able to count on the support and aid of the Home Government as they could in years gone by.

If Great Britain wishes to regain her commercial supremacy in the world's markets, it is imperative that she should encourage her nationals abroad to remain at their posts—outposts of Empire.

Without these representatives of British Commerce abroad, British overseas trade would be practically non-existent, and the heart of the British Empire would cease to beat.

It is to be hoped, therefore, that the Government will realise the need of fully indemnifying those of her nationals abroad who have suffered war damages, in order that they may continue working for the common good of the British industrial population by maintaining and expanding Great Britain's overseas trade.

The Letters of an Englishman

Patriotism

By Charles Whibley

When, in 1914, France and England were called upon to fight for their lives, there was on either side the Channel a sudden outburst of patriotism. An ardent love of country swept French and English into the field of battle. Some there were in England, with high and empty brows, who thought it a proof of wisdom to sneer at the motives which persuaded the defenders of their native soil to fight. Others—a mere handful—believed it not shameful to accept, for a whim of "conscience," the willing sacrifice of their neighbours' lives. The rest with one accord rejoiced that "the wind stood fair for France," and that it was given to them to fight and, if need be, to die for England.

In the same spirit of exaltation, and with the touch of *panache*, which so well becomes them, the French flew to arms and, a band of brothers, saw the invader driven back from their soil. And now that the war is over there is in England, as in France, a violent reaction. We hear very little of patriotism to-day, and we bear no rancour against those who, when England and France fought for their liberties and their lives, gave persistent aid and comfort to the enemy. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, as soon as war was declared, was content to think dishonouring thoughts and to speak dishonouring words of his native land. What help he could give he gave to Germany, and that which he said and wrote was used to hearten the Germans in their attempt to set their feet upon Europe. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is to-day Prime Minister, and there is no reason why we should believe that he loves his country one whit better than he did ten years ago. The forgetfulness of the French has been still more disastrous. The party which now has a majority in the Chamber is

described by its opponents, quite fairly, as the party of anti-France. It is, indeed, the expression of M. Caillaux's will, though the man himself is still banished from Paris. Worse than this: M. Malvy, a convicted traitor, a miscreant, who used his influence as a Minister to promote a mutiny in the French Army, has not merely been returned to the Chamber as a deputy, but is said to be deep in the counsels of the party. For the unhappy few who still believe that love of country should be the first necessity of a politician these deflections from the lofty ideals of the war time are utterly deplorable. How shall a country be wisely governed, they ask, by those who love it not, and again, why should those who prefer their country's enemies to their country's friends care to take any part in its government?

What, then, is patriotism? It is many things besides a sure guide to statesmanship. It is a vague and mystical emotion; it is sacrifice, duty, and obedience; it is also a piece of good manners. If you find yourself in a gentleman's house, it is better not to betray or to insult him; and if a country gives you shelter and a living you will prove a bad citizen if you aid that country's enemies, or laugh at its ideals, when its existence is imperilled. What patriotism is and what it has done for us is discussed at length in Mr. John Drinkwater's wise, discursive, and sometimes provocative book, *Patriotism in Literature* (London: Williams and Norgate). Mr. Drinkwater discourses of patriotism, public and private, of love of country inspired by home and exile, and for the most part I find it easy to agree with him. I cannot palliate the crime of the conscientious-objector, as he attempts to palliate it, and I can find no excuse in liberty of thought for the man who opposes his country at a crisis of his country's fate. When once war is imminent or declared, "my country, right or wrong," is a motto which should be written up over every door. He who then throws any obstacle in the path of his fellow-countrymen is a traitor to them and to himself. For think what would happen if his example were widely followed. The country, to which he owes his birth, his happiness, his very being, might be utterly destroyed, and it would be no solace to the men and women whom he had betrayed that he had not

parted with the distorted growth, which he calls his conscience, that in a ruined world he had still clung, in his egoism, to his own free and untrammelled opinion. It is but vanity, which would separate him from the common cause, and what is the vanity of one man or a dozen when it is weighed in the balance against the safety of the realm?

In acclaiming the universal duty of patriotism, Mr. Drinkwater cites, appositely, the case of Robert E. Lee. Lee was a Virginian who approved neither of slavery nor of secession. But he was, before all things, a Virginian, who, like the good man that he was, preferred to fight against his convictions than against his State. "What he said in effect," says Mr. Drinkwater, "was: 'I will serve Virginia because I am a Virginian. Whether she is right or wrong is not now the question. These issues are complex, beyond the sure solution of any individual judgment. My opinion is of less consequence than the State's opinion. Argument is over, and faith begins.'"

"Argument is over, and faith begins," that is a sentiment to be ever remembered. If all Englishmen had admitted that sentiment when the last war began how much trouble and sorrow should we have been saved! But the egoist, of little faith, loves an argument better than he loves his country, and delights to show himself different from the majority. And he argues with the greater confidence because he knows that he will be overborne and that the soldiers, whom he attacks, will save him in the end from the danger of extinction. If he hamper them for a time in doing their duty and incidentally in saving himself, at least he has vindicated the right to say what he likes, and cannot be charged with the paltry vice of patriotism. Thus he brings a foolish solace to his soul, and, like the Pharisee that he is, thanks God that he is not as other men.

The soldier interprets his patriotism in the simple terms of sacrifice. He is ready to give his life, his comfort, and sometimes (as Mr. Drinkwater says) his private judgment to the service of his country. As patriotism asks more of him, so he yields it freely and ungrudgingly. The statesman, the rarest man in the world's experience, answers the call of patriotism by laying his wisdom, his leisure and his

strength at his country's feet. His function, in Mr. Drinkwater's phrase, "is to assist his country in right government and national security." How rarely he discharges this function is the main business of history to relate. The politician—he rarely merits the name of statesman—is wont to love himself far better than he loves his country. He thinks of office, when he should be listening only to the voice of duty. Place for himself and his friends seems more to be desired in his eyes than the safety of the land, which he should serve without a single unworthy thought. He is supported by no moral fervour; there is no tradition of single-mindedness which he can follow; there is no punishment awaiting his failure, as it awaits the failure of a soldier; in brief, he has no difficulty in lulling his conscience to sleep, and in bearing his country company while it goes down the primrose path to the everlasting bonfire.

Then there is what Mr. Drinkwater calls the patriotism of place. We love our native land, and even the corner of earth where we began our life, or where we long have lived, with a constant heart, merely because it is associated with ourselves. As we should support our country, right or wrong, so we love some place or another, ugly or beautiful. Mr. Drinkwater thinks that the ardour which we feel for our homeland should not be blind or bigoted. It seems to me that it must necessarily be both. It is not for patriotism to criticise or appraise. Mr. Drinkwater himself says that "Robert Southey, in one of his letters from abroad, thanked God he was an Englishman. This was not insular arrogance; he would have thanked God equally had he been a Hottentot." In other words, his patriotic ardour was, as it should be, both blind and bigoted. His was the point of view, over a wider range, of the peasant who, when he had been shown the splendour of Salisbury Cathedral, said, "You should see our fine new church at Hockley-in-the-Marsh." In brief, patriotism is an emotion which happily transcends the bounds of reason, and gives us a mystic happiness, which wisdom and judgment will always withhold.

Mr. Drinkwater is at some pains to prove that the poets who have been rebels have been patriots also. I do not think that he succeeds in his proof, and perhaps

it would be wiser to applaud them as poets, and leave their patriotism out of the question. Nothing shall persuade me, for instance, that Wilfred Blunt did not hate England and all that England means with a malignant hatred. He may have found pleasure in his own piece of Sussex, or in Piccadilly during the London season. They satisfied his love of luxury and comfort—a love which had nothing whatever to do with patriotism. For the rest, no enemy of England ever made a vain appeal to Wilfred Blunt's sympathy. Wherever England found a foe, she found Wilfred Blunt at that foe's side. In Ireland or in Egypt, or anywhere else, Wilfred Blunt was convinced, without thought or knowledge, that England was irredeemably wrong, cruel and base. Not for him the motto, " My country, right or wrong." He preferred to shout aloud, " My country's enemy is infallible," and there was an end of it. Nor can I put any faith in the patriotism of Byron or Shelley. That they had suffered injustice in England may be true, and they may have purposely discarded, if they had ever possessed it, the love of a land which they thought had treated them harshly. But they were not patriots. The reckless critic who not long since suggested that in Castlereagh's time it would have been a good thing to hand over the government of England to the poets, little knew what his phantasy meant. Byron, had he governed according to his principles, would have invited his hero, Napoleon, to London. And Shelley, convinced that all authority was a kind of murder, would have opposed to Byron's policy his natural love of anarchy. What the result of the contention would have been it is idle to speculate. Happily, Castlereagh, a wise patriot, kept his place and saved England, as Pitt had saved her, from ruin and death.

Let us, then, welcome the poets who have loved their land, Shakespeare and Dryden and Scott and the rest. Let us, also, take pleasure in the poetry of Byron and Shelley and Wilfred Blunt, who, having many gifts, were still, unhappily for themselves, denied the gift of patriotism. Unhappy were they, since patriotism, while it means service and sacrifice, means also an ardour and an enthusiasm which no other emotion can ensure.

The Desire of the Moth

By V. H. Friedlaender

In those days we all fancied ourselves geniuses; it was on that tacit assumption that the club was founded. So that the patient persistence with which Guppy (Theodore Gupp was his impossible and instantly modified name) sought membership and ensued it excited our young derision, for it was clearly improbable that anyone would mistake Guppy for a genius. Nevertheless, he was finally elected. I cannot remember how it came about, but I can speak as confidently as if I did: Guppy, in his quiet and tireless way, must have heaped obligations upon one or more of us until it would have been simply indecent in us to have refused him so small a thing as membership of our little underground club.

At that time we were still each in turn coming in for his favours, for he had not yet made his choice among us. It was an important thing to Guppy, his choice, and he took his time over it. Meanwhile, knowing nothing of this, we found him a convenient peg on which to hang our witticisms.

Not that there was anything objectionable about Guppy; on the contrary, he seemed, with his generosities and his self-effacements, his usefulness and his tact, a universal boon. But, for one thing, his age must have been at least equal to that of any two of us, and this set up other inevitable barriers. We knew, for instance, that Guppy, although he dabbled in literature, had made his fortune by book-selling on a princely scale, for we could not travel a mile in any direction from the club without passing half-a-dozen of his shops. And to youth, in its arrogance, the fact of anyone having made his fortune by anything implies that he has thereby also completed his life. A suggestion that Guppy might still possess a dream as fiery-sweet as any of ours would have struck us as monstrous. Yet this precisely was what Guppy presumed,

for all his meekness, to have; and his dream was the discovery and proclamation and enthronement of a genius. But geniuses are expensive; not for a moment did Guppy blind himself to that; so expensive that, fortune and all, he did not propose to afford himself more than one. Of course, therefore, it behoved him to be careful in his choice of that one.

And he was careful; we remained in complete ignorance of his mind. He took us up in turn, lunched and dined and motored us, surrounded us with his unobtrusive attentions and gifts, and then—dropped us. We accused him of fickleness, of philandering; we chaffed him about it. And Guppy swallowed the accusations and the chaff with his eternal humility, his genuine pleasure in being noticed at all.

He had been a member of the club for perhaps a year before he took up Edward Gilday. Edward was not often seen at the club just then. He had been one of its founders, and at first one of its most frequent and popular patronisers; but of late he had been coming to grips with life and art, and he had not much use for the club or anything else until he had settled certain things in his mind.

I was his friend, and one day he had told me about it.

"The thing that's the matter with *me*, Phip," he said, "is versatility. Music, painting, poetry, fiction: if I don't look out I'll be falling between all the stools there are."

He was so pulsingly alive, so radiant as he spoke, that it made me think of something else with which he would have to reckon. "And your popularity?" I asked, teasing him. "What are you going to do about that?"

"I'm going to chuck it! I have chucked it!" he declared violently. "Don't you see it's just a dashed by-product of my versatility? I can do everything; that's why I'll never do anything if I don't stop in time."

"What do you mean by 'stop'?"

"I mean choose. I mean I've got to cast three things into outer darkness so that I may get all the light that's going concentrated on the fourth. It's my only chance. But which, Phip? Oh, lord, *which?*"

It was in this stupendous struggle with his versatility that Edward was engaged during that first year of Guppy's membership, and it was this that kept him away from the

club. But one day he walked in again, apparently the Edward of old, a helpless prey to his popular gifts. I watched unperceived as the club gathered joyously round him. He told stories, he mimicked, he parodied, he performed on the piano a delicious travesty of a certain musical formlessness then in vogue; I guessed that after his period of cloistral seclusion he was new from a round of worldliness in which he had absorbed impressions with all the fresh keenness of a child. I was greatly entertained—but I mourned for what he had called his only chance.

And then I became aware of Guppy standing beside me, a Guppy excited and enthralled to the point of forgetting his manners. "Do you know him?" he asked, without taking his eyes off Edward.

I laughed; it was so clear that Edward was to be Guppy's new love. "Come on, then, Guppy," I said indulgently. "I'll introduce you."

Guppy came. He never resented our youthful insolences; his eyes were on his goal and he had no time for resentments.

We impinged upon the circle round Edward and the fire. There was a great deal of noise in it at the moment over some disputed quotation.

"Edward!" I shouted. "Shut up and be introduced to Guppy."

At that everyone stopped talking, and everyone but Edward laughed; for this, as they all knew, was better fun than quotations. Edward from his vigorous height dropped his blue eyes until they rested upon Guppy, and there they veiled themselves in vacancy. It was quite a smiling and pleasant vacancy, but it did indicate that Edward found no rest for the sole of his foot, so to speak, on Guppy.

"Take that look away, Edward," I adjured him. "You don't know when you're well off. By no virtue of your own you have become the Chosen of Guppy—the Bride, I might almost say. Your life is going to be a bed of roses, though strictly *pro tem.* You will be fêted and fed; you will go down to the sea in yachts and out into the country in cars, just as we have all been. But you must gather Guppy while you may, for it won't be long. He can't

help it; he has the soul of a poet and pines for what is not. He will soon be pining for what is not in *you*; but meanwhile—Mr. Gilday: Mr. Gupp."

Edward made a vague movement in response; he still did not seem to appreciate his good fortune. "But I don't want to be a bride," he complained, slightly restive. "I only want a book."

"What book?" Guppy asked tensely.

Edward told him; his mind was positively still running on his quotation. And at that the discussion broke out anew.

Half an hour later, when Guppy again reminded us of his existence, he was the bearer of four books, all new.

"One of these might be some use," he mentioned casually to Edward, putting them down beside him. It was his usual manner with his *protégés*; something that they wanted, it implied, had just happened to lie in his path, and he had picked it up.

"Oh, thanks, awfully." Edward was a particularly good subject for this treatment; it was a part of his golden air that he should have a rather careless way of expecting plums to drop into his mouth. So now he opened the first of his four books, and was instantly absorbed, and Guppy faded happily into his native background to plan fresh services to the new object of his allegiance.

Later I caught Edward alone. "So your versatility has got the better of you, after all," I chaffed him.

He sighed elaborately. "Obvious, Phip; obvious," he grieved, with the licensed frankness of our intimacy. "You see me being versatile, and instantly your grooved and cabined mind deduces that versatility has got the better of me. Whereas a more subtle intellect would have perceived that—after what I told you—I'd only dare to be versatile if I'd got the better of *it*."

"You have?" I exclaimed. "You've chosen one of the four?"

"Yes."

"Which?"

"Plays."

"But," I cried, outraged, "that *wasn't* one of the four!"

"Wasn't it?" Edward could be maddeningly hazy.

"Well, it's it, anyhow. I've found out what I was in the beginning, am now and ever shall be, my boy, and it's a satirist. I've written a play, and now I'm having an orgy of versatility as recreation. Got that?"

There was something contagious in the dancing glee of Edward's eyes, something new in his manner. As I left him I tried to analyse it. An increase of power, of poise? He gave the impression of a man who had found himself—and found himself to be something better than he expected. Satire . . . I began to understand, and felt myself, too, getting excited about his play. For Edward was a poet, a mystic, a dreamer, an idealist; but he had also that intense sense of humour that prevents a man from expressing himself habitually and with comfort in terms of pure poetry or idealism. It was one of the rarest combinations of gifts, and satire was its only perfect medium. No wonder Edward, having at last groped his way to it, was inclined to exult.

Round a corner of the dark little club, where he had evidently been lying in wait for me, I ran into Guppy.

"Oh—do you mind," he said nervously, "not—ragging me about Mr. Gilday?"

I was amazed. For Guppy in the past, far from not liking being ragged, had seemed positively to bask in a process that gave him a sensation of mingling successfully with us his uncomponent parts. "But, Guppy——" I began.

"Yes, yes, I know," he conceded hurriedly. "Only —Mr. Gilday is different." He was suddenly almost fierce. "You can't suppose that I don't *see* he is different?"

And then, through Guppy's eyes, I myself saw—saw that it was not only a question of degrees of difference between Edward and the rest of us, but a question of kind. I looked more closely at Guppy, and perceived that he was transfigured by his knowledge, his discovery. He, too, showed some increase of power and poise; he, too, in finding Edward, had found himself. And by the light of his discovery I probed at last into the dark places of his search.

"You mean—it's *that* you've been looking for—in the rest of us? What you see now in Edward?"

"Yes," triumphed Guppy quite ruthlessly.

But I had no time for personal or vicarious chagrin at the way we had all failed to supply Guppy with what he wanted; Guppy himself was such a new and interesting study in his abandonment to his ecstasy. For it was plain that he had surrendered unconditionally to Edward; finally and immutably he had made his choice.

From that moment I believe he never had a thought that did not include Edward somewhere in its range. And —by one of those happy accidents to which Edward was eternally liable—he was just in time to stage-manage Edward's arrival. For Edward at that time, although ripe for arrival, had certainly not arrived. It was as though he still hung, with his transcendent air, almost deliberately on the exquisite verge of arrival—an accomplished swimmer who, for very luxury of anticipation, puts off the decisive, prize-winning dive. And Guppy, catching sight of him at that instant and beholding his dream materialised, was horrified in every business fibre of his heart by the spectacle of an arrival about to be so mismanaged. Unobtrusively, but with all the skill both of vocation and experience, he took charge (to continue the metaphor) of the beach—parcelled it out into grand and other stands, fixed prices for the display, hung the cliffs with advertisements. He used, naturally, every one of his bookshops as a vehicle for this most gigantic boom of his life; he also did unuttered and possibly unutterable things with actor-managers, publishers, editors; he was, in short, the instrument of making Edward's arrival the dazzling affair that it became.

Not, of course, that it dazzled Edward; his incapacity to be dazzled by anything that happened to him was really one of the most convincing proofs he offered that sunlight and silver were the kind of view to which he was born, his natural setting. He simply took his arrival, as he took Guppy, in his stride. And that was precisely what Guppy expected and wanted; it ministered to his sense of the godlike in Edward.

Nevertheless, by insensible degrees Guppy came to pervade Edward's whole life. For there was nothing that his zeal did not urge him to undertake for Edward (with the single exception of Edward's work), and nothing that Edward (with the same exception) would not indolently resign to anyone who seemed anxious for it. By the end

of a year Guppy was answering Edward's letters, interviewing his visitors, ordering his meals, saving him time and money and vexation at a dozen points a day.

And it was about then that I began to notice in Edward signs of jibbing. They were slight at first—hints of moodiness, bursts of irritation towards Guppy, followed almost instantly by laughter and apology.

It was not that Guppy ever presumed on his intimacy with his idol; nothing could have been more humble and delicate than his treatment of Edward. But I saw what the trouble was: Guppy was disastrously devoid of a sense of humour, and it wasn't likely that Edward, of all people, could stand that for ever. For Guppy worshipped perpetually at the shrine, rapt, single-hearted. His body was Edward's shadow, his mind Edward's echo.

Edward took outrageous advantage of that, and so did the rest of us. But you couldn't abash Guppy by pointing out to him how often or how flagrantly his divinity had contradicted himself. "'The wind,'" Guppy would quote reverentially, "'bloweth where it listeth . . .'"

So there came a time when, instead of feeling served, Edward began to feel stifled by Guppy. Then he would occasionally hurl one of Guppy's gifts or services back at him with a violence out of all proportion to the offence. But Guppy never minded; Edward complained that he might as well try to insult the Falls of Niagara. The reason was simple enough: Guppy never regarded anything that Edward did to him as a personal affront, because it all went down in one of his little notebooks as an idiosyncrasy of genius.

Guppy always had a little notebook with him, though he soon learned that it was as much as his apostleship was worth to let Edward see it. So he would sit with a tense, strained expression while Edward talked, and at the first chance he would slip out of the door and write it all down in any retired corner. Then he would come back with a look of relief, ready for more. Once he showed me, in his study, the big book into which the contents of all the little ones were gradually flowing. It was wonderful in its neatness, its scope, its dovetailed accuracies.

"But what," I could not refrain from asking, "are you going to do with it all?"

He read my unspoken thought easily enough. "I

know," he said, with a sadness that had real dignity in it, " I shan't live to see more than the beginning, of course. But I think these notes will be useful to anyone who eventually has the writing of his life."

The selflessness of that shamed and silenced me. And it was the same quality, I knew, that prevented Edward from shaking himself free. One couldn't secure even the relief of despising Guppy, for he really had that love of beauty for its own sake that commands respect, and if he served Edward it was not meanly, but because he saw in him the high priest of that beauty.

So for two years Guppy served, and Edward, his path incredibly smoothed, went from strength to strength. It was after his third play that the check came: Edward declared himself unable to write.

And at that, of course, Guppy surpassed himself in service. He was all quivering tenderness for this mysterious malady of genius, and his ministrations ranged from little parties of stimulating people for Edward to little tubes and tins of stimulating food. Then he suggested a cottage in the country, and at that Edward jumped: it was a distant cottage. He went, and a week later I had a gloomy note from him, asking me to go and stay with him.

" It's Guppy," he explained with brief savagery, on my arrival.

" But how can it be Guppy," I remonstrated, " *here?* "

" This hideous metropolis of a village," Edward explained bitterly, " has two posts a day and a telegraph office. Guppy uses them all. And he has three cars. Can you suppose he hasn't used *them?* Oh, not to disturb me—not for the world! He just hovers for an instant at the gate, drops something that I've been wanting for years or asks if I'd like a spin, and then melts away again in a tremulous ecstasy of unobtrusiveness. I'm never safe from him for a minute—not even here. Talk about writing! I tell you, Phip, I'll soon be off my head if it goes on. There's not a blessed thing I can do or say that isn't grist to Guppy's confounded mill of adoration."

I felt that Edward was being unnecessarily hard on Guppy. " You can't be brutal to him," I represented. " He's so helplessly at your mercy. You've got him to such an extent that he has nothing else left."

"I haven't got him!" Edward declared. "Can't you see that it's he who's got me? And I could and would be brutal to him if it were any use. But the one thing you can't by any means convey to Guppy is a sense of his profound unwantedness."

"By any means?" I repeated thoughtfully—and our eyes met.

"Oh, well——" said Edward, and paused. "I don't want to *kill* the old chap, you know, Phip," he added awkwardly.

I nodded. The same thought had been in our minds. There was one way of getting rid of Guppy. If one told him that in ministering to his divine fire he was for ever damping it down . . . ? But no; Edward was incapable of that ultimate brutality. So, I found, was I.

"Well, then," I suggested, "couldn't you just give him time?"

"Time? What for?" asked Edward blankly.

"To—hang it, man—to die. Think of all the years you are to the good; thirty or so of them."

Edward considered that, and dismissed it—with a characteristic glint in his eyes. "Guppy won't die," he assured me gravely. "He couldn't—not before I did."

I laughed; but I must have gone on to say something else about the way Guppy was wrapped up in the object of his worship, for I remember Edward's answering outburst. "*Guppy!* Oh, hell, Phip, that's nothing to the way I'm now wrapped up in *him!* Wrapped—swathed—coiled in him. He's a boa-constrictor, and he's choking the life out of me."

After that, I saw that Guppy really was rather badly on Edward's nerves, and that something would have to be done about it. I suggested travel, and Edward was delighted with the idea. But the next moment he was despondent again. "He'll only come with me, Phip," he said. "To look after the luggage and the tickets and all that, you know."

I was touched, by his dispirited helplessness, to the point of action. "Edward," I declared, "you shall go, if you want to, you ass, and alone! I'll see you off to-morrow, and then I'll square Guppy for you."

He clutched at that eagerly, and our last evening together was a gay one. But at bedtime he had (being

Edward) a scruple, a compunction. "After all, Phip—he's been a brick. And I'm simply smothered in—in unpayable debts. You'll let him down gently about it?"

"Yes," I promised. "Don't worry."

So Edward went. I saw him on to the boat at Dover, and my last glimpse of him was of a spirit released—his youth, his gaiety, his high gift all spun about again with that translucent radiance that was his birthright.

And it was not difficult, after all, to square Guppy. For Edward's flight presented itself to his mind not as a personal disappointment, but as important material for his current little notebook. It was an indication, a trait; it might, with due time and study given to it, throw a new sidelight on Edward's character. And although, of course, it was an immediate loss to the notebooks that Edward should be wandering the Continent alone, I could see that Guppy was not unduly cast down about that, either; he reckoned on making it up afterwards. Had he not, by means of a word here, a story there, reconstructed the sacred edifice of Edward's infancy and boyhood? Was it likely that he would fail in the comparative child's-play of amassing particulars about a few months of travel?

So on the whole Guppy was happy enough, and employed his unexpected leisure on a complete overhauling and recasting of the material already in his hands. And in the end, Edward, although he did not write, did send home a new play; moreover, he sent it to Guppy. I could guess well enough on what impulse of restored balance and remorseful gratitude Edward had done that; but Guppy, of course, had no suspicion of it. He saw simply that his divinity had recovered from his distinguished ill—the ill to which divinity alone is heir, that he had written a new play finer than any of his old ones, and that he had entrusted him, Guppy, with it: his cup of joy was full.

It had need to be. Three weeks later, in a fog, Edward went down with *The Northumberland* in a Channel crossing collision and was drowned.

Just with that suddenness, that finality, from the poster of an evening paper, did the news reach me. An hour afterwards I was in a train for Dover, and at Dover I found the one man who could supply the details at first-

hand—the little provincial tradesman for whom Edward had given his life. He was in bed at an inn, suffering from shock and a touch of fever, but as soon as he heard that a friend of Edward was asking for him he insisted on seeing me.

The thing had happened, he told me, a very few minutes before the steamer went down; all the women and children had been got off in the boats, and of the men who remained (two boats having been smashed) most had secured life-belts. Edward had one; the little man had not.

"But I never spoke to him, sir," the little man assured me earnestly. "Not then I didn't. We'd had some talk earlier—just after leaving Calais it was—and somehow I'd got telling him about the wife and kids and my prospects. I don't know how it was; I'm not that sort, as a rule. But the young gentleman was different, somehow; he made you feel—well, there you are, sir; you knew him. But, as I was saying, I never spoke to him after the collision. I just stood there, thinking to myself, for I can't swim and all the life-belts were gone. I was wondering how the wife would manage, her being delicate and none of the children earning yet, and my savings not amounting to anything worth speaking of. And then I looked up, and there was the young gentleman's eyes on me—for all the world as if he'd been reading my very thoughts. 'Here you are, Dobson,' he says, remembering my name and all, 'catch hold!' And with that he throws his life-belt to me, and starts to walk away. Well, sir, I was scared enough, but it came over me I couldn't do a thing like that; no man could. So I ran after him with his belt. But he wouldn't take it. 'Don't be an ass!' he says to me, that friendly and laughing. 'Take it, man. You don't suppose I'd be giving it away if I didn't know where there are some more! I'm off to get one now.' And so he broke away from me, sir, and I never saw which way he went, because of the fog. But it was a lie, sir, though I didn't know it at the time; he only said it to make me feel comfortable. The second mate'll tell you, as he's told me, for it was him the young gentleman had asked only two minutes before, if there weren't any more belts anywhere. . ."

So that was it—because that was Edward. The starry impulse, the reckless generosity, the splendid lie. . . All Edward—Edward!

Of course, like everyone else, I thrilled to it; of course I saw that it was the sort of thing to which all the ages have thrilled because it touches the heart of the god in man; and of course Edward's name made the affair more than a nine days' wonder. But I was unappeasably bitter about it, all the same. Why?—why? I cried. What was the little man's life compared with Edward's? All that rarity and grace and flame-like glow; and now nothing. It was unbelievable. I expected him at any moment to swing into the room with his easy, mountain tread; I saw his very expression of affectionate amusement, and heard his very words: "You juggins! How *could* I be dead?" And yet he did not come.

There followed days of black rage and pain. I did not fight against them; I gave myself up to indulgence in them. It was Guppy who attended to everything connected with Edward's affairs. He even, finally, attended to me. There came a day when he insisted on seeing me, insisted on the opening of my stacks of letters.

"Don't you see," he urged, oddly without his habitual deference, "that you've got to do it—for *his* sake?"

I wondered idly what force was sustaining him in this bitter business that could not also sustain me; but I let him open all the letters asking for monographs, articles, appreciations, and I compelled myself to choose one.

"All right, Guppy," I promised drearily. "Go away, then. I'll do my best."

He was satisfied, and bore off the other letters to make tactful arrangements for meeting their demands. But after he had gone I sat for an hour before a blank sheet of paper in an utter darkness of mind and spirit.

And then, very suddenly, a pin-point of light broke the darkness. I suppose I was thinking, but it is not in the least a process of thought that I remember; it is a process of sight. The pin-point glowed and expanded; it divided that dense black curtain of nothingness. And in the heart of the circle of light I saw for a moment Edward's perfect head flung high in his unforgettable attitude of laughter and radiance and youth.

A mist before my eyes blotted it out—but not until I had grasped once for all what death had done for Edward. This vision seen for an instant was what he had been; and this was what he was now—unchangingly! Young, because he had died in youth; laughing, because he had found living so good, and had died while still

> magnificently unprepared
> For the long littleness of life; .

radiant, because of the manner of his death, that typified the gold, so precious to humanity, of courage and high sacrifice—the gold of all lovely things dead in their youth and for a selfless end. His name might live because of his plays, but time alone could judge of that; what was plain here and now was that his name was in any case secure as a symbol of perfect youth, perfect life, perfect death. Like the lovers on the Grecian urn, he was caught and held for ever by the imagination at the point of ecstasy. Nothing that life might have had in store for him could have equalled what death had given him. And what more, after all, *could* life have had in store? At last I saw that, too. Decline—or death: that was life's verdict on such early maturity as Edward's—and how much kinder, of the two, was death! I thought suddenly of a man recently dead, a poet whose youth had been almost as full of promise as Edward's. Now at fifty he was dead, and not only forgotten but justly forgotten. Edward could never exercise that fatal free will to detract from his own perfection. He was safe. I saw the saga, the shining tradition that would inevitably gather round his name. . .

And through the day and far into the night I wrote, my first words not my own, but setting the key for what was now my inevitable subject:—

> O early ripe! to thy abundant store
> What could advancing Age have added more?

The next morning a watchful Guppy came to see how I was getting on. I handed him my finished work.

When he had read it his eyes were frankly full of tears, yet he gave himself only an instant for emotion. "Yes—yes," he said; "just right; perfect." Then he added: "But, if you'll excuse me, I fancy you're out in a little point of fact."

"I'm what?" I stared at him.

Guppy was turning sheets. "That walking tour you went with him. You mention April, but I rather think it was early May."

"Well, really, Guppy——!"

"Yes, yes, I know," he placated me. "I may be wrong. But if you would allow me to post this for you—just verifying the matter at home first——?"

I allowed him. An hour later a messenger brought a note from him. "Best thanks. I have ventured to make the little alteration. The dates were April 30-May 9."

I sat and gazed at the note. Somewhere at the back of my head I felt a thought buzz and blunder for entrance, like a bee against a window-pane. At last, with an effect of suddenness, it found the aperture to my brain, and I had to laugh—even as Edward would have laughed.

The thing stared me in the face; there was no getting away from it. Edward had been rich in friends; yet, as far as I knew, not one of them had kept any but a mental and spiritual record of that friendship. I was his closest friend, and even I (was it not proved?) was capable of saying that he and I had gone for a walking tour in April, when it had been, with the exception of one day, in May. Oh, no, there was no getting away from it! Only Guppy had had his little notebooks, and the big one that collected and united their tributary streams.

And *that* was the thought sustaining and fortifying him. For he felt himself to be, after all, divinely appointed, consecrated to a sacred service—he, whose hopes had gone no further than that he might be a door-keeper in the temple of the future . . . .

I saw again Edward's face, heard his voice, with all its charm and irony and humour: "*Guppy won't die. He couldn't—not before I did.*"

Well, it was true. Edward was dead, and now Guppy had "got" him indeed. The rest of us might, and no doubt would, write poems, impressions, memorabilia: we were entitled to do that. But, by all the laws of fairness and decency, who except Guppy was entitled to write Edward's life?

Power as an International Force

The World Power Conference

By Major-General Sir Philip A. M. Nash, K.C.M.G.

Chairman, The Metropolitan-Vickers Electrical Co.

A NEW attitude towards industrial problems is gradually emerging from the confusion of ideas and theories which we may regard as the heritage of the war, and some inkling of the close relationship between industry and the modern industrial State has at last been obtained. It is scarcely the place here to go into the economics of the question, since the time for abstruse theorising has departed and more direct approach is required. Industry and the needs of industry have created a new mentality, less reposeful and more eager, expectant of future issues and aiming towards expansion of all sources of wealth and power. With this new mentality has come the consciousness, however, of something deeper in the material and social progress of the world than mere political legerdemain or academic truisms; the politician may gather together some isolated fragments and present them in a dazzling wealth of colour as a finished work of art, but the reality behind the fragments themselves lies beyond his range of knowledge.

The post-war years may apparently have destroyed the leisurely qualities of the earlier decades when evolution simply took place without any impetus from an impatient world, but the last years have shown a race determined on hastening the development of the world in a more direct and more ambitious fashion. Some of its efforts have not been entirely happy, and some of its most cherished creations have shown a lack of vitality disappointing to the enthusiastic; some, like the League of Nations or the International Labour Office, have

scarcely moved out of a state of suspended vitality, and need a more compelling motive for action than anything hitherto presented to them. The desire for co-operation exists, however—the desire to bring as much experience to bear as possible on certain problems which are not peculiar to one nation, but to every nation. In finance, in trade regulations, in labour questions, in shipping, the International Conference has proved its value and realised some notable advances; it has done much to promote a wider spirit of inquiry, and to discredit the purely national outlook where every effort is directed towards concentration of every activity within national frontiers.

While nearly every nation, in Europe especially, has been building up tariff walls and creating a single national language where formerly several were tolerated, desirous of fomenting national industries above all and of closing out foreign competition, the deeper movement towards greater knowledge, scientific and educational as well as economic, has persisted, with interesting results. The industrial institution and the State institution have shown a greater readiness to co-operate in research, experimental and theoretic, and supply informed opinion regarding State policy in any matter touching on their province; those institutions spread their points of contact farther and farther from the centre, come into touch with similar institutions abroad, and thus eventually pool their knowledge with that possessed by the latter. The idea of an international clearing-house or pool for scientific, educational and economic knowledge has grown in strength during the last few years, and the first result of such a movement will be exactly the destruction of those barriers which a jealously national spirit has tended to erect in many countries. Co-operation in research, in science, in economic policy, must be the motto of the future.

The World Power Conference, coming after the International Shipping Conference, shows how realisation of this policy may be achieved in one sphere, perhaps the most promising of all, since it covers many activities where political animosities can play little part—research, education, industrial development, conservation of energy, exploitation of natural resources—activities that lend themselves at once to international co-operation. The

root idea has been this of co-operation in the formation of a policy that might be observed internationally—the main industrial countries pooling their resources of knowledge and of capital to bring to a greater depth of economic development those countries which have hitherto only been partially developed. This may appear altruism on the part of industrial countries, but it is, at bottom, a sound economic proposition. It is advisable to regard the Conference from the double point of view—first, the international cultivation of research and science to ensure a continuous levelling up of industrial production and a continuous exploration of potentialities which will improve social conditions at the same time as they add to knowledge and better utilisation of the resources at the disposal of man; and, beside this, the introduction of co-operation and a uniform policy in the allocation of capital and industrial enterprise to definite schemes of development.

The process may be shown quite clearly from the crude materials up to actual manufacture, from manufacture to disposal, and from disposal to intensive cultivation aided by research and science. The question may be asked: What part does power play in this economic reconstruction? The Conference is primarily technical and is intended for scientists and engineers. Where does the public come in? And what benefit will the discussions of delegates from the thirty leading countries of the world confer on Britain or on any of the countries participating? In the first place, power must be defined. It is not solely electrical power, but every agent which takes the place of manual labour in industry and the household; it can be the wind revolving the sails of a windmill or the steam driving the turbine or reciprocating engine; it represents the forces set free through the downrush of water from the hills into electric power stations, or through the ebb and flow of the tides.

There is scarcely an activity of modern life that is not affected immediately by power, and we may regard it as one of the mainstays of the State itself under industrial conditions. The harnessing of the rivers and the Alps, the use of the wind for propulsion on the lakes and seas, or for revolving the windmills on the Dutch meadows, have produced some of the most fascinating scenes open to the

artist and *littérateur*, while they have contributed to the wealth of nations. The modern steamship brushing gracefully past the sailing ship, the locomotive tearing over viaducts and over miles of plain, the turbine revolving in the engine-room or power station at a speed beyond visual record, and the small oil engine lighting up a farmstead are indications of power as much as the motor turning long lines of spindles, or moving heavy rolls in a rolling mill, or operating the winding gear at a colliery. Power, in some shape or form, enters into the texture of modern life and forms part of that perspective shown to us in fiction and art even as much as in science. The World Power Conference has, through this alone, an intimate appeal to everyone capable of looking deeper into motives than the outer, fleeting appearance.

The immense possibilities of waste inherent in the use of power become apparent at once, and the economic utilisation of every agent capable of furnishing power has not yet been broached as a serious problem. At first sight it appears so complicated, with issues so confused, that the task of sorting out even the first principles becomes insuperable. Where is power being wastefully used? The answer to this question constitutes in itself one of the most difficult tasks confronting industry in any country. There are no means available of determining the efficiency of conversion of natural resources into power used directly in every activity where it can be used, and no consensus of opinion regarding the nature of the power to be used in certain industries or in certain operations.

The World Power Conference attacks this problem in a variety of ways, but the general plan behind its deliberations may be traced out. A survey of the resources of the world in power-producing agents must precede any discussion of the use made of them. Fuel and water-power constitute the chief; fuel as a wasting asset, water-power as an asset variable in quantity but eternally renewed from the clouds. The countries rich in water-power may be poor in fuel and *vice versâ*, and the cost of harnessing water-power in certain districts may be too high to make it at all feasible, so that fuel must be used. This is very largely the case in Britain at the present moment, although the North Wales, Grampian,

and Falls of Clyde schemes prove that, even here, water-power may be utilised with every prospect of commercial success. When knowledge regarding those resources is available, the next step lies in the comparison of methods in force in various countries, so that the experience of all may be available and a general policy be evolved for adoption in the future. The further stages deal with the technical aspect of power, especially electrical power, illumination, industrial application, social value in fatigue study with transport, air, marine, road and rail, and the last stage of all is reached when scientific research and education come into survey.

This, briefly, is the groundwork of the Conference, and it seems cheerless enough at first sight, but when, in the discussion of power resources, the whole wonderland of the Alps with their rushing torrents and lakes among the clouds is unfolded, when the magic countries of Papua, Australia, the Dutch East Indies, China and Japan with their strangely beautiful landscapes and their peculiar civilisations emerge, when, in contrast with these, the dreary ice-bound world of Spitsbergen, Finland and Siberia form a sombre background, the suggestion of romance becomes very vivid, and there is a pleasure in rolling off the names of strange territories and strange peoples. In those countries, British enterprise brought wealth and prosperity, they stand now as a memorial to the spirit of adventure and of science—Rhodesia, Canada, New Zealand, South Africa, India, British Guiana—and the studies devoted to power resources in those countries touch on some of the issues which have made of the Empire a unique achievement in history. The world lays bare its treasures, not of gold, nor of silver, nor of precious stones, but of those natural resources that mean true wealth—the capacity to make the wilderness productive and the plain fruitful. The World Power Conference makes it possible, for the first time, to survey those resources in their entirety and show the real potentialities of those countries. The time of conjecture and of mystery disappears and the time of eager exploitation and utilisation begins. The value of the survey, at this time of prolonged unemployment, when the danger of surplus population falls darkly over Europe and the overseas countries seem

incapable of absorbing these additional millions, is evident at once. Power furnishes a directly productive relief for unemployment, and one of the finest consequences of the deliberations at the Conference might be the enunciation of some policy whereby, through intensive power development, those countries may become capable of using a greater body of men and materials.

The main industrial countries, and especially Britain, have reached what may almost be termed a period of economic crisis, a period of transition. Industry is apparently unable to absorb more labour, but capital, in the strictly financial sense, is available, but is deprived of sources of productive application, with the result that the circulation of goods tends to slow down more and more.

How can such capital as is available be profitably employed? The only possible answer to this lies in power. Improve the industrial equipment of the world through initiation of schemes whereby natural resources may be used to produce efficient, abundant, and cheap power capable of being adapted to social and industrial needs—industrialise wherever possible, electrify, exploit every possible resource capable of yielding power! The crisis, at the present moment, is not a crisis of over-industrialisation, but under-industrialisation. The equipment once considered efficient is no longer efficient and has no longer economic justification; the power used has become too expensive and the costs of production have risen above the world's level, and a new form of power must be introduced to bring industry back to a higher efficiency. This consideration applies with equal force to social conditions; a new conception of the place of woman in the State has arisen, largely through the efforts of woman herself, and something more inspiring than the old *régime* is required—not only to improve the status of woman herself, but also to raise the physical standard of the population.

The World Power Conference touches on all of those things and shows how power can, properly used, lead to the realisation of greater activity in each country and the greater happiness of the individuals in that country.

The remedy for unemployment can be found in this, as well as the remedy for physical weakness. The electrification of any country means the initiation of broad

schemes employing many men and the complete conversion of existing equipment to the new *régime*. This may appear a dangerous policy in a highly industrialised State like Britain, where tradition has grown in strength with evolution, and the introduction of such a scheme might be ruined through the necessity to create a conversion of mentality as well as a conversion of equipment. The result, whether it comes in ten years or fifty years, cannot be in doubt. The foundations are laid for the future, and the real wealth of the State becomes efficiently and economically used. In America, where a move has taken place towards electrification, the results become evident at once, the standard of living has risen and with it individual efficiency without weakening her position in the trade of the world. Britain is behind Germany, Switzerland, France and Italy in this movement towards conversion and modernisation of industrial equipment.

When we move from the consideration of the industrial State to the partially industrial or wholly undeveloped State, the perspective changes. The long-delayed recovery of many countries from the financial upheaval consequent on the trade boom of 1919 and 1920—of China, South America, the Malay States, for example—points to some reason deeper than the disturbance of European markets. The disease lies rather in excessive capital expenditure for a relatively poor return; the movement towards industrial development has generally been directed into wrong channels, with disastrous results.

To make a country capable of absorbing an ever-increasing amount of excess labour from the main countries and so relieve them of some part of the burden of population, industrialise it—but industrialise on a genuinely progressive scale! If the capital is invested in productive enterprise in keeping with the natural configuration and peculiarities of the country, the increase in real wealth is continuous and the provision of new capital increases in proportion. In this exploitation of new markets no consistent policy has been adopted by any industrial State in conjunction with other States as vitally interested in it; the effect of cut-throat competition has been to supply material best qualified to yield an immediate return, but scarcely designed to serve the true

interests of the market itself. The result has been that of building on sand; the foundation crumbles away and with it the prosperity of exploiter and exploited.

The economic reconstruction of the world depends on the co-operation of the great financial and industrial interests in projects embracing immense territories and equally immense natural resources, so that the capacity of undeveloped markets be made such as to require a greater labour force, a greater man-capital, and with it a greater volume of goods from the industrial countries. The world requires a more even distribution of population according to natural wealth, and genuine co-operation in utilising to the utmost the potentialities offered by Nature. The World Power Conference will throw light on these things, will open up vistas of the future of a compelling fascination, and perhaps show how an international *entente* may be formed—not to dominate politically, but to bring the finest qualities of humanity into the service of science and into the service of industry.

Quotation from two reports illustrates the spirit in which this great task has been faced. The Canadian National Committee states in the introduction to its contribution—an important series of documents—"These papers demonstrate clearly that Canada has already a very extensive development of her power resources; that these have been developed in a dependable and efficient manner; that a great diversity of industry and trade has been built up and is supported thereby; and that there is a very large surplus of undeveloped resources, administered in such a manner as to encourage further development, and favourably situated for an *enormous expansion of the industrial life of the Dominion.*" These words, issued in a matter-of-fact way, almost like a certificate, cover some of the most inspiring achievements of modern times, the harnessing of the Niagara Falls and the Shawinigan Falls especially, and give an insight into the main motive behind the amazing expansion that has taken place in Canada during the last few years.

The Australian Committee approaches the subject in much the same spirit: "Whatever the future may hold for Australia, there is no question but that the country has the material prospects of a great development. Abundant

supplies of black coal, the full extent of which it is at present impossible to estimate accurately; vast deposits of brown coal, of remarkable thickness and readily accessible by open-cut working; upwards of ten million horsepower available from the streams and rivers within the Commonwealth, and an equal amount in the territories administered under mandate (New Guinea and Papua); the possibility of discovery of natural oil in commercial quantities, the prospects of which, from latest reports, are considered by some of the leading geologists of this country to be distinctly favourable: with such reserves it will be long before Australia is handicapped in the development of her industries for lack of natural resources of power." The key to the future lies in power, and the report from every country stresses this close relation between power and industry; in Australia we have seen an immense brown coal deposit made of commercial and industrial value at Yallourn through the building of a power station beside it to convert this enormous natural wealth into electrical energy to be distributed over a wide district. The wealth of the Dominions in power resources has never adequately been estimated, and the World Power Conference should show definitely, for the first time, what immense possibilities are contained in them, and in what manner Britain, and the Dominions especially, can exploit them in co-operation. The wealth of the Empire may be measured, in the near future, not by minerals, not by crops entirely, but by power efficiently produced and economically used.

Schoolmasters and Novels

By Peter E. Wright

EVERY occupation has its failings, and schoolmasters incline to address the world as if all its occupants were sitting in front of them, and bound, under pain of punishment, to believe and even learn what they say. Dr. Lyttelton, though he ceased some time ago to be Headmaster of Eton, and was succeeded by Dr. Alington, still sharply raps his desk and tells the public, as once he did his class, what they ought to think and what they ought to do, and during the last few months his pedagogic voice has been raised very loudly and very often. But the habits of a lifetime make him forget we do not live under the terror of his cane, and that he exposes himself to retorts as emphatic as his own dicta.

One of his latest utterances was to condemn most contemporary novels as "drivel," and blame boys for reading them. Yet Dr. Lyttelton has never produced any literature whatever, not even a novel; and at the risk of being rude to a man of superior character and scholarly attainments, as the Headmaster of Eton must be, it may be safely laid down, with an assurance at least equal to his own, that he never could.

For, unfortunately, literary skill does not depend on being good or well informed, and the highest genius has sometimes been disreputable and has hardly ever been learned. Those who are best at literature are those who speak and write best, and by this test, which is as simple as it is decisive, Dr. Lyttelton hardly succeeds. He is intelligible, but his merits go no further, and this is not sufficient—outside his classroom—to give him the authority he usurps with considerable assurance. Of style and beauty there is not a gleam in any of his words. His very inability to condemn contemporary fiction without using a vague and flaccid slang proves his command of English to be neither sure nor strong.

SCHOOLMASTERS AND NOVELS

Imaginative literature is everywhere in a strange pass. Its production is enormous; it is a tide which flows every day like the sea, covering the bookstalls and filling the libraries to their inmost recesses, and it ebbs only to come pouring in again in an even greater flood. Such a vast supply can only exist because there is an equally vast demand; for human nature, as soon as it rises above its animal wants, needs it almost as much as food. On one side stand its purveyors, ranging from masters like Mr. Kipling and Mr. Conrad, down to the humble scribblers Dr. Lyttelton wishes to condemn. On the other side stands the scholastic profession, an innumerable multitude, more expensive than all our armaments. Words being the mind's main instrument of expression, nearly all their teaching must in some way or other be literary. Yet they can produce no literature. Nearly all are quite sterile, like Dr. Lyttelton. When they do produce any purely imaginative work, its value can seldom be estimated in any terms of favour. Language and literature are, therefore, in a unique position. Those who teach them cannot use them. Those who can use them are not supposed to teach them.

In one of his public utterances Dr. Lyttelton lately confessed that he had been saddened by observing that all boys wanted to learn at seven, and almost all hated learning at sixteen. Eton boys, no doubt, like rowing and dislike lessons. But the Eton Eight are taught by someone who can row himself, almost always a 'Varsity Blue; they would not submit to coaching from a Cockney tripper who could only splash about in a boat under Richmond Bridge, still less from a spectator on the bank who had never been in a boat at all. Yet this is exactly what is imposed on boys, at Eton and everywhere else, when they troop into school. Dr. Alington is distinguished above the rest of his profession by his literary efforts, as well as by his erudition. He is not content to supply the miscellaneous information of learning, but he has himself produced novels, and he would probably be the last to deny that in literary skill he is outtopped by a great novelist of the past, like Jane Austen, or of the present, like Conrad. Dr. Lyttelton is lower; he is the spectator who has never handled an oar.

Dr. Lyttelton has no doubt professed to teach the tragedies and comedies of Shakespeare, and the masterpieces of antiquity. Yet the authors of the shilling shockers and comic papers favoured by schoolboys are making the same effort (though very feebly) as Shakespeare, or as Sophocles, or as Aristophanes; they, just like these great masters, attempt to move us with terror or laughter. But Dr. Lyttelton has never made the effort at all. He is a man of ideas, and no doubt he has taught many boys to think, and fortified their intellectual power, as other schoolmasters do; but neither he nor they can teach their pupils the use of their imaginative faculty, for they cannot and do not use it themselves. Yet human nature requires to exercise it much more than the intellect. It is the primary (though a different) mental power, asserting itself both in the individual and the race as soon as they are conscious. Hence the eagerness of a boy of seven to use his mind; hence the marvels of art produced by primitive people, otherwise plunged in intellectual darkness; hence the deep, incessant fall of novels, periodicals, plays, songs, dances, drawings, created for the use of people who think very little, and which almost snow us under. The instinct of the little boy is more true than the random methods of his teachers, and philosophy in her most splendid panoply descends to justify him. In the "drivel" denounced by Dr. Lyttelton he finds a necessary mental food (though of poor quality) which Dr. Lyttelton cannot supply at all.

Canon Lyttelton's disparaging remarks about novels were made in the course of an address, during which he told his hearers that he had reached the mature conclusion, after the end of his scholastic career, that boys should be taught English. He has made the discovery rather late in life, but boys have not waited on him, and learn to express themselves from those who at least have some faculty of that kind. The audience who listened to Dr. Lyttelton's rather arrogant condemnation of little boys and their books should have said to him, "Schoolmaster, teach thyself."

"Says Sergeant Murphy"

By A. P. Garland

Unofficial Strikes

"I see that there Tube Strike is fizzling out," said Heddle.

"It is," said Sergeant Murphy. "And why wouldn't it? What the divil did them chaps want to sthrike for out of season and upset the calendar? All the best brains of the Labour movement have been sthrained to breakin' point arranging the proper rotation of sthrikes—coal, thransport, coal, thransport, with the little fancy sthrikes in between, just to keep the workers' hands in. Thin some hot-headed lads insist on havin' a private thransport sthrike, which is agen Rule 64, and, as a result, they're disowned be the head office. Not only that, but the divil a wan of thim will be asked down to Chequers for a week-end.

"Sthrikin', Heddle, is nowadays too perfect a weapon to be wasted on thrivial matters.

"Twinty years ago whin a man wint on sthrike he took a risk. 'So long,' said he, 'as there's half a loaf of stale bread in the house, I'll defy you, grindin' tyrant of an employer. Give me the exthra ha'penny an hour.' And, be the holy, he wouldn't surrender until you could hang a hat on his backbone.

"Thim were the days whin masther and man fought to a finish under the Marquis of Queensberry rules. And the loser paid.

"Praise the Lord! we know better to-day. The modern sthriker leaps recklessly into the fray. He salutes his opponent and thin makes a savage jab at the public.

"'Make this blasted tyrant of an employer,' says he, 'give me what I ask, or I'll knock the features off you.' And while the public is thryin' to point out that it doesn't undherstand the dispute, the imployer is sittin' in his deserted works readin' improvin' litherachoor, like Ethel M. Dell.

"Meanwhile the sthriker remarks to his victim, 'If you're goin' to be obstinate, you've got to pay me for me lost time.' So he insists on dhrawin' a substantial dole to enable him to keep his strinth up so that he can hit the public all the harder. And the public pays.

"Of course, the Govermint displays great activity. They're always watchin' the course of evints very closely. In the smoke-room of the House of Commons they've their ear to the ground, listenin' to the din outside, and patiently awaitin' the sthrike-illogical moment, or whatever you call it, to arrive whin the sthrikers' demands are to be granted.

"At last it comes. The sthrike is over. Masthers and min shake hands, and agree that the exthra charges on the industhry are to be passed on to the consumer. We're him, Heddle.

"All the same, Heddle, though I don't agree with this footlin' unofficial sthrike, I can sympathise with the min. They've been sold a gold brick and they know it and resint it.

"Twelve months ago, or less, the leaders of their movement was Johnny This and Tommy That—fine hearty fellahs, with a smile for everybody and throusers that would disgrace a lino-layer.

"'Comrades,' they would say, 'Labour's sthruggle through the cincharies is shortly comin' to a close. Soon we'll be in the saddle, graspin' the hellum of power, and crushin' Capital, the hydro-headed—because so much of it is wathered—under our heel. Thin will unimployment disappear, and all the blessin's of bounteous Nature be lavished on the proletariat, and wages will be lifted sky-high, and workin' hours lifted sky-low, and now if Comrade Hughes has finished suckin' that acid dhrop, let's have wan bar of "The Red Flag" and make the socialistic welkin ring.'

"Now that they are in power, what's happenin'? Why, Bill Jones is the Secretary of State for Lindin' Libraries, and he's too busy thryin' on his uniforms to spare any time for his old frinds of the soap-box days. Another Secretary's unveilin' town halls and golf links and the like. Another's spreadin' the light of Socialism at jazz teas. And so on. Sure, the poor fellahs are so tied up with their social engagements that they haven't a minute to spare

on unimployment, housin' and the like. And, even if they had, what can they offer the labourin' classes except a little fancy work with the dole? No wonder the rank and file go on sthrike."

"Not much sign of that blinkin' millennium yet," commented Heddle.

"You're wrong there, Heddle," said the Sergeant. "There is a millennium and a wonderful wan. But it's reserved for Labour Ministhers."

Smoke Goeth Up . . .

By Desmond Harmsworth

SMOKE goeth up from farm or desert fire
  At eve, a slender strand, a steady stream,
Or like a prayer ascends from funeral pyre,
  A silent music, an unbroken theme;
Then shatters in eddies, breaks along the air,
  Races in swift convolvèd joy, or flows
To invisible peace, and hangs contented there.
  So in the night the soul steals forth and goes
In secrecy, the body laid asleep,
  Out in blue space, on wings of ecstasy;
Mounts up without a cry, trembles to keep
  Tryst with the flaming stars; divinely free,
Floats in the all but unremembered deep,
  To find at last its own tranquillity.

Agriculture: A Roumanian Warning to England

By Sagittarius

THE appearance of a book devoted to Roumanian agrarian problems is not without importance, for it throws light upon a region which has great agricultural possibilities and before the war took a material part in shipping agricultural produce to British ports. Mr. I. L. Evans has secured the Cambridge University Press as publishers of a careful study, and the book has its claims as literature. But its more immediate interest is mercantile and agricultural.

Roumania in pre-war days was divided into two different and widely contrasting forms of agriculture. Half the land, speaking very roughly of course, was held by a million small cultivators whose farms averaged about ten acres each. The other ten million acres of regularly cultivated land was held by 5,000 country gentlemen, but while the small holdings really did average about ten acres each, the estates of the landed gentry by no means averaged 2,000 acres. Some of the great nobles held 100,000 acres and even more, and as this was fertile soil, largely wheat land, it made the position very different from that of the holders of similarly large areas in the Scottish Highlands or even Ireland. There was on the part of the heads of the great houses far too much absenteeism, but the cadets remained to superintend the estates, and Roumanian agriculture was raised to a very respectable level of achievement. Not only was the country rendered self-supporting, but exports 1901-13 were adding materially to the national wealth.

Pre-war statistics were briefly as follow:—

Five-Yearly Comparisons of Yields.

	1908.	1913.
Wheat (480 lb.)	6,650,000	10,525,000
Maize (,,)	11,250,000	14,291,000
Barley (400 lb.)	1,560,000	3,320,000
Oats (320 lb.)	2,080,000	3,791,000

AGRICULTURE: A ROUMANIAN WARNING

Exports for 1913, the last complete pre-war year, were 5,197,000 quarters of wheat, 1,011,000 sacks of flour, 4,272,000 quarters of maize, 2,001,000 quarters of barley, and 1,213,000 quarters of oats, bringing into the country in all perhaps £23,000,000 and enabling Roumania to buy machinery, hardware, and fabrics from England, silks from France, and rice, sugar, and carpets from the East. For a country with only about twenty million acres under regular agricultural cultivation, Roumania was among the most hopeful and progressive of lands.

* * * * * *

Roumania suffered severely during the war, but came out of great tribulation into considerable emolument and increase. Bessarabia, Transylvania, and the Bukovina were added to the area of Roumania proper, and the agricultural cultivated area is about doubled. Yet the forty million acres are barely so productive as were the twenty millions before the war, and Roumania, as an agricultural exporter, has fallen to a very low level; in fact, she now hardly counts on our markets. The cause is clear and admitted, a veritable lesson and warning in land legislation. After the war the fears of Roumania "going Bolshevik" were unduly proclaimed, and with wholesale massacre in progress just across the frontier such anxiety can cause little surprise. None the less the panic legislation which ensued is already causing the bitterest regret. The pre-war Roumanian areas, those of the original Moldavia, Wallachia, and so forth, had been fully doubled by the Transylvanian, Bukovinan, and Bessarabian accretions, nearly all of them agricultural land inviting tillage. The sane policy, as none is understood to see more clearly than the very enlightened Royal Family of Roumania, would have been for the landowners and capitalists of Roumania proper to have received every encouragement to acquire interests in and help develop the new lands. But the half-educated and wholly panic-stricken Parliament at Bukharest reversed the dictates of sanity, throwing all they could of the new soil into the crucible and adding thereto large areas of Crown and National territory in Roumania proper. It thus came about that, in all, over fifteen million acres held by the Crown, the nation, the large landlords, and the more progressive of the country gentry in the total

area of the new Roumania were peaceably taken over and settled with ignorant and poor smallholders. The laws were modelled on our Railway Legislation and other statutes, by force of which a sum is paid into court, and if the expropriated person is dissatisfied machinery for arbitration is set up. The nobles and squires who acquiesced promptly obtained fair money, and for the most part, as one hears, left the country; but the great majority are now ruined by the fall in the value of the paper money in which they have been paid. This fiscal calamity is not to be connected with agrarian changes, but the result is there all the same.

* * * * * *

From the Socialist point of view indeed this would not impoverish the country as a whole, but the present nation of smallholders proves utterly incapable of working without capital or encouragement. It is now urged that the State should find machinery to work the land, superintendents to advise and direct work, money to build barns and byres, money to keep pedigree sires and help stock breeding. The Government is asked to provide export facilities, and yet release no single ton of corn or oilseed until perfectly sure that all home wants are met at low prices fixed by the Socialist representatives of the towns. In a word, the agricultural parishes, deprived of their natural leaders, are bankrupt, and State help is sure to be no real help even if the national revenues allowed of its free application, which, admittedly, is very far from the case.

* * * * * *

Mr. Evans's book is most valuable in its *exposé* of the old territorial system in S.E. Europe, and while his attitude is one of severe reprobation towards the grasping landlords "mainly since 1805," he appears from a purely economic standpoint to disclose a very important line of possible recovery on the old lines directed by the State in the light of two centuries' experience. The old tenure was in labour done upon the owners' "house farms" (home farms) of agricultural land. This not only encouraged the landlord to cultivate a part of his estate in person and set an example of good agriculture, but it conduced in the most natural of ways to combined effort.

The original tenure was apparently (Mavrocordato Laws 1730-1769) a week's labour to the lord for the land pure and simple, but if money was advanced, cattle found, machinery provided, and so forth, each aid had its payment in work. The state of things, says Mr. Evans, got steadily worse, until by 1805 most smallholders owed six weeks' work every year. It seems, however, as if from 1805 to 1913 there was over a century of progress, and if the smallholders had not owed labour to the lord of the land they would assuredly have owed money to sellers of live stock, implement makers, manure merchants, and quite probably, as the result of an occasional bad harvest, to moneylenders. Now one cannot force the vendors of pedigree bulls and rams, or implement makers, or those who provide fertilisers, to spend their money on the land. Moneylenders are a particularly urban class. But the landowner, the more he financed the smallholder, the more he had to develop his own estate by means of the labour in which the smallholder paid him. Roumania, by withholding capital and intelligent direction from the soil, has gone far to ruin what in 1913 was not only a prosperous but a progressive agriculture. As Russia affords us a lesson in the results of Communistic politics, so does Roumania offer us a warning of what comes from Socialising the land.

Dinard and the Malouin Coast

By the Right Hon. Lord Killanin

THE supreme qualities of the sea—its magnitude, its power, its unceasing motion and sound—are universal, but to each shore belong features of its own. This is markedly so in the case of the Breton coast from Dinard to St. Briac—a little world in itself, spanned by the sun as it rises over the fortifications and dominating spire of St. Malo and sinks behind the cliffs and turret-crowned head of Cap Fréhel.

Dinard, although not a large place, has the usual entertainments of a seaside resort—bathing and boating, esplanades and excursions, tennis and golf, cinemas and casinos, and, in addition, the perpetual querying tattle of a small but changing and very heterogeneous society that up to recently had even a "queen" in order to settle doubtful issues; but these "distractions" are not so obtrusive as to prevent the enjoyment of peace and seclusion, and on the only crowded spot—the beach—mercifully there come twice a day

> **The moving waters at their priestlike task**
> **Of pure ablution round earth's human shores.**

Vagrant shows, too, even music and bands are curiously absent. The simple life of the native inhabitants—the fisher folk and the sailor lads with their red pompons, or the workers of the town, or the rustics—in street and shop and market and field—dances and games and songs in many a homely café—continues in spite of the invasion of strangers; you can, if you wish, have horse-flesh steaks and buckwheat pancakes and home-brewed cider for *déjeuner*, while, outside, the town-crier mouths the "small beer" of the local chronicles. More striking still, like the calvaries uplifted from the earth before the eyes of all men by the wayside, are the loyalty and devotion of the community to their religion. The Church festivals are celebrated by processions in the streets, which are elaborately decorated with flowers and flags—a picturesque sight, and also an

inspiring testimony of popular faith, supported as these ceremonies are by successive representatives of homage—aged servitors carrying lanterns, and youths in athletic garb, and children's rhythmical movements or dances—delicate petals of human and divine grace hallowing the solemn path of life. The climate is delightful, and at times the sky intensely ensapphired; and on the perfect sands merry children, including those of larger growth, bask and play and bathe, paddling and swimming in the smiling waters, plunging into the white-throated breakers, or diving from swaying planks and boats—many making "one long bathing of a summer's day." The air is balmy, and soft even when breezes blow. There can be samples of bad weather—a fog or a squall or a wet day or a heavily clouded one—but they are almost welcome on account of their rarity.

Inland the district is flat and ordinary, save for an occasional nook or dell, or fine old building once probably the manorial home of a type of small gentry, long since passed away, and now a farmhouse—with massive weathered walls and awry fenestrations and portals, and wide roofs of the delicious little grey slates of the district bedecked with saffron-coloured lichen, and crooked yards and sheds recalling the quaint origin of the plan of a real tennis court. The soil is fertile and mostly arable, and crops and catch-crops succeed one another in rotation. But the trees, which are regularly stripped of their branches for fuel and are therefore naked or thinly clad with clustering sprouts as spurious nearly as tufts of mistletoe, are ungainly and shadeless. Pitiable wailings seemed to come from the hacked and warped and gnarled trunks of the trees—though the sight of the taller ones recalled to mind the humorous remark of a fellow-countryman who, when telegraph poles were first erected through the bare wilds of Connemara, said that they gave the country "quite a wooded appearance!" But the valley through which the river Rance with varying breadth winds its way is well wooded and very pretty; orchards and copses, hedges and blackberry lanes, abound, and gorse, which is profusely grown for fuel, brilliantly sets off many barren places. In the clear sunshine of spring you will be

enchanted by coming across an ideal orchard, with its embowering festoons of apple blossoms hanging over a soft luxuriant carpet of crimson and purple clover, dappled with gentle shadows and fragrant with sweetest scents, wherein which placid milch cattle browse and ruminate, while beyond, through the tracery of the twisted branches of the trees, shimmer glimpses of the blue sea, and overhead in the cloudless sky soars a white seabird or two. On the beautiful face of nature is there a scene more benign and heavenly? Does not earth, as well as man, show residual signs of a descent from creations that were once "very good"? And in the autumn you will rejoice at the gleeful gathering of the ruddy and yellow apples, so bright as to seem more like flowers than fruit, and falling to the ground as plentifully as leaves—the fecund ripeness of the one redeeming the withered mortality of the other.

Then the estuary of the Rance makes a small panorama of great interest and charm. To the north, fronting the outlet to the sea, lie the island of Cézambre and many rocky islets, while beacons mark the narrow passage to the roadstead and harbour within, described by Browning in his poem *Hervé Riel*. In the east is the island dedicated to the memory of the genius of Chateaubriand, the "Friend of the Waves" as he styles himself in his *d'Outre Tombe*, where he says, too, that the sea had been the pictured background of most of the events of his stormy life; and next stands out the wall-girt peninsula of St. Malo, the old corsair city with its tall grey houses and steep roofs and attics and big chimneys, and the sands of its *grève*, and the pier and docks; while hard-by is the town of St. Servan sentinelled on the shore by the sturdy granite towers of Solidor. On the west are the gardens of the Priory of St. Solange, the sheltered cove of Dinard and the high edge of ground faced with the houses of the old fishing village, the foundations of the buildings and the flights of steps up to them washed and worn by the waves. Further on is the windy gap where once mill-wheels roared, and the bridge over it to the decollated point of Moulinet, from which there is a lovely view of the bay and emerald coast. Southward is the gorse-clad and sylvan promontory of Vicomté with its belt of

dark pines and silver birch bowing over brown rocks to the water's margin—around the base of which in the narrowing estuary the diverse currents of the disemboguing river clash with the inflowing tide and surge in foaming eddies, though with the ebb they rapidly swing together in unity down the bay. So is it with the little towns—St. Malo, St. Servan and Dinard—each separate and independent with its own municipality, parish church, pier, strand, pride and jealousy, but at the same time all close to one another, friendly, and continuously exchanging folk and goods. The intervening waters are astir with motor-boats plying like omnibuses between the many landing stages, and steamers, sailing vessels, yachts, hydroplanes, and flotillas of fishing boats and other watercraft come and go. The estuary is the main thoroughfare of the locality, Venetian in its aspect and uses.

The peculiar beauty and interest, however, of this piece of Brittany is in the scenery of the coast. Its line is broken by a series of promontories that jut out at close intervals and almost with twin-like regularity. They are like stalls in a stable between which the white-maned horses of Neptune canter for a rest after their long course on the ocean, while their less favoured mates are dashed against the headlands to right and left. Their sides are rock-bound, brown and jagged, often cavernous or fissured, but the surfaces are covered with gorse and grass, patches of which slope down pleasantly among the crevices. There is no wide sweep of strand or even large crescent of bay, but between the promontories are quiet and cosy recesses, and beaches of sand—smooth and solid with grains so golden that the sheen under the sun is dazzling and bathers are given a coating of gilt. The scenery is not therefore grand; the cliffs are not high or sheer; but the natural features of the coast are curious and refined and bright, and, moreover, so well-proportioned and harmonious as to exclude any suggestion of feebleness or of invidious comparison with the magnificent.

But you must not let your eyes stray inward from the shore and sea, else you will be horrified by man's handiwork on earth. Here are villas—gaunt, ill-shapen, gaudy, with meaningless pinnacles and lofty fretted roof-ridges and ornamental carpentry, and walls and balus-

trades encrusted with painted bricks and coloured tiles and ceramic flowers, and surmounted by china cats and griffins and storks—the expense of all of which ought certainly to be set down in the architect's contract, "For monstrification," as Ruskin would say. And around are tiny gardens full of topiarian shrubs and flower beds of geometrical design, enclosed by elaborate railings in variegated colours and approached through pretentious palace-gates—typical examples of Gallic artificiality and uniformity, without sense or discrimination, or any recognition of the nature of things, much less of the genius of the place. The modern builders have done everything possible to spoil the scene, and doubtless the owners of these painted structures would paint the ocean if they could.

But in the view from the shore seaward is the remarkable and haunting fascination of this coast. It has a spirit and expression peculiarly its own. Before us is the wide open sea, but it is, nevertheless, studded near and far with islets and great spiral rocks which give it a very uncommon and suggestive countenance. They are bare, uninhabited, unvisited, and most of them invaded and completely obliterated by the sea twice a day; but, fragile though they look, they survive these attacks. Their recurrent and fantastic appearance gives a romance and mystery to the view that the sea's unbroken sway lacks; and also, it must be confessed, they constitute an exceptional danger to mariners. Their sharp-fanged reefs, hidden, it may be, beneath the waves or by an impenetrable fog, are the dreaded serpent in this region; and the cemetery at Dinard, peacefully ensconced amid fields and flowers, tells a mournful tale of their deeds. Meantime legends and stories and associations grow up about these ominous, fearsome islets. Sirens are seen or heard chanting sad songs, perhaps reminiscent of the fatal love of Tristan and Isolde, or perhaps lamentations over the many brilliant victims of misadventure or of ineffectual dreams that this Breton land has given birth to; and among their spectral forms the black hulk of the Flying Dutchman will often be spied, especially by homeless exiles from their native shores.

And what, forsooth, is their meaning and origin? They

are too far from the mainland to be mere ramparts of it, adventurous bits of mother-earth that, like brave bathers, have abandoned the surf and shallows for the deep. Are they, then, the scattered, forsaken, forgotten wreckage of a vanished land and world, and lies there here a city more engulfed beneath the waves of the Atlantic than Pompeii was buried under the lava of Vesuvius? Or are they minute terrestrial upheavals, abortive efforts to create a new land? Do the old littoral residents, or does tradition, refer to their having increased or decreased in number? Or is the sight of them an illusion, a mirage? Some evenings they appeared to be pendulous in air, mere dusky cloudlets on the distant horizon; or, again, amid restless foam they seemed, like a fleet of sable icebergs, to be floating along and melting in the warm waters of the passing Gulf-stream. And in fact these islets are phantasmal, for, as the tides rise and fall around them, they grow and diminish, and are never for a moment the same in size or shape, and some, like amphibia, alternately dwell under the sea and emerge to aerial life; their colours, under the full glow of the sky and the reflections of the surrounding waves, fluctuate into as many hues of brown and yellow and black as does the sea into shades of blue and grey and green.

Thus are the loneliness and monotony of the uninterrupted range and line of the open sea relieved by these strange and romantic and beautiful tokens of earth in its midst. And yet, while they dispossess the ocean of its absolute empire of vacancy, they do not, as would another land filling the horizon, circumscribe its majesty and destroy its sense of illimitableness. Between and beyond them the ocean freely flows and expands and proclaims itself. These are the waves of the Atlantic—unmistakeable, though perhaps less troubled and rough and wild than elsewhere. I recognised its mighty being and tidal life in the gentlest movement, the lowest whisper, the faintest odour, the smallest drop—I who once had a home by its shore in another clime to which nothing now joins one but the estranging sea.

The Bull Ring for Rabbits

By Violet Hunt

In my Northumbrian village a person named The Conscience Man duly takes his place at the gate of the works or the pit's mouth on Saturdays. His is a position of deep trust. He is a kind of ambulating bank and receives *en parole* about half the men's weekly earnings, which sums he holds in reserve for the financing of their *menus plaisirs*. The rest, with a clear "conscience," her good man flings into his wife's lap and, if she is wise, she asks no questions.

Cockfighting and coursing are the Northern miner's passion. The last public Main was held in the lonely village of Elsdon, on the moors towards Scotland. But it goes on now, merrily, in private, everywhere. A tumble-down cottage is rented, partially eviscerated, a low, raised seat built all round the walls. In the middle of the sanded floor two small, red, fiery young cockerels with iron spurs set on their feet are pitted against each other and proceed mutually to tear their scrannel necks into ribbons. Restoratives, neat brandy and so on, are periodically administered to the combatants. The door is kept by some stalwart "conscience man," apparently without any conscience except where other people's money is concerned.

Coursing is not prohibited by law and stalks abroad unabashed, with its lovely accessories. I look, with a sort of unwilling pleasure, at the sprightly, tense-limbed, delicate whippet as it follows close at the heels of its master down the village street. Its long, refined nose is turned up towards the bulging pocket in front of it, stuffed probably with a shrinking leveret or so, picked up in the course of a walk. I seem to see, in anticipation, the thin, alert limbs of the delicate creature, like a gothic column, standing over the prey that has been, to put it legally, "released to him"—see his fine teeth set in the flaccid

skin of the shapeless, puddingy brown mass lying prone. . . .

It were cynical to call it sport, yet the proceedings are very much formalised. The manners of the poor and great are mimicked by the rich and humble; there are battues and beaters, but they work at night. I have opened the window, wakened by voices on the sough of the wind, just before dawn, and looked down towards the burn at the bottom of the hill on which the house stands. Down in the low, flat meadow, where the burrows are, among the furze bushes that skirt the stream, I have seen the poachers' lights moving, shifting, as the dark shapes that held them pottered about. I did not waken my brother-in-law—it would only make him in a rage. He is a J.P. and they are poachers, but he can do nothing. There is, unfortunately, a right-of-way along the burn.

I knew full well what was happening. Into sacks, slung across broad backs that bend under their weight, the little brown live things are thrown in their dozens—think of the lowest one!

When the light grows and sport becomes dangerous, the "sportsmen," heavily handicapped by weight of rabbits, sprint miles to the safety of a distant village, with their game, ready "beaten up" for the next great field day of some northern Morden.

"*Nature, red in tooth and claw!*" We eat rabbits as well as other things, and it is necessary that they should be procured for our use. The short, sharp run, the whippet's attack, "the squeal of pain," is not, perhaps, so suggestive of anything tantamount to human suffering as the oppression of the full sack or the long hours in the trap—the fibres of one puny leg twisted and torn out in the hour-long attempts to free it. The "convulsive twitch" sometimes observed after the legal act of dislocation has taken place may be automatic. But I am thinking of the precarious *morale* of the promoters of this form of amusement combined with usefulness—amateurs in the true sense of the word—slaughterers who do their dirty work for us *con amore*, butchers who do not insist on slaughter houses, but practise it, with their canine assistants, merrily and above-board, in what sportsmen love to call "God's good sunlight." Do they realise the

import of this Sadistic field-day—the degeneracy of which Morden* mornings are the expression? Have any of them ever read *Justine*, one of the most terrible books ever written by a madman of genius, whose philosophy, veiled in indecencies, like that of Rabelais, ranked amid the promptings of the excesses that stained the French Revolution?

"Purely chimerical, your objections, my dear Justine," says Monsieur de Bressac, listening to the expostulations of his pupil, Justine, on the incidence of his theories on his cruel practices. He is insisting that she shall help him and his boon companions to murder his mother. Then there will be a dinner party of twelve, in which her dead body, tastefully laid out, will form the centre piece, or epergne.

"Murder most foul, as at the best it is," is Justine's natural objection, and the attempts of the Marquis de Sade to rid her of her old-fashioned prejudices is spread over thirteen volumes of print. "Death is only a modification." . . . "Nature only creates in order to destroy." . . . It would appear from de Sade that destruction is, to Nature, a real pleasure, and creation a trial and necessary nuisance. "Man is not even granted the power to destroy; it is only permitted to him to vary the respective forms in which Matter is made up . . . all forms of life are equal in the sight of Nature." The Marquis envisages Nature as a fair, implacable woman, and Death as a hollow cockpit, "a laboratory where disused forms of life are thrown," a sort of Immense Inane, "in which Nature's chosen variations are accomplished." "Nothing is lost—it reappears again in other forms." Man's humble acts of destruction on a small scale, so the Marquis would appear to say, merely "help to maintain her energy instead of diminishing it." That is to say, she doesn't care in the least if a lump of flesh which she has made up in the form of a biped or a quadruped should, through the accidental agency of a Monsieur de Bressac and his comrades, next appear as an insect or a worm!

A writer in the *Daily News* says that he saw men,

* Morden is the name of a village where sport of this nature is specially prevalent.

grouped to the number of a hundred or so in the field at Morden, who did not, to judge by their faces, appear to enjoy the sight much. . . . Well, the sight of an unequal contest between two big dogs and one small rabbit is not as exciting as that between an immense bull and a small man with accessory horses to supply the splotches of blood desired, yet the pleasure for which all these people have paid their money is of the same order. And, making due allowance for the fuller expansiveness of the southern temperament, the writer in the *Daily News* would probably observe the same expression on the faces of a Spanish audience—that sullen, sour regard of the Sadist, with his gold, or "tin," supplying himself with one of the sensations his strange nature requires—and so exhibiting the lust for blood and sordid delight in the exposition of the pain and sufferings of others.

The Airman's Love Song

By M. H. Bourchier

Think not Phyllis, when on wings
  I am wending to the sky,
And the world beneath me swings
  That my love can also fly:
Wit and purpose are my own
  Through the trackless paths to cleave,
But since I am yours alone,
  'Tis my heart with you I leave.

Could this airy waggon rise
  To the altitude of Mars,
And my wonder-gazing eyes
  See new galaxies of stars;
All to me were nothing worth
  Did I lose you, and for this
I must even drop to earth
  If I would ascend to bliss.

The Making of a Martyr

By J. D. Kerruish

ONLY a son of the patient East would spend two years over killing his neighbour for love's sake; one devoted to thinking it out, the other to the actual operation. Only in Turkey in Asia could he do the killing publicly, and gain through it credit and the indisputable right to court the widow.

All this is what Sergius of Geeworkgan did.

Sergius and his cousin Ishu were the richest and handsomest young householders in Geeworkgan, which is a little Armenian village in the wilds of Turkish Kurdistan. Ishu married Maryam, the lovely daughter of the village headman, and Sergius did not. And that is the way the trouble began.

Geeworkgan is up amongst the blizzards in the mountains, not far from Van; for four months each winter it is snowed up and nobody can go in or out. During these months the villagers give themselves up to trying to keep their feet warm and hard gossiping. In spring the snow melts, and for the rest of the year the place is accessible to the tax-gatherer.

All this is pertinent to the genteel slaying of Ishu by Sergius. Winter gossip; "half-yearly" tax-gatherings at intervals all the rest of the time.

The tax masters were always the most punctual people in Asiatic Turkey. The one whose beat included Geeworkgan could be depended on to turn up and collect the half-year's taxes three times at least every year. Sometimes he did it six times, sometimes five, but never was he known to spoil his minimum of three. When he turned up in the head village of the district all the householders waited on him and howled under the whip. If they did not howl long enough, they heard all about it from their womenfolk afterwards. The bigger the beating it takes

to make a Turkish peasant pay his income-tax when he has the money ready, the greater credit it is to his manliness.

Maryam of Geeworkgan might be beautiful for all the general public could tell. The really nice Muslim woman drapes herself with a veil that exhibits the eyes—her best point—to perfection, and discreetly weaves mystery about the rest of her features. The really nice Armenian woman ties her face up in a way that suggests violent neuralgia. The male Armenian eye may be trained to discern loveliness in a nose and two patches of cheek; anyhow, all the bachelors of Geeworkgan sighed after the headman's daughter, and heartburning was epidemic when she was bestowed on Ishu.

The heart of Sergius burnt hottest. He would have loved to prevent the ceremony in an obvious way; but he weighed the pros and cons and decided that the transient rapture of driving a knife into Ishu's back, or tripping him down a precipice, was not worth the risk of detection. So he stored up his hatred, helped in the wedding horseplay, and brooded revenge. Inspiration as to the way was long in presenting itself—a year and more, and the time seemed as endless to him as it did to Maryam the bride.

Marriage is a serious business for the daughter of a strict, unco guid Armenian family. For a twelvemonth after the ceremony Maryam had to impose voluntary dumbness on herself. She might only converse with Ishu until Ishu Junior was born. Later she could talk with her mother-in-law, then with her husband's sisters. Only when the wedding was a thing of years ago could she talk to whom she liked.

It was in church that Sergius found inspiration at last. In the little church of Geeworkgan was a painting of Mar Geework—Saint George of Armenia—slaying the dragon. It had been there long before Sergius was born, and he had never noticed it for anything but a familiar dusky square on the wall, but in the year after Maryam's marriage somebody thought of cleaning it a bit, and the result made village talk all winter. Geeworkgan had not suspected for half a century that it owned such a colourful composition.

"We never dreamed it was so bright and beautiful," said the village, awed, as it contemplated the blue saint sticking the yellow monster in a welter of red blood and green scenery.

"The dragon has a face like a Turk," said the priest.

"The runnels of blood on it recall the back of Binyamin, our strong man, after he ate one hundred stripes before he paid his tax," said the headman.

Sergius said nothing. He was looking out of the corner of his eye at Ishu, who was behind his father-in-law, and noted that he flushed unaccountably. This raised a train of thought that lasted Sergius all the way home. It began: "By Mar Geework, he is sensitive," and ended with "and the first collection is due as soon as the drifts melt."

Winter went, slush succeeded snow, and the local governor sent word round that the tax master would be at the chief village on a certain day. In each village the heads of households assembled to tramp to the head place. Some of their relatives accompanied them, the rest watched the procession off with sobs and proud hearts. So does the cold West watch its dearest off to the Front. At the appointed place all assembled before the tax master, thongs and sticks sang, protestations of utter pennilessness rent the air, yells of pain, shrieks for mercy, agonising pleas for time to save up and pay, stormed the unpitying sky.

This was the process with each taxpayer; only the length of the beating varied in ratio with individual stamina. The tax master watched carefully, and stopped the whip whenever the victim's hand made a movement to his boot or wherever the money might be hidden. At the conclusion he dismissed all with a cheerful benediction and retired to divide the spoils. The Government levy was usually ten per cent. of the takings, the other ninety what he had judged the district could pay him for collecting it.

The taxpayers went home groaning, and those who had to stay in bed a day or two became local heroes. Malingering was impossible; everyone had counted how many blows everyone else got, and strong men and lusty youths who had stood but two score apiece did not dare to do otherwise than to go about their business as usual. Only to old men and a few weaklings was indulgence ceded.

Ishu was one of these weaklings, and nobody ever commented because thirty lashes were usually enough for him. No wonder he was ashamed when he heard the strong Binyamin's performances spoken about.

On this particular occasion, when the Geeworkgan taxpayers came home and compared weals, there was no doubt Binyamin's record was broken: Sergius had taken more lashes than anyone else. Also his modesty over his feat was remarkable. Any man can afford the luxury of being modest who owns a favourite sister.

The favourite sister of Sergius found it quite entertaining to visit the house of Ishu, and it was dreadful for Maryam. At that stage of her married life she could speak to and through her sisters-in-law, but the sisters of Ishu were too busy trying to take down the sister of Sergius a peg to do any interpreting for her. The sister of Sergius had a copious flow of words and a subtle mind; her brags about Sergius were unanswerable, what she hinted about other people's brothers and husbands was maddening.

So it went on until the next taxing. Overnight Maryam told Ishu: "Mind you take a seemly number of stripes before you pay this time."

"Beloved, what my strength can bear I will endure," he assured her.

"That is what you always say," she retorted. "Yet you give in for less than two score lashes, though you can do a day's work."

"But, curled darling of my heart, work is one thing, beating another," he protested.

Maryam sniffed.

Next day it was the same tale. Sergius made a fresh record; Ishu paid up after the fewest blows taken by anyone in the place.

How the sister of Sergius talked!

There were three more collections that year. A spirit of emulation woke in the income-tax payers of Geeworkgan; paced by Sergius, they began to make records for manliness. Collectively they stood more stripes than any other equal number of men in the district. The tax master himself noted it, commenting publicly on the endurance of Geeworkgan men. Only Ishu and a few other weaklings still endured but small doses. And how Ishu heard about it from Maryam!

After the last collection that year he lost patience. He took a stick to Maryam. In countries where civilisation permits wife-beating it is considered bad form. To be driven to it is the sign of an ineffective character that cannot manage a woman without hitting her. The village spent all the winter in talking about it—Maryam, the only daughter of the headman, the wife of a wife-thumping *fainéant!* Ishu got an awful name. Even his female relatives sided with Maryam. The sister of Sergius bragged no longer before her; what was worse, she sympathised.

Ishu felt it all to the marrow of his bones. By the first taxing next spring he could endure no more. He clung to his good money this time through ten minutes' beating, and had to be carried home. It meant a month in bed, but Maryam was kind and almost proud of him. The change went to his head. He had done well, only Sergius had done much better. Pride and emulation waked in Ishu.

It became a tacit duel. At every successive taxing he stood a bigger beating, only Sergius ever stood an even bigger one. Finally, at the last celebration of the year, he overdid it. He bore eleven more lashes than Sergius, and was carried home insensible.

He never rallied, and within a few days Maryam was able to hold up her head sadly but proudly. Other women might be the wives or daughters, mothers or sisters, of heroes. She was the widow of a martyr, a martyr who had deliberately died in torture to postpone paying his income-tax.

As to Sergius, now rightly deemed the second bravest of brave Geeworkgan, and the fittest consoler for her, she refused him flat. She esteemed herself so highly that she would re-wed with no meaner man than her Ishu.

"Only one who has been beaten to death before he would demean himself to pay taxes is fit to mate with the widow of my sainted Ishu," was her declaration.

Moreover, it occurred to Sergius that it would look suspicious if he stopped his record-making directly Ishu was removed. For a while at least he must continue to endure a champion beating every tax time.

For all we know he is doing so still.

The Redemption of Working-Class Ability

A Plea for National Boarding Schools

By Albert Mansbridge, LL.D.

BOARDING schools need no advocate; their claim is established. Ever since youth turned to Oxford and Cambridge in the days when grammar schools were unknown, the finest fruit and flower of our nation have sought education and training in what is in effect the supplementary family—the residential school and college. England's rulers have come almost entirely from the university since she settled down to government by the sons of the well-to-do, and, during the latter part of the nineteenth century, from the public school through the university: for fully fifty years, from the 1850 Commissions until the Education Act of 1902, Oxford and Cambridge were almost closed to any other. Now the day of the well-to-do has passed into a day of opportunity for all. New forces have arisen and men in high office boast that their school was one of hard experience, set in an ill-equipped life. Our destinies are guided by a miner*, an engine driver†, and a general labourer‡, with a cottager‖ in chief command. These men will not remain contented with the day school for the children of the poor. New hope is stirring in England; but it will be disappointed unless new institutions are created to meet the new needs—institutions which, while true to a traditional type, will bring into their keeping fresh areas of power.

In all our experience there have been and are no finer institutions than the public schools and universities.

* The Rt. Hon. Stephen Walsh, Secretary of State for War.
† The Rt. Hon. J. H. Thomas, Secretary of State for the Colonies.
‡ The Rt. Hon. J. R. Clynes, Lord Privy Seal.
‖ The Rt. Hon. J. R. MacDonald.

They are the glory of English life. Full of dangers they may be; but so is life itself. Anyone could, if he wished, find evidence of fearful disaster to youth within them. Many dread them so much that they refuse to allow their boys and girls to use them; but even they find that for some things they must approach them. Such must build up an ideal family life, or their short-sightedness will bring condemnation upon their heads, pronounced by those they fain would have protected. The public schools may well be left to their own development. They do splendid work for capable boys and give force and power to many who can hardly be called capable. The numbers they spoil, in common with the whole educational system, are not sufficient to bring about other results than attempts at reformation and a gradual evolution.

England needs similar schools for the poor, as Mr. Remnant pointed out in his most suggestive article in the March number of THE ENGLISH REVIEW. The foundation of such schools would be but a reversion to type. Eton, Harrow, and Rugby, to mention but three, were founded for poor men's sons; but none has yet dared to produce a plan which should open them to other than the well-born and gently reared, assisted by the generosity of their relatives and benefactors. It is true that the "new rich" manage to enter their sons, but not the lowly bred who are poor. For the majority, perhaps, day schools must necessarily be the means of training. But none who has ever heard them can forget the burning words of Margaret McMillan, the greatest creative educationalist of our time, when she exposed the undoing of her work in the nursery school by the conditions in the ill-equipped homes. The night spoiled the fair labour of the day.

Now, no one admits that any home should remain ill-equipped, but no one expects but that multitudes of them will exist in any future which can be foreseen. Poverty is not always the reason for their persistence. Give us a magnificent and widespread, happy and effective family life, and the argument for the creation of boarding schools will be reduced to a plea for the training of youth by youth. Such training might in itself be sufficient, and would, indeed, be paramount in the case of young men and women of college age and of high character and ability. To-day,

however, the pleas for the creation of boarding schools are many and various.

Even tuberculous children achieve a joy in life unknown to them before when they are sent to a place like Nayland, where Dr. Jane Walker brings into harmonious development the mind and spirit as well as the afflicted body. Little players in the streets get as much happiness, probably, as their more fortunate brothers and sisters who have nurseries and gardens; the life of the poorer working-class boy or girl would be drab indeed if the spirit of childhood did not assert itself. But this is sure—that they do not get the health of mind and body to which they have a right, and they certainly achieve knowledge unsuited to their years. Their finer instincts and their sense of wonder are damaged to an extent which renders them at best ineffective and sometimes dangerous. The nation needs and must have sanatoria for the mind and spirit, just as it has, in all too small proportion, sanatoria for the body.

Many would resent anything suggestive of "class" education; but such an implication would not be justified in the new foundations. Indeed, the best means of opening the Etons and Harrows to boys of every class would be found in the influence of boarding schools, established for quite young children. Everyone knows that the preparatory schools strive to get boys up to public-school scholarship standard, and charge high fees for doing so. Few boys untrained in this or some similar way ever succeed in examination. A preparatory school for working-class boys and girls could be equally successful, and supplementary aid would be found to enable pupils to hold the scholarships they gained. Perhaps, so far as this consideration is concerned, it would be well to keep to the preparatory type and so to maintain effective and alive the immemorial claim of the poor boy to the enjoyment of the old foundations.

"The Caldecott Community" is a school with such possibilities. At the moment it cannot be said with assurance that any boy or girl within it is trained for admission to a Winchester or a Roedean. Indeed, any attempt to do this work at present would be to destroy the spirit which sustains it and in which it rejoices. Any passer-by,

however, cannot fail to observe that new forces are at work in English education, and that some day points of contact with the traditional type, giving strength, and not weakness, even to fine classical scholarship, will be revealed. Out of its own experience the Caldecott Community will decide whether it is to prepare its pupils up to university entrance; but that is not its claim now.

The Community is barely twelve years old. It commenced as a nursery school near to Euston, and, in a moment of inspiration born of toil, stress, and difficulty, it decided in 1917 to become a "country boarding school." The work is not that of teachers and educationalists alone, but of parents, who saw the joy and the power and who faced the sacrifice entailed. At Charlton Court, East Sutton, not far from Maidstone, there are now forty children of all ages in residence—almost all of them sons and daughters of the working poor—attaining strength and knowledge in a healthy and beautiful country home. The parents are contributing sums varying from 4*s.* a week to 10*s.*, and in one or two favoured cases as much as £1. It is a noble experiment, carried out by the genius and self-sacrifice of foresighted women, assisted by a small body of loyal and enthusiastic subscribers, and reinforced by a group of distinguished educationalists, sufficient to guarantee the right working of any school.

There is no space here to speak of the educational content and theory of the place; the ordinary reader will ask to be told quickly what has happened to those who have left the school. They are very few so far—only five girls and six boys. The oldest, a girl aged 17, is doing well at Badminton House School, Westbury-on-Trym, and at a recent examination headed the list in French. The oldest boy, who is 16, is doing well in the sixth form at Newbury Grammar School. These facts reveal clearly that the Caldecott Community does prepare well and effectively for other schools. The curious may find thrilling and convincing evidence of the emancipated child mind and spirit in the necessarily sparse literature of the Community.*

A new start in the education of quite young children

* *New Foundations.* By Enid Coggin. Price 1*s.* The Caldecott Community Tenth Annual Report, 1920-1923.

postulated from the beginning an adoption of the best methods of freedom, for the advocacy of which the names of McMillan and Montessori will always be remembered. The children in the school are encouraged to do everything possible for themselves that harmonises with their true and full development. They are responsible for a very large share of the work in house and garden and farm, and such work is made a medium of vital education and not merely an "exercise to learning." At the same time, the whole system is so organised as to permit of as much self-government as is possible in so young a community. All the essential conditions of a good public school of the preparatory type are present in the Caldecott day—play, craftsmanship, study and worship; but there is this difference, that manual work is added.

Now it must be clear to even the sceptical tyro that an experiment of the utmost value is being carried out at a minimum of cost, without endowment and with no financial future. The cost per head, including all expenses, works out at £60 to £65 per annum. In detail, food is responsible for £14 5*s*. 7½*d*.; fuel for £2 12*s*. 8¼*d*.; laundry for £5 1*s*. 3½*d*.; and medicine for 11*s*. 10½*d*. The total expenditure of the Community during the year ending July 31st, 1922, reached £2,871. Of this amount parents paid £437 15*s*. 3*d*., but half of the pupils are orphans, or illegitimate, or deserted children. No people in England are more independent than those working men and women who have learned to value education. Others may claim everything from the State, but they will not. An instance comes to mind of a poorly-paid workman who has saved 2*d*. a week as a minimum for his boy's education ever since his birth; and he denies himself even a much-loved smoke in order to add to the boy's college fund. He has so generous a spirit, in spite of much saving, that he would be disappointed were he not allowed to make the supreme sacrifice of all the money for the purpose to which it is consecrated. Any observer of working-class life in England could produce instances as striking.

The Board of Education has no fund, as it ought to have, for the development and maintenance of experimental work. In the case of the Caldecott Community no county or other educational authority can assist, since

the children come from many areas. Obviously a "founder" is needed, such a person as John Lyon or the Lady Margaret. But whether a founder is needed or not, England must keep the Caldecott Community alive in some way or other. The forty children must not be dispersed. Dark days of anxiety must not be permitted to persist throughout the year.

In 1923 a deficit of £1,000 was obliterated by a supreme effort, only to prepare the way for the facing of a bigger difficulty. The Community has been given notice to quit Charlton Court by Michaelmas, 1924. Thus the raising of another fund of £8,000 for new and permanent premises is rendered inevitable. If contributions fall much short of the stated amount, the Community must close; or at least its work must be confined to the private efforts of the courageous promoters. The weakness of committees is that they are very fearful of financial difficulty. Pioneers often have to carry on alone. But the development of the Caldecott Community is now a matter of national necessity.

Boarding schools must be provided for as many as possible of the children of the working poor, and many fathers and mothers will desire it far beyond the point of reasonable sacrifice. Once again the democracy of England is responding to an educational appeal and is moving forward to achieve full opportunity by an irresistible impulse. If this movement and the response go on unchecked, then power will be set free which will maintain the greatness of England during many years, if not for time unlimited.

The Great Unpaid and their Appointment

By James W. Reid

ANYONE consulting text books to gain general information about the appointment of Justices of the Peace will probably find some such statement as the following :—

> County Justices are placed on the Commission of the Peace by the Crown through the Lord Chancellor, usually on the recommendation of the Lord Lieutenant.

Another popular hand-book says :—

> Justices are made within the Counties of the most efficient knights, esquires, and gentlemen of the law by the advice of the Chancellor and King's Council.

The latter statement would appear to be rather antiquated at the present time; but in any case it is interesting to know who assists the Lord Lieutenant or the Lord Chancellor in giving advice to the Crown.

In some counties at least the practice is to have an Advisory Committee, supposed to be acquainted with the county, or portion of the county, where the proposed J.P. is to act; and such Advisory Committee acts through its clerk.

A case came to my notice recently where, so soon as the name of a suitable candidate had been put forward, the clerk inquired what were the politics of the proposed gentleman.

In England there has been, in past times, a serious attempt (not always successful) to keep the judges and the magistrates free from the bias of party politics. It seems that all this is being changed and that in the appointment of J.P.s there is now going on an attempt to keep up a sort of " balance of power," such as one-third Conservative, one-third Liberal, and one-third Socialist (sometimes called Labour).

Surely the real grounds for the selection of a Justice of the Peace should be based on his experience and mental qualifications, entirely unconnected with party politics.

A Justice of the Peace reported to me a case where a so-called Labour J.P., in the face of the clearest evidence, had voted against a conviction after stating that he was acquainted with the delinquent personally, and was sure that he would not be likely to commit the alleged offence.

From other counties comes the statement that the "Labour J.P.s" conceive their function to be to attend when one of their fellow trade unionists has been summoned, so as to make an attempt to acquit him, regardless of the evidence.

Before leaving the question of Labour J.P.s I should like to refer to a case where, after the appointment of one such J.P., there was a subsequent appointment of the man's wife as a J.P.

On at least one occasion the husband and wife sat together on the bench to constitute a court.

Such a state of things might easily give rise to very gross miscarriages of justice, without any intentional wrongdoing on the part of the happy pair.

It is impossible to suppose that in the populous part of the county (from which this husband and wife have been selected) there would have been any insuperable difficulty in getting more suitable and reliable persons to assist in the administration of justice, as Justices of the Peace.

Apart from the vagaries of the so-called Labour Party, it is of first-rate importance that, in the choice of Justices of the Peace, care should be taken to select persons who have at least some sound judgment and some elementary experience of weighing evidence.

It does not follow that because a man has been a gallant officer in the Army, or a competent medical man, he will be fit to occupy the position of a justice who has to sift the evidence, and not only accurately ascertain the facts, but carefully adjust the punishment (when necessary) to the particular offence.

One usual argument that one hears is that anyone who has common sense enough to be a juryman will do well enough for a J.P. But it must not be forgotten that the juryman has only to do his best (as one of twelve persons) to ascertain the facts.

A Justice of the Peace should be a man of considerable legal acumen (not necessarily "erudite knowledge") and

with a character for patient investigation, fair reasoning powers, and sound judgment.

Is it not clear that one of the defects of an uneducated mind is the failure to appreciate the value of evidence, and the tendency to run off into personalities?

I was watching a case before the "Great Unpaid" recently, in which the counsel for the defence very properly arranged that witness No. 2 should be kept out of court whilst witness No. 1 was under cross-examination, with the result that the two witnesses contradicted each other on most material matters.

The alleged delinquent was acquitted; but the Bench was apparently so little able to appreciate the manner in which the case had completely broken down, that it went out of its way to whitewash the prosecutor.

When Shakespeare, in Part II of *Henry IV*, set to work to satirise Justices of the Peace in the characters of Justice Silent and Justice Shallow, he indicates that the latter had at least spent some time in studying law, and would, in attending the courts as a student, get some experience in weighing evidence.

Justice Shallow says: "I was once of Clement's Inn, where I think they will talk of mad Shallow yet."

Whatever may be thought of the wisdom of abolishing the qualification by estate (by the Act of Parliament known as the Justices of the Peace Act, 1906), it becomes a grave peril to appoint justices who have little education and no capacity for exercising soundness of judgment.

There will always be a difference of opinion as to how far women by temperament and training (apart from the question of intellect) are competent to exercise judicial functions; but surely nothing can be much worse than the case which a correspondent reported to me in October last.

A woman, in my correspondent's district, actually took round for signature her own request that she should be appointed a Justice of the Peace.

Her request was accompanied by a typewritten statement of what she had done in the past, *e.g.*, attainments ranging from "taking tea with the Mayoress at the Town Hall" to "counting money from Flag Day collectors' boxes."

It seems a new idea that a prospective J.P. should dare

to canvass on his or her own behalf. But if this practice be in accord with the bright idea (mentioned at the commencement of this article) that there should be about an equal proportion of justices of each political party, perhaps such an innovator might succeed in getting on the Bench.

It is bad enough to have a certain percentage of our judges of the High Court appointed for political reasons; but this may to some extent be inevitable, as the Government of the day will want to reward its law officers and others who have been faithful to the party.

So long as the Lord Chancellor of England (the highest judicial functionary) is a "party" man, who makes "party" speeches in the House of Lords, it may be difficult to get the civil administration of the law free from party bias.

But there is this distinction between the position of Judges of the High Court and the County Court, and the position of Justices of the Peace, viz.:—

(1) The Justices of the Peace are not paid.

(2) They have not necessarily any knowledge of the law, or any experience in weighing evidence.

It may be argued that as there are now 192 members of Parliament who are said to belong to the so-called Labour Party (so that Labour M.P.s are plentiful), why not make plenty of Labour J.P.s?

There is no real analogy. Labour M.P.s may make use of many ignorant arguments in the House of Commons without doing much harm; but when we come to the administration of justice it is essential that men with some knowledge of law, and with the capacity for exercising sound judgment and weighing evidence should be on the Bench.

The danger of an ignorant, prejudiced, and dishonest justice of any class, particularly where punishment may be meted out to the innocent, is really terrible.

Having regard to our present politically biased method of appointing Justices of the Peace, there is great likelihood of many miscarriages of justice, particularly amongst the poor, who cannot afford counsel to defend them, and who, therefore, no doubt often suffer in silence.

The Magic of Nothing

A Testimony

By F. V. Branford

I HAD long been the sport of all manner of specialists. Surgical and medical and neurological and psychological and bacteriological specialism had been wasted upon me. Some of this, it is true, made me no better, but most of it made me so much worse that I had resolved to endure the torments of hell and to let the pillars of the firmament turn to water before undergoing any further treatment of any sort. My determination, however, succumbed to the impetus of a formidable visionary who persuaded me to abandon myself in forlorn hope to the meditative medication of Mr. Jonathan M. Squolsh—that celebrated exponent of the Christian Science precept and practice. Brought thus into intimate collision with the least obstinate and most enlightened order of intelligence that adorns this age, I am moved to noise abroad the character and issue of the event.

The affable and dogmatic Mr. Squolsh, the apotheosis of Christian and even of Chinese charity, received me with most considerate politeness and accommodated me with the least wooden chair in the room, while he selected for his own inconvenience a diminutive three-legged stool. Upon this he sat erect—nearly at right angles—and radiated at me a powerful torrent of aggressive equanimity. When this silent fusillade had been maintained for several devastating moments, he slowly raised the siege and began to probe with delicate fingers into my centre of credulity. I at once professed myself ready to believe that the pyramids are pigs and the king a frying-pan, or to commit any other intellectual *harakiri* essential to salvation. The candour of this declaration so intrigued Mr. Squolsh that he enveloped me in a hurricane of benevolence, pronounced me the ideal type of patient, and immediately divulged the mysteries of religion in the following forthright words :—

"Nothing, my dear friend," he assured me, "exists."

"Therefore it must be something," I stupidly deduced.

"It is not," said Mr. Squolsh. "It is nothing. It does not exist."

"May I smoke?" I inquired weakly.

"Certainly, smoke if you like, but perhaps you had better not. Nothing exists. Matter does not exist. Illness does not exist. Everything is an illusion of mortal mind which does not exist."

Mr. Squolsh paused for a few seconds to allow this bucketful of idealism time to soak in.

"Nothing exists except the perfect mind that has no illusions."

"And what is my mind that thinks that I am ill?"

"That," Mr. Squolsh explained, with sweet and melancholy patience, "does not exist. Nothing exists."

"But if there is no illness and no one thinking himself ill, what and whom are you going to cure?" My voice was frantic with anxiety.

"No one and nothing," said Mr. Squolsh. "Your mortal mind thinks it is ill. But it cannot be ill, because it is nothing, and nothing does not exist. When I have convinced your mortal mind that there is no illness because nothing exists you will be cured."

"I apprehend you," I cried, pouring with perspiration. "I, who do not exist (because I am nothing, and nothing does not exist), am about to be convinced by you, who do not exist (for the same reason), that my mind, which does not exist (because nothing exists), thinks thoughts which do not exist (for the same reason). Please proceed."

Mr. Squolsh then gave me my first treatment. He closed his eyes and prepared to sit rigid on his stool for several years; at last being loth to interrupt meditations which had such an air, so much style, as it were, of their own, I began to escape unobtrusively from the room, when he suddenly opened his optics and charged me five shillings.

* * * * *

Impatient to perfect myself with all haste in this great doctrine, I attended, on the cogent invitation of Mr. Squolsh, the divine service held that evening in the Christian Science church.

An impressive portion of this ceremony consists of "Testimony." A numberless cloud of witnesses float about in space and time, from service to service, from church to church, talking testimony and taking no other form of exercise. These witnesses have all been fished forth on the hooks of faith from the jaws and even from the stomach of Death. There is no dire physical disease, no appalling malady of the mind, of which these unfortunate witnesses have not been the victims. Cancer, blindness, broken bones, small-pox, leprosy, paralysis and raving mania are among the minor ailments which kept them bright and interesting during the darkness of their nescience; before their eyes were opened and they saw clearly that they have no eyes and are the spectators of nothing; before their minds were enlightened and they understood clearly that they have no minds and are the knowers of nothing. But now, seeing nothing, understanding nothing, and believing nothing, their lives are one wild bacchanal of uproarious health. I was particularly impressed by the testimony of one honest youth whose seedy appearance in the midst of this epidemic of incorruptibility was rather pathetic; he bore his witness bravely and testified how he had been cured of a severe cold by the application of a Christian Science poultice in the early hours of the morning. I was, however, to my everlasting sorrow, unable to follow this intensely interesting evidence as closely as I could have wished, because the poor fellow was scarcely able to speak at all, and the few words which he contrived to articulate were drowned in the most violent attacks of coughing.

Mr. Squolsh waylaid me in the porch.

"Splendid to see you here. I am sure you are better already."

"No, very much worse."

"Ah, well, you have a lot of illusions to get rid of; but you will be giving your testimony some day."

And so I am.

I had contracted for two pounds worth of prayer, so there were seven treatments yet standing to my credit. Each of these consisted of a repetition of the ritual already described, prefaced by a short exegesis of passages from *Science and Health*—the Holy Scriptures according

to Mrs. Baker Eddy. I was instructed to purchase the sacred volume and to study it piously. Accordingly I obtained a copy from a lending library and, by the exercise of Lacedæmonian endurance, read it from *alpha* to *omega*. The reprehensible Æons which swelter forth in promiscuous confusion from the abysses of Gnostic nightmare, Hegel in his most virulent attacks of logomachy, the profound philosophers of the East who do not admit the law of contradiction to the banquet of their ratiocination, are all plain sailing and infant prattle in comparison with this star-blasting tome.

Mr. Squolsh complimented me upon the industry and piety which I had displayed, but of course he did not press me to pass any opinion upon *Science and Health*—one does not ask people what they think of the Bible—and I cannot recollect precisely under what impulse the conversation drifted in that direction. The exegesis had a curious tendency to degenerate into discussion and ultimately into argument, so it was probably in a spirit of friendly controversy that I volunteered to collaborate with Mrs. Baker Eddy for the purpose of producing a little text-book on logic, to be illustrated with examples, drawn exclusively from *Science and Health*, of all the fallacies incident both to Induction and to Deduction.

Mr. Squolsh, with great kindness, immediately pointed out to me the very gross error involved in this gratuitous piece of blasphemy. It is, of course, necessary above all things that a philosophy whose basal principle is the denial of all validity to reason should promulgate itself by some other instrument. Otherwise it would not be rational. To expect reason from Mrs. Eddy is, therefore, no more reasonable than to look for ice in the sun. Mrs. Eddy has had a vision of Truth, transcendental, irrational, unspeakable, unprintable, not to be confined within the limits of logical statement. What was Mrs. Eddy to do, how shall Mrs. Eddy state her vision? Obviously by the substitution of paralogism for logic. The result is *Science and Health*. Nothing could be simpler.

I was extremely grateful to Mr. Squolsh for this sane and satisfying elucidation, because it set my mind at rest on another point, which was really a matter of detail. When I had once thoroughly grasped the fact that it is

permissible, and even possible, for Mrs. Eddy to reason without regard to logic, I had no difficulty whatever in understanding how she contrived to write a literary masterwork without regard to grammar.

But it must not be supposed that my spiritual labours were actuated solely by a disinterested passion for Truth. Mr. Squolsh persuaded me to take a practical interest in Truth. He taught me that Truth is an active agency, a perennial spring which pours forth a mighty river of material benefits when properly tapped—at five shillings a tap.

Nor was the argument from precedent to seek. Mr. Squolsh had an excellent record. Men, women and children had hurled themselves upon him by the thousand, and their maladies had crept from his presence with their tails between their legs, blasted by the lightning of his self-complacency. In all this vast experience Mr. Squolsh was unable to recollect a single case which had proved impervious to the treatment of Christian Science. When, in a more advanced stage of my novitiate, I ventured to question my master more closely upon this topic, I learned that the benefits derived from "treatment" are not invariably those expected by the patient or demanded by the practitioner. If, for example, you are afflicted, like Napoleon, with a pyloric obstruction, and are not sensible of any very direct effect produced by the amount of prayer you have purchased, a very little reflection will enable you to locate the direction along which the influence exerted upon you has travelled. The troublesome tumour may have grown larger, but you will certainly be conscious of an improvement in some part of your anatomy; perhaps your hair, which was falling out, now remains.

In other instances the salubrious influence may assume a purely spiritual form and express itself in terms of a general amelioration of character. This phenomenon was very remarkable in the case of a patient who suffered from acute appendicitis. He was cured by Christian Science treatment—of an inveterate habit of fibbing; and was so enchanted with the miracle that he would have become a member of the Christian Science Church, if he had lived a week.

Stimulated by these notable exemplars, I frantically

ordered prayer by the ton to the limit of my fortune, and went racing up the hill Difficulty with both my legs off the ground all the time.

Nearing the top, however, I collided with a formidable obstacle in mid-air, and I fear that I should have been there yet had I been left to my own resources.

A friend of mine (this was the obstacle) was shooting camels or crocodiles, or whatever they shoot on the Congo. My friend was an ardent "Scientist," and he alone among the party refused to dose himself with quinine against the effects of malaria, and he alone among the party died. Now though I knew it was both iniquitous and absurd, I could not eradicate from my mind a tendency to postulate the most impious hypothesis. I could not stop the obstinate mechanical cerebration which kept going on in my brain, to the effect that if my friend had not been so ardent a "Scientist" he might have taken ever so little quinine, and that if he had taken ever so little quinine he might have been not quite so susceptible to malaria, and that if he had not been quite so susceptible to malaria he might not have died; and that if he had not died he might possibly have been alive. But Mr. Squolsh tapped the mountain on the head with his psychical fore-finger and, behold, it was a mole-hill.

"Since death," he expounded, "does not exist, your friend did not die, but by a fortunate accident was quitted of all his illusions at one fell swoop. His death exists only in your deluded mind. Your friend was himself nothing but one of your illusions, but now he is become the universal divine Man."

As Mr. Squolsh spake these enormous words, which obliterated in one sublime obfuscation of intellect the line of distinction between physical and metaphysical reality, the whole house began to roll and pitch, the walls of the room widened and encompassed the world, the roof was rent and soared among the stars, while the body of Mr. Squolsh expanded over all material things, so that he became magnified even above the heavens; and as he towered there fell out of him something that broke upon the floor with a great crash. I gathered up the pieces. They were the fragments of human reason which he had transcended, but I could not put them together again.

The Art of Frank Brangwyn

By Stephen Sherwood

TRAVEL experience teaches us that, in most of the cultured centres of Europe, British Art is regarded as a contradiction in terms. We are granted the possession of many qualities, of prowess ranging from perfidy to cricket, but art in any form does not appear in the list. Doubtless our artists are themselves to blame in that they share our national vice of insularity, seldom exhibiting their work abroad, and having no concern with regions beyond England other than as sketching grounds. Then, too, the system of collection which keeps the mass of Turner's work at Millbank, relegates the Pre-Raphaelites to Birmingham, and so on, militates considerably against a widespread knowledge of much of our best art, whilst the fact that our great eighteenth-century painters were portraitists, usually spells their comparative obscurity in the private galleries of our great families. Be the combination of causes what it may, English art makes little show in the European and other galleries, and our achievement is stigmatised as correspondingly thin.

One contemporary master, however, is generally accorded us; and strangely enough it is in his own country that the status of Frank Brangwyn is least understood. His works are hung in galleries from end to end of Europe and farther afield in America, the Colonies, and the East. A gallery is being built in Tokyo for the housing there of one great collection; his etchings and lithographs form part of every print collection of note; his mural decorations adorn great public buildings; his genius for illustration carries his name into libraries as his capacity for designing stained glass, tapestry and furniture carries it into the crafts. And in Europe where the greatness and versatility of this achievement is recognised, some meed of honour has been paid to this English master painter.

The exhibition of Brangwyn's work now showing at the McCulloch Galleries at Queen's Gate gives some hint of

that accomplishment, and is enabling Frank Brangwyn's own countrymen the better to appreciate the enormous scope of his work. In these magnificent rooms Croal Thomson, to whom English art is indebted for the introduction of more than one master, has gathered together nearly five hundred of Brangwyn's works, and in face of this collection of masterpieces in half-a-dozen mediums, one is forced to some understanding of his place in modern art, especially when one realises that it represents only a tithe of his actual output. Many of his pictures could not be borrowed; others were too distant to bring over in time; whilst his great mural decorations—probably his sublimest performances—cannot, of course, be exhibited otherwise than by the inadequacy of his sketches for them. Among the sketches shown are some for the Stations of the Cross, which are to go to one of the largest of the reconstructed churches in the war-devastated area, whilst copies are to be placed in other churches. It is typical of Brangwyn's art and mind that the figures in these designs are much more nearly akin to our own day than to first century Judea, the artist linking the sacrifice and suffering with the pain and grief of tortured Europe.

The occasion of this exhibition is one for the reiteration of the qualities of Brangwyn's work, qualities which have won steady recognition through forty years of effort since as a boy of eighteen his first picture was hung in the Royal Academy. At that age he had already drunk deep of life in the individual manner which has consistently vitalised his art. He had spent some time working under William Morris; then, having amassed the sum of forty shillings, had gone off to Sandwich to draw, and when the money failed, worked his passage on a little coasting ship. His first voyage to Asia Minor was paid for by work and in kind with his paintings. That is the keynote of Brangwyn's art. He is no theorist looking at life from a studio window, but a man keenly alive and interpreting his experiences into the terms of his work. He went everywhere, he mixed with all sorts and conditions of men, he struggled and agonised and sympathised. And this intense life which he took from the world around him he gave back in his painting, slaving unendingly at the mastery of the technique of his various mediums.

The outstanding quality of his art is this—dare one say?—masculine fullness. Vigour and power show in manner and matter; prettiness and inaction make no appeal to him. When he errs, even technically in colour and composition, it is because his vitality becomes overpowering and renders his canvases restless. This, one realises, is his greatest danger as an artist, but it springs so certainly from the greatness of his urge. He loves and draws again and again the strong things of human achievement—ships and far flung bridges, fine buildings, windmills, railway stations, docks. When he turns to nature it is her strength also that appeals to him, and the drama of man's conflict with her. Even in face of some of the lyrical water colours one cannot but believe that he is really captivated by the pictures of Messina after the earthquake with the defiant groups of unconquerable humans bargaining and dicing among the colossal ruins. One thinks of him at last as the painter of the indomitable spirit of mankind.

Ranging alongside this quality of forcefulness one finds, paradoxically enough, that complementary factor of decoration. Brangwyn stands in most people's estimation as primarily a decorative artist. The richness of his design and the bold sense of colour which in the early days caused certain critical storms to rage around him, have matured with his growing powers into an individuality as assured in method as it is beautiful in result. He can, when his design demands, change a form, alter the position or colour or tone of a shadow, vary a proportion or obliterate inessential elements, yet one never becomes worried by distortion, and he remains superficially a representative artist. His work as a mural decorator has caused him often to work without attempting any illusion of a third dimension, and this tendency is often apparent.

The Exhibition at Queen's Gate causes one inevitably to think of him with the masters of the Renaissance, performing lavishly the artist's age-long task of illuminating the life and activities of his day and generation with the beauty which is inherent and eternal. If he is occasionally melodramatic, over-coloured, opulent, it is the fault of the superman, and not unwelcome in a world of grey averages.

The Empire's Future

Combination, or Separation? (A Constructive Proposal)

By Harold F. Wyatt

THERE are occasions in the life of a nation, or of an empire, as in that of an individual, when indecision, however dear to the heart and accordant to the nature, is no longer possible. A choice has to be made. As a man coming to a spot where divergent roads meet must choose his path, so, in like fashion, sometimes must a people. Even such a point as this seems to have been reached by England and by the Empire which, in the generations of the past, England has founded. One of its four autonomous daughter States, the great Dominion of Canada, has thrust this necessity into the forefront of politics by its refusal to recognise as necessarily binding upon itself that treaty of Lausanne by which our Foreign Office sought to make all the components of the British realm at peace with the Turks. Instantly, by this one fact, the whole problem of the future of the British Empire—that problem which for years and decades has been debated and postponed—has been brought into the field of immediate vision and the discovery of its solution has become the salient need of all our race. For what one Dominion has done, another may do, and if the daughter nations of England claim each the right of repudiating British international undertakings, then, manifestly, British homogeneity is a myth. The Empire was a unit. In the eyes of the world, and for all international purpose, it will be converted by this change into disparate and unconnected fragments.

This immense consequence of Canadian action has been perceived clearly (as it could not fail to be seen) by many who have treated the subject in the press, and they are practically unanimous in the view that "something must be done." But what? There, indeed, suggestion lingers and hesitation still holds the field. For the greater the acquaintance with the difficulties of the situation and

the factors of the case, the greater also is the doubt concerning the policy to be pursued. The shadow of this trouble has been growing ever since self-governing institutions were conferred on what were then called our "colonies," and it was implicit, like the character of an unborn child, in the seed sown by the planters of that tree of empire whose branches now sweep the world.

Even then it must have been clear to those endowed with distant vision that a time must come when the far-off, small and scattered communities of British subjects, initiated often by English victories, founded and fostered by English care, and guarded always by the English fleet, would grow to maturity and, stirred by the impulses of their English blood, demand, like their forefathers, the full rights of freemen. That day first arrived when the plantations of North America broke into open revolt against restrictions on their trade imposed by a Government, removed by a six weeks' voyage from their shores, in whose appointment they had had no share. It was an occasion which the combined qualities of wisdom, honesty (which is, indeed, a part of wisdom), and patience could easily have met. It was a difficulty which statesmen—had statesmen worthy of the name then been in power in England—should have been able to solve. But since the practical measure of distance is the time required to traverse it, the breadth of space severing the progeny of Britain in the new world from the well-spring of their race at home appeared then a gulf rendering federation vain. To this subject Burke himself referred in one of the greatest of his orations, but he named federation only to dismiss its possibility because *natura opposuit*, nature herself had interposed a barrier of remoteness which man could not overcome. At least this obstacle is gone. In a period when, in the flash of a second, the vibration of the ether bears the human voice across the Atlantic, no one can now name distance as an impediment to that closer union which the British Empire must attain, if evolution, not dissolution, is to be its goal.

Warned by this previous experience, England, in the passage of the years, has granted the fullest and amplest autonomy, first to her eldest daughter, Canada, and then to Australia, to New Zealand, and to South Africa. Each

of these Dominions is in effect an independent nation, linked indeed with us, by its own consent, in the bond of an imperial fraternity under the sovereignty of the King, but free, absolutely, to cut that bond if it so please—which may all the hopes of the Anglo-Saxon race forbid. Yet still remains this immense anomaly—that responsibility for the guidance of international relationships rests, or up almost to now has rested, with the Mother Country, so that, technically at any rate, these free nations might find themselves plunged into war with another people through the action, and it might be through the folly, of a British Ministry. Even so, at the end of 1922, the Dominions found themselves faced by the prospect of active conflict with Turkey, and, but for the upheaval of public opinion here, they would have been driven by the fatuity of Mr. Lloyd George's Cabinet into the very position here adumbrated. Nevertheless, it must be granted that this danger is for them, in a certain sense, technical rather than real. For always it has been open to them, since autonomy was bestowed, to refuse adherence to the Empire when that Empire became involved in war. When Sir Wilfrid Laurier, then Canadian Premier, was present at a drawing-room meeting in London in 1902, someone asked him. "What would Canada do if England went to war?" "I can answer that question at once," was his reply: "Canada would do what she chose." It was the hope and the expectation of Germany that at the stern test which she supplied the British Empire would crumble into its component parts. We know well her bitter disillusion, and that, as the sequel to the immense sacrifices and the glorious loyalty to the common cause of the British States, they had full voice and representation in regard to the Treaty of Versailles.

But, unhappily, this last fact has remained isolated and exceptional. No* effective machinery for future representation has been created. Our halting statesmanship has made in this direction not one real step forward. The situation in this vital respect is in

* The Committee, well termed "nebulous," of which the formation is contemplated by the Government, has as yet no known specific duties assigned to it, and appears in no way to fulfil the definite aim of that suggested in this article.

essence what it was in 1867 when Canada was first knit into a single whole. There wanted not, even then, men who foresaw the developments of future days and the constraining need of providing for the closer union of the Empire. But their voices were as of those crying in the wilderness, and it was not until, at a later date, the Imperial Federation League was called into being that any serious attempt was made to impress opinion, throughout the lands where our tongue is spoken and our flag is flown, with some sense of the momentous importance of effort towards unity. That League possessed one priceless asset in having as its chief orator the late Sir George Parkin. No one who had the privilege of hearing that almost inspired speaker in the days of his prime can ever forget the noble vision of a united empire, carrying the ideals of our race into the depths of future time, which his words evoked and his magnetism rendered irresistible. In him an immense knowledge of economic facts and a sane judgment of world possibilities blended with the fire of a prophet and the sincerity of an apostle. Had a hundred such men toured the Empire, as he toured it, and preached, as he preached, the doctrine of federation, the political unity of our own race would have been long ago achieved.

But, alas! the League of which he was the emissary split upon the same rock which has recently (but temporarily) wrecked the fortunes of the Conservative Party. In the middle 'nineties the sempiternal dispute between Free Traders and Fair Traders brought its labours to an end. All that was at first left was the Committee of Imperial Defence, whose functions were limited and whose effect was slight. Then came the formation of the group of volunteer speakers on the unity of the Empire, founded by Sir George Parkin, Sir Harry Wilson (afterwards Treasurer-General of the Orange River Colony), and the present writer, who was its honorary secretary. The group consisted of some twenty young Oxford or Cambridge men, all possessed by the same enthusiasm and all giving gratuitous service to the same great cause. We became known as "The Seeley Lecturers" from the name of our first President, Sir John Seeley, whose book, *The Expansion of England*, had made him the natural leader of the pioneers of Imperial union. We did much success-

ful speaking work, chiefly in the London district, and if, as we hoped, every large centre of population in Great Britain had given birth to a similar body, the results attained might have been deep and permanent.

But, meantime, the external perils which marked the period were growing in apparent magnitude. Difficulties with France, with Germany, and with Russia were constantly developing, and the fact that the possibility of preserving the unity of the British Empire depended primarily on the maintenance of our power at sea became more obvious every year. Thus when, at the beginning of 1895, the Navy League came into being, the Seeley lecturers were drawn into its orbit and, eventually, became merged in its organisation. Henceforth, to urge the extreme need of naval strength as the condition of the Empire's existence and of Britain's independence became the first task of every Federationist. That something—even much—was gained by this advocacy cannot be denied, but perhaps something was also lost, for the pressing claims of sea power tended to overshadow the presentation of the Federal case.

This briefest sketch of labours in the days that are gone is necessary to induce understanding amongst those unfamiliar with such history that the great imperial problem now pressing upon public attention—and bound to press more with the passage of every year—is no new or unexpected question, but rather one long foreseen, and made, in earlier years, the subject of serious study and strenuous endeavour. To give the Dominions full share in the control of affairs common to the Empire was the very object of federation, and it is almost a platitude to add that unless that object can be won the dissolution of the Empire is as certain as death. Yet it is only right to admit that the difficulties impeding that attainment are great. Perhaps they are even more formidable in respect of the feeling prevalent in the Dominions than in respect of the slowness, the lethargy, and the indecision of successive Ministries here. For in each of the Dominions—though less, perhaps, in New Zealand than elsewhere—a certain provincialism has naturally and, in a sense, inevitably arisen. Each in its turn has been moved by the instincts of a nascent nationhood to view itself as a self-sufficing

integer, free from the rude buffets of the external world, although in Canada this attitude has been necessarily modified somewhat by contiguity with the United States.

Yet when, in the years 1902-4, it was my privilege to preach the doctrine of combination for naval defence as the envoy of the Navy League to the autonomous States, "Canada for the Canadians" was the cry which met me across the Atlantic; "Australia for the Australians" was the shibboleth in the South Pacific; and "South Africa for the [white] South Africans" was the demand where the one ocean of the globe foams round the Cape. It was and, so far as it survives, it still is the utterance of a national mentality not yet awakened to the grim realities of this planet. The statesmen of the Dominions have for the most part now (indeed they had then) advanced beyond this point of youthful assertion, but, like our politicians at home, they are obliged to wait on the growth of public opinion, as a boat, "backing oars," waits on the crest of a wave. To mould that opinion, to shape it to the lines which alone evolution can pursue, we have had to trust, not to an advocacy of federation which is unhappily non-existent, but to the stern lessons of events. But though the war taught the logic of combination, the recent action of England has exhibited her as utterly indifferent even to that tremendous teaching. We have repudiated the principle of partnership for the purposes of trade by refusing reciprocity: we have at the same time declined, by our decision regarding the naval base at Singapore, to take the one step absolutely essential if we are to be able to protect the Dominions against Japan. Within the last month the menace of the Japanese peril has grown with leaps and bounds, by reason of the furious rage excited throughout the land of the Rising Sun against the exclusion measure passed by the U.S. Congress. Yet probably (though perhaps not quite certainly) the present situation will not lead to that dire cataclysm which appears fated some day to engulf mankind. The time is not ripe. Japan is not ready. The earthquake which denuded her resources is too recent. But the eyes of the Dominions have been opened, and those who guide the course of each know well, as they watch the cloud forming on the horizon of the future, that to hope to stand alone is vain. Whither,

then, shall they look for the aid vital to their future life—to England, or to the States? It is a momentous question, carrying with it implications vast as the earthly destiny of man. British Imperialists decline to believe that the acts of the Socialist Government which Liberal treachery has for the moment placed in office represent truly the real mind and soul of England. The decisions as to reciprocity and as to Singapore are not laws of the Medes and Persians. Rather are they temporary political manœuvres, performed for party ends.

The immediate need of the moment is to devise some means by which to tide over the *impasse* created on the one hand by Socialist folly and, on the other, by Canada's refusal to be bound by a treaty arranged by the Foreign Office of England. Let us dismiss from our minds all grandiose schemes of Federation and consider whether there is any step, simple and unambitious, which might meet the present difficulty and, by meeting it, prevent Canada and the other Dominions from drifting apart from the central fabric of Empire. The cause of the strain being merely the absence of unifying machinery in their and our negotiations with foreign States, cannot such machinery be devised?

I venture to suggest that it can be supplied very easily. Why should not the High Commissioners of the Dominions in London be formed, in conjunction with the British Foreign Secretary, into a permanent Consultative Committee to confer concerning all foreign affairs? In the creation of such a Committee there could, assuredly, be nothing to offend the *amour propre* of our overseas brethren, but, on the contrary, a manifest desire to do something towards giving them the rights which they justly claim. Moreover, each High Commissioner is already in frequent communication by cable with his Government, so that a reference to it regarding the matters which the Committee had under review would be a natural proceeding. The objection to Federation—sometimes very intense—which has often been expressed in the Dominions has been based on the idea that it would somehow impair the prerogatives of autonomy, but no Dominion critic, however captious, could be conceived as raising this objection in this case. The only member of the Committee whose freedom of

action would suffer some apparent diminution would be our Foreign Secretary, who would be placed under the moral obligation to take no important decision before discussing it with his fellows. It would not be necessary—for the very good reason that it would not be practicable—to lay down that a resolution passed by a majority of the Committee as to the course to be followed in any particular case must be binding in effect. That provision would represent a still distant ideal, but what we are seeking here is not the ideal, but an immediately practical expedient. All, therefore, that the Committee could achieve would be to discover and to make evident the opinions of the autonomous States of the Empire, including England, which is one of them, as to that Empire's foreign policy, and, whenever possible, through discussion, to arrive at unanimity. Is not this worth while?

The real innovation in this scheme is the *joint* consideration by the representatives of the Dominions of the issues involved. Matters touching Australia's relations with foreign Powers, for instance, would not be discussed with the Australian Commissioner alone, but with all the Commissioners, and so, in like manner, would be the procedure with regard to the similar affairs of Canada, of New Zealand, and of South Africa. Objection may, indeed, be raised to any proposal that can be made by man, but all human action is a choice between evils, and the part of sound judgment is to choose the least. Course A and Course B and Course C all present difficulties. Well, which presents the least? I presume to submit that the Committee which I here suggest presents less difficulty and goes further towards a solution of the existing situation than any other yet made. Indeed, the absence of constructive suggestion has been a striking feature of the comment which has appeared. At least, it is certain that, had such a Committee been in being at the time when the Treaty of Lausanne was being framed, the views of the sister nations would have been ascertained, and the Canadian repudiation of that Treaty could hardly have occurred. True it is that divergency of view might be revealed, but such divergency frequently arises from imperfect knowledge of facts, while compromise and agreement are the goals of honest debate. At any rate, is

it not better that real differences of view should be made known in friendly talk round a table, with the full chance of their reconciliation, rather than that they should remain undisclosed until the whole world has to be informed that one portion of the British Empire is at variance with the rest?

Is not the time ripe, and more than ripe, for such an advance as has been adumbrated here? Suppose, for example, that some fatuous British Government were to contemplate the severance of the West Indies from the Empire and their incorporation in the United States. It would be an outrage of gigantic magnitude, hardly characterisable in words. But, none the less, it would be within the prerogative of the Crown, as now exercised by Ministers, to take such a step, and, according to practice hitherto current, neither Australia, nor New Zealand, nor South Africa would of necessity be asked for assent, though Canada might probably be consulted. Yet would it not be a monstrous thing that a vital part of the Imperial heritage, won by the blood and the sacrifices of the forefathers of our race, should be handed over to alien domination without so much as conference with three of our partners in the Empire?

Probably, in actual fact, the chief objectors to the plan here advocated would be found not in the Dominions, but in the Foreign Office itself. For its translation into practice would imply some derogation from that almost absolute control of the external affairs of the Empire which has appertained so long to that great Department. It would mean new procedure. It might—although let us hope it would not—be unwelcome to the official mind. Against these drawbacks we have to set the immense advantages accruing—the step towards solution of a problem which, failing such solving, must ultimately bring about the inevitable end of our imperial connection. Is it not better to examine the possibilities of success and of future extension inherent in such a scheme than to think only of adverse reasons? Merely to stifle public discussion, or merely to ask the newspapers not to direct public attention to a matter which is of supreme public importance, though it may be the easiest, cannot be the best method to pursue. For it is as

certain as anything on earth can be that either we must settle this question in a manner satisfactory to the Dominions, or else that they will drift apart.

If they separated, could they stand alone? The continual shrivelling of the planet by distance-destroying inventions, the vast and growing menace from Asia, and most especially the aspirations of Japan, supply the answer to that query. In this heaving and competing world none of the Dominions could stand alone. Protection they must have, and if we cannot preserve our union with them, then they must look to the United States. That in such a prospect there would be little to inspire them with enthusiasm is indeed true. Within the Empire they can preserve their nationhood: within the States they must lose it. Deep, for instance, would be the degradation of Canada from her present status, were she to consent to annexation to the Republic. In place of remaining a nation, practically independent, as she is now, she would be converted into three or four subordinate provinces. Nor would the case of the other three Dominions be any better than hers.

As for us in the old country whose supine imbecility would have led to this catastrophe, the loss of the Dominions would inevitably be accompanied—if, indeed, it were not preceded—by the loss of India and then of the rest of the possessions which earlier and nobler generations had bequeathed to our care. And with the Empire would go also the trade which the imperial connection had evoked, though that we seem already to be endeavouring to throw away. We should become once more a lonely island in the North Sea, but with a population too large for support by agriculture and doomed therefore, by the failure of markets, to unimaginable misery and starvation. From such a fate may God save England.

The Menace and Meaning of Nationalisation

By E. T. Good

NATIONALISATION is offered by the Socialists who call themselves the Labour Party as the *only true remedy* for unemployment and poverty. It is intended to make nationalisation the leading issue at the next General Election, and, meantime, the agitation for State ownership with "workers' control" is to be intensified, whilst everything possible is to be done by strikers and "ca' canny" to discredit the existing system.

Mr. Snowden, Socialist Chanceller of the Exchequer, asserts that our big industries are "ripe for nationalisation."* Mr. Shinwell, Minister of Mines, declares that "the Government are more determined and hopeful than ever as regards the possibility and practicability of nationalisation,"† and he is preparing a Bill for the nationalisation of minerals. Whilst in a minority, most Socialists talk of nationalisation with compensation, but the real intention is confiscation. The daily organ of the Socialists has insisted in large type that their "plan is to take over the mines and minerals *without* compensation and run the industry on communal lines."‡ In the weekly journals of the Socialist Party nationalisation of land and minerals without compensation is often advocated. Twenty-six members of the present Government belong to the Independent Labour Party, an organisation out to "smash Capitalism," to prevent peace between employers and employed, and to abolish rent, interest and profit. Private enterprise, the very mainspring of progress and civilisation, is threatened. Since our mischief-makers have failed to organise a revolution on Russian lines —as they tried, in 1917, by means of "workers' and soldiers' Soviets"—they intend "constitutionally" to nationalise everything and make themselves "democratic"

* *Labour and the New World*—Cassell. † At Perth, June 2, 1924.
‡ *Daily Herald*, November 8, 1921.

dictators. They speak of "workers' control," or the "dictatorship of the Proletariat," but they mean control by agitators—by themselves. Not satisfied with battening on trade union funds, they desire to be highly-paid State officials. Their Mines Nationalisation Bill alone provides for thousands of officials and tens of thousands of committeemen. It is time to take stock.

There is going to be a canvass to ascertain how many Liberals can be induced to vote at least for the nationalisation of minerals, land, and railways. Mr. Snowden has indicated the plan of campaign. If this Parliament lasts anything like the two or three years desired by the Prime Minister, it will be persuaded, if possible, to carry Mr. Shinwell's Nationalisation of Minerals Bill, a favourable atmosphere being thus created for related measures, and if, at the next election, a Socialist majority is returned the nation will be given the real thing—confiscation.

Writing in *English Life* (February), under the title of "Socialism Triumphant," the Chancellor of the Exchequer has stated that the Labour Party will be "within its rights to submit proposals to Parliament for nationalising, say, the mines and railways, as a means of propaganda from the best platform in the country." In the *Glasgow Citizen* (January 21st, 1924) the Chancellor has reminded us of Mr. Asquith's promise that he will support a Labour Government "so long as it confines itself to measures which Liberals can honourably support"; and that the Liberal leader has pledged his followers, as far as he can pledge them, to support Socialists "in foreign policy, and in such matters as unemployment, housing, old-age pensions, temperance, and agriculture and transport."

Mr. Snowden then questioned Mr. Asquith's declaration about Socialism—about opposing the new Government if it attempts to destroy private enterprise—and wrote that the Liberal leader "could not have meant that the Liberal Party would oppose all schemes of public ownership and control of monopoly services, for he himself had on more than one occasion accepted the principle." The word "monopoly," by the way, is twisted to mean some strange things. According to many Liberals, as well as Socialists, land, mines, railways, and the drink "traffic" are all "monopolies." Mr. Lloyd George says so.

Mr. Snowden proceeded to remind us that, as "practical steps" towards the Socialist Commonwealth, the Labour Party advocated the "public ownership of the mines, the railways, and the electrical power stations, and the development of municipal services," and then he asked: "Was that an application of the principles of Socialism to which even Mr. Asquith had a rooted objection?" Mr. Snowden concluded with a reminder that "a Royal Commission had recommended mines nationalisation. A Royal Commission had recommended the nationalisation of the Irish railways. The Coalition Government actually introduced a proposal into Parliament which provided for the ultimate nationalisation of the railways of Great Britain."

Whilst the House of Commons is used as a platform for propaganda, the Socialists outside Parliament will intensify their campaign, and the trade unions will be manipulated to create industrial "problems" which, we shall be told, can only be solved by State ownership. In these circumstances the general subject of nationalisation has got to be faced fairly and squarely.

Nationalisation has failed so often and so completely, and the nationalisation schemes proposed by our Socialists are so absurd, that a brief review of the proved failures, coupled with an examination of the schemes recommended, may be offered without much apology. There are the results of complete nationalisation in Russia; of mines nationalisation in Germany; of shipping nationalisation in America, France, Australia, and Canada; of State iron and steel works in Japan and Queensland; of State railways in many countries; of State Posts and Telephones and State-controlled mines in this country; and we have details of Socialist schemes in the Land and Mines Nationalisation Bills of our Socialists. We have enough material upon which to base an opinion, if not a judgment.

Take, first, the land. Our Socialists, whilst in a minority, propose to nationalise *with* compensation. The Russian Socialists nationalised *without* compensation, and they have failed. They took over the land without payment, without burdening the taxpayers for compensation or sinking fund charges. They started with the land, buildings, etc., as free properties. They were logical. Holding that rent

was robbery, they did not compensate the dispossessed robber landlords. And most of the Russian people are agriculturists. Nevertheless, under land nationalisation the Russians have suffered a food shortage that has resulted in famine and in deaths by the million.

The British Land Nationalisation Bill introduced last year by Mr. Philip Snowden proposes that the State shall take over the land and pay the dispossessed owners 5 per cent. per annum on the Land Stocks that will be given them, such Stocks to be based on fair valuation. The Stock is to be equal to 20 years' net rent. It is to be redeemed in 30 years. The State is to establish a Sinking Fund for the purpose. This might be good for harassed and sorely taxed landowners; but what about the public? It is questionable if landowners get anything like 5 per cent. per annum now on the actual capital invested in the land, buildings, drains, roads, etc. But let that pass.

Mr. Snowden imagines that landowners obtain rent for nothing in the way of investment or service. In one of his books he definitely states that all the "improved value" of land is due to the farmer and the community. He and his Socialist colleagues ignore the fact that owners spend money on buildings, roads, drains, etc., and that they exercise managerial functions. Yet these Socialists who think that owners are robbers, levying rent unjustly, propose that the alleged robber and worthless landowners are to be compensated—pensioned off—upon the nationalisation of the land. If Russia has not profited from land nationalisation without compensation, how can Britain profit by nationalisation with compensation? Besides the costly compensation, there is to be a costly valuation, and a costly army of officials.

Under this scheme there would have to be a valuation of every separate property in both land and minerals. The buildings would also have to be valued. Much time and money would have to be spent. Next the State would employ a Minister of Lands, a Lands Department, and a staff of officials in London and the country. There would be a great network of so-called democratic committees. The public would have to pay all the costs of valuation, of nationalisation, of administration, and for all new buildings, roads, drains, and repairs,

etc. Not only could rents not be reduced, but taxes would have to be increased. Interest on the Land Stock alone would absorb as much as is now levied in rents, and all the other costs would be extra expenses.

Other provisions of the Bill are equally absurd. Whilst the declared aim of the measure is to abolish private property in land, it is provided that tenants may purchase from the Ministry of Lands "farm houses, farm buildings, hedges, ditches, occupation roads, bridges, or other erections or improvements." If private property in land is wrong, how can private property in hedges and ditches be right? Besides, what farmer will desire to own the house he lives in if he cannot own the land he cultivates? The Bill gives no security of tenure. A casual reading of this freak Bill proves that its authors are ignorant men.

Take, next, the mines. Mines nationalisation is to be one of the first measures of a Socialist Government with a majority. Nationalisation of minerals is to be attempted with Liberal support. But nationalised mines have failed in Germany and in Russia; the mines control scheme we tried in this country during the war was a failure; and the Mines Nationalisation Bill of our Socialists is preposterous.

We have had two, if not three, striking examples of mines nationalisation. In Germany they have tried both bureaucratic and democratic nationalisation. For many years before the war they had State mines in Germany. If any Government has a special aptitude for business it is the German. But the German State mines never showed such good results as the capitalist mines in the same country. They gave none of the results predicted by Socialists. Compared with the capitalist mines, the German State mines gave a smaller output per unit of capital and labour; their expenses per ton were higher; their accident rate was at least no better; their returns in shape of profit were worse; they did not sell coal cheaper to the public; and they did not afford better labour conditions than the capitalist mines. Mr. Robert Smillie and Mr. Alfred Onions, of the British Miners' Federation, after a special investigation, condemned the German State mines. The State mines were more of a liability than an asset, and the

Government, as owner, was eventually constrained to come into the capitalist coal syndicate in order to make any sort of decent showing. That was under an expert bureaucracy.

Following the war, Germany set up a Socialist Republican Government, but the record of the State mines was not such as to induce the new Government to nationalise the rest of the mines. But democratic control was given a trial. The Government established a joint committee of miners, State officials, and coal consumers to manage the mines and the coal trade. The results have been so unsatisfactory that a Government Bill has been introduced to authorise the de-nationalisation of the mines. Democratic Socialism has yielded many speeches and much confusion, but no cheap coal, and no satisfaction for workers, consumers, or taxpayers. The State mines are to be handed over to private companies. The confession of failure is complete.

In Russia the mines, like the land, were nationalised without compensation. The Socialists started without debt, without capital expenditure, with no burden of interest or sinking fund charges. They put the mines under democratic committees. With what result? The coal output declined by at least 75 per cent.; industries were paralysed and householders starved through lack of fuel; the democratic system was abandoned and an autocracy set up, but still there has been failure; and recently the *Pravda* was authorised to announce that "the technical gear of the mines had so disintegrated, and the work and organisation was so unsatisfactory, that it had been decided to place the management on a new basis." As a matter of fact, capitalists are being invited to save the industry from ruin.

Now consider the Socialist scheme for the nationalisation of British mines and minerals. If anything can be done to end the friction between agitators and coalowners, and to secure the nation a better or cheaper supply of coal, let it be done. But the Mines Nationalisation Bill introduced by the Miners' Federation and backed by the Labour Party is unfair to the public; its scheme would prove costly; its operation would lead to intolerable conditions—in a word, it is ridiculous.

Taking the question of cost, what do we find? First there is to be a valuation of the mining properties. That means much time and money. Then it is laid down that the colliery owners shall be paid 10*s.* or 12*s.* per ton of annual output, averaged over five years. That means about £121,000,000 for the colliery plants, apart from the coal seams. It is less than the amount actually invested; but that by the way. The owners are to receive State mines stock in exchange for their present holdings. They are to draw interest on the stock. In other words, they are to be pensioned off, relieved of all responsibility, divested of managerial functions, and not permitted to invest in fresh mining developments—in this country. They are to be made parasites—by Socialism! The State is to pay for valuations, for the process of nationalisation, pay interest on the new stocks, pay for all administration and development work. There is to be a Mines Department, with a huge staff; there are to be country, district, area, and pit committees, plus officials—all paid by the State. This one Bill means 50,000 fresh State officials!

Then there are the minerals, or mining royalties, as apart from the collieries. The framers of the measure do not appear to have allowed anything for royalties, though they have entitled their Bill one to nationalise minerals as well as mines. Socialists often speak of nationalising minerals, if not mines, without compensation. Now, under the existing system, the State receives half the mining royalties without any cost in respect of administering the properties. Out of the £8,000,000 a year paid in what are called royalties, the owners hand over £4,000,000 for the common good. The other half—£4,000,000 a year net—is all the owners obtain for the mineral extracted, for the ground occupied by the pit-head plants, sidings, and cottages, for the surface damage wrought by the mining operations, and for way-leaves over ground not actually included in the mining leases. The landlords' net receipts in respect of all these considerations amount to barely 3*d.* per ton of coal.

If we nationalise at only 25 years' purchase, allowing not a penny in respect of the minerals remaining at the end of 25 years, the bare capital cost will be £100,000,000, plus the cost of the collieries, plus valuation and administration expenses. A big loss is inevitable.

But the £ s. d. side is not the worst feature of the Mines Nationalisation Bill. Even at the above cost the nation is not to have true nationalisation. The State, or the nation, is invited to stand all the costs and responsibilities, but not a clause, provision, line or word in this Bill safeguards or even respects the public interest. It is first proposed that the Mining Council shall consist of twenty members, at least ten to be Miners' Federation officials; it is next proposed that the Mining Council, thus composed, shall have no power to do anything whatsoever except in consultation with, and by consent of, the Executive Council of the Miners' Federation; and, finally, it is laid down that when there is failure to agree there shall be arbitration, but that whilst the State shall honour the award if unfavourable, the miners shall have full right to reject any award, terms or conditions they do not like. The nation is to pay, but the Miners' Federation is to call the tune—have full, free, and unfettered control and liberty of action.

It may be recalled that, during the Sankey Commission inquiry, miners' leaders admitted that their policy was to retain the full right to strike under nationalisation, to reject arbitration awards when they thought fit, and to force the hand of the Government by striking. The miners even refused to support the recommendation that they should not strike against the State without due notice.

Turning to experiments in State shipping, what do we find? There are some glaring examples. When the United States Government was building up a great fleet, Socialists told us that our capitalist ships would not be able to compete against the American State ships. Sir Leo Chiozza Money was most emphatic in predicting the end of British capitalist shipping. He asserted that we should be compelled to nationalise or be beaten off the seas by America. Mr. J. H. Thomas wrote a book in which he told us that "when Labour rules" a Shipping Nationalisation Bill must be one of the first measures. Other Socialists have declared that, in view of the "success" of Australian State shipping, our Government ought to nationalise shipping at once. What are the facts?

The United States began its shipping enterprise with huge resources and ambitions, and at a moment when British, German and other European shipping trades were

labouring under serious disadvantages. Over three thousand million dollars—three billion dollars, as they call it in America—have been spent. Not only have no profits been made, but on actual operations the losses have averaged about $200,000,000 a year. Many of the boats have been disposed of, but even when the proceeds of the sales are added to the earnings there is a loss of about $50,000,000 a year shown. Half the ships still owned by the Government are laid up. Although they are all still new boats, few of them will stand conditioning for sea, or will ever carry cargoes across the ocean. Time after time the Government offers the ships for sale, but nothing beyond scrap-iron prices are bid. To-day the vessels are not valued at more than 15 per cent. of their capital cost. The Government is at its wit's end to know what to do with its big fleet of unemployed, and mostly unemployable, ships. All that public money has been lost on an experiment in State ownership, whilst British capitalist ships, which have cost the public not a penny, but which have contributed to the national revenue, maintain a proud supremacy.

The Australian State ships are likewise failures, and they are being denationalised. The Commonwealth Line started in highly favourable circumstances. There was no ordinary competition. There was no need to look for cargoes. British shipping was controlled, and mostly on war service. German shipping was off the seas. There was an abundance of trade at abnormal freights. But what is the record? The Australian taxpayers are already £10,500,000 out of pocket; the boats are valued at less than one-third their cost; three-fourths of them are offered for sale; the rest are to be sold next year if they show no better results; one of the three State shipyards is closed, another is offered for sale, and the third is to be limited to naval work. The confession of failure is complete. The Tasmanian State ships also show a heavy annual deficit.

The Canadian Government owns 67 modern steamers. The cost of building was $195 per ton. The capital is being written down to $50 per ton. The loss on operations in the last financial year was $9,650,000. Thirty of the boats are now offered for sale.

French Government shipping shows similar results, and the losses are to be cut by denationalisation. Freights and passenger rates have been so very much higher under the State than they were under private enterprise that trade and travel between France and her Colonies have been seriously affected. In spite of the inflated charges, there has been a loss of nearly 1,000,000,000 francs.

Regarding State-owned railways, it is roughly true to say that five out of six, taking the world through, are public money losers. About two years ago the *Journal de Geneve*, in reviewing the twenty years' record of the Swiss State railways, declared the enterprise to be bankrupt, and generally a huge failure. The lines were only kept going at the taxpayers' expense. The Railway Department was overburdened with officials. Though the total length of line was only 2,700 kilometres, there were twenty general managers and six boards of directors with a total of 150 members. This case was contrasted with a capitalist railway in France which had only one general manager for 10,000 kilometres of line. The journal described the administration of the Swiss State railways as one of "bungling incompetence," and declared that the army of railwaymen and officials had become a dangerous power in the State. There has been similar evidence from Italy. Some of the South American State railways have lost money every year since they were started in the middle of last century. Capitalist railways in the same part of the world have paid their way.

Turning to British experiences, what are the records? Some twelve or fifteen years ago we nationalised the telephones. They have been a State liability and not an asset. They have lost money. When the telephones were private property the State obtained a royalty from the National Telephone Company and income tax from the shareholders. Under the State the taxpayers have had to pay for nationalisation and find money to make good the annual deficits. Not only so, but there have been far more complaints of inefficiency under the State than ever we had under the old company. The charges that the British State telephone service is inferior to the private enterprise services in America and elsewhere are abundantly well founded.

The Post Office affords further evidence against the nationalisation theory. Socialists often point to the Postal Service as a good example of State efficiency. They are mistaken. If we look up the history of the posts, and set the facts in true focus, we shall see more to condemn than to praise under the head of State management. It has been demonstrated on at least two occasions that private enterprise can beat the State in this line. The Post Office as a State institution has only been developed by reason of monopoly. The State did not initiate the posts. The State was not the first to start the penny post. And the success of the State posts, such as it is, has depended largely upon private enterprise railways, and upon a system of bureaucracy which Socialists pretend to condemn. The facts are interesting.

In the seventeenth century a man named Jude began a letter post between London and Plymouth. The King's Posts, hitherto confined to purely State business, military and otherwise, started in competition with Jude in 1629. But the King's Posts could not run Jude's service off until, in 1635, a Royal Proclamation was issued giving the King's Postmaster a monopoly. The monopoly was extended to six main roads, namely, from London to Edinburgh, to Plymouth, to Holyhead, to Bristol, to Norwich, and to Dover. Private enterprise did business successfully on other roads until the Lord Protector of the Commonwealth made the State monopoly absolute on all roads.

However, in 1660 the Post Service was let out to private enterprise, on contract, one Henry Bishop taking the service over and paying a royalty of £21,500 a year. Bishop was succeeded by O'Neale, and O'Neale by the Countess of Chesterfield, before the lease expired in 1677. After that some local posts were farmed out.

In 1690 a London merchant named Dockwrah organised a post service. He opened hundreds of offices; he had messengers calling for letters as many as nine times a day in the city; he had from four to eight deliveries daily in the London area; and the charge for both letters and parcels was one penny. The success of that enterprise was such that the Crown declared it illegal, monopolised the service, and, of course, annexed the revenue. Not only so, but the State increased the charge

to a minimum of 3d. for a distance up to 80 miles. Having set up a mileage rate, the State insisted on carrying letters by roundabout ways. A letter posted at Plymouth for Bristol was carried *via* London—at mileage rates! By 1812 the State had piled on the charges to the following tune:—4d. for a letter 15 miles, 5d. for 20 miles, 6d. for 30 miles, 7d. for 50 miles, and so on to 1s. for 300 miles.

Those rates were maintained until 1839, when indignation became strong and private enterprise railways had arrived. On November 22nd, 1839, letters became chargeable by weight. On January 10th, 1840, the much-advertised Rowland Hill Penny Post was established, 150 years after private enterprise had shown the way, and even then due credit was not given, nor has it since been given, to the capitalist railways.

Let it be observed that even the limited success attained by the Post Office is largely due to methods which Socialists assert that they do not like. The Post Office is not a democratic concern. Men are neither elected nor controlled by democratic committees. They are appointed, or they rise, through merit or seniority. Regarding the conditions of service the President of the Postman's Federation may be quoted:—"The machine-like method of the Postal Department strangles initiative, kills contentment, and adds to the burden of unrest in the country. The service lacks that one touch of human nature which enhances human relationship."

In democratic Socialism, or nationalisation with workers' control, there are two fatal defects. One is that the average man will not work so briskly or economically for the State as for himself or a private employer. Give the average man a secure post under a public authority, his wage, plus a pension, guaranteed, and he will lean back, take things easy, become something of a jelly-fish, and will not be economical with materials, money, or time. The other big defect is that the average man will usually vote for a glib-tongued fanatic, or clown, who makes empty promises of easy work, high pay, and abundant good things, rather than for a quiet, level-headed, honest man who knows and says that hard work is the only way to real prosperity. Democracy is a fraud in politics. It would prove disastrous in trade and industry.

Personality in Musical Composition

By R. W. S. Mendl

Lovers of Wagner's music often say that he was an unpleasant man. It has become almost a commonplace of criticism, that our feelings about a composer's personal character have—or in any case ought to have—nothing to do with our view of his work. In fact, anyone who dares to suggest the contrary is generally regarded as a muddle-headed person who allows his æsthetic faculty to be prejudiced by irrelevant considerations.

It is not claimed, however, that acquaintance with the human nature of the composer warps the artistic judgment: what is said is that we must not allow that acquaintance to affect our opinions of the music. If a knowledge of the composer as a man were a bad thing, then it were a pity that biographies of musicians were ever written, lest appreciation of their work should thereby be corrupted. But we are told that we must keep distinct in our minds our thoughts about them as men and our thoughts about them as artists. Now it is clear that if our opinions of a composer's music depended upon, or were to be strongly influenced by, our estimate of his character, it would be possible for us, having read the story of his life, to conceive such a dislike for him as to render us unable to enjoy listening to his work. So much truth, we may concede, lies in the theory of prejudice. But it is also to be remembered that the man—in the wider sense of that term—includes the artist. The music which he produces is an expression of a part of his composite nature. No creative artist can help putting himself into his work. It is quite true that in the earlier stages of his career his music may sound in many ways like that of his predecessors: but that phase is ephemeral, and is comparable with the period of life at which children ape their elders. When we describe a composer's works as being individual, it is not enough to say that different works of his have musical characteristics

in common with one another: for if we seek the explanation of those recurring qualities, must we not find it in the personality of the man himself?

This, surely, is the reason why we read the life of a great composer. Now and again a biography may be written—like Mr. Newman Flower's book on Handel—so fascinating, so universal in its appeal, that even people who do not care particularly for music can be imagined taking delight in it. But for the most part the life of a musician attracts only those who are interested in his music. They hope to glean some knowledge which may help to throw light upon his work. To say that, if this be so, their estimate of his art will not be worth having, is to look at the matter from the wrong angle. They are not "prejudiced" against or in favour of his creations by the dislike or affection which they have conceived for his personal character. Is it not true, on the contrary, that every scrap of knowledge which they can get about the man does help to a fuller understanding of his music? How little we know of the life and character of William Byrd! Some may take the view that for that very reason our estimate of his music is purer than it is in the case of Beethoven or Wagner, being unalloyed by conscious or unconscious reflections upon strictly non-musical matters. Yet music lovers snatch at every particle of information which may shed any light, however dim, however unimportant, upon the personality or the career of the composer. Why do they do this? Is it not because they believe that their appreciation of his art will be enriched, not impaired, by knowing what kind of a man he was?

That a composer puts himself into his work is a conclusion which it is difficult to avoid. Take, for instance, even Haydn—perhaps the most "absolute" of the great instrumentalists. History tells us that he was a man of calm temperament and kindly humour, good-natured, simple in his habits, and clear in his opinions. His appearance was tidy. His wig was trim. He liked to be neatly dressed and turned out, even when engaged upon composition. (What a contrast is this to the rugged Beethoven, with his erratic ways, his shabby, ill-fitting clothes and long, unkempt hair!). The picture which Haydn calls up is that of a man who pursued the even tenour of his life,

prolifically writing charming music for the pleasure of his noble patron, Prince Esterhazy. Although at the age of twenty-eight he had contracted an unhappy marriage, he found consolation elsewhere, and the circumstances under which he lived at the Prince's court enabled him to lead a placid existence, free from financial worries and pleasing to those with whom he came into contact. How perfectly this description suits the character of his music, with its simple, unaffected suavity; its easily flowing melodies; its precision and symmetry and polish; its workmanship, so careful yet apparently so effortless. The muse of Haydn is not stirred to great depths of emotion: she is a gentle creature: her face in repose is calm, with a dignity serious, yet not solemn: but the corners of her mouth are often wrinkled in smiles; and when she laughs, it is the light, rippling merriment of a heart that was young and buoyant even in its old age.

It is hardly surprising that Haydn did not appreciate Beethoven: for a greater contrast could hardly be imagined. And the character of Beethoven, that stormy, impetuous yet noble soul, with his sudden, violent moods; his vigorous and often unreasonable opinions; his profound griefs—real enough to him, however excessive we may think them; his transports of joy; his constant flashes of wit and bursts of boisterous fun; his bad manners; his moments of inconsequent lightheartedness which flash through a disturbed and often wretched existence—all this is in his music. Practically every available fact about Beethoven's life and personality is contained in Thayer's great biography, as revised and completed by the late H. E. Krehbiel. Some have claimed to find in this volume a portrait of the man so unfavourable that, loving his music as they do, they are driven to assert that the distaste for Beethoven's character aroused by the book does not in any way affect their love and admiration for his work. This view of Thayer's biography exemplifies the exaggerated revulsion of feeling which sets in when the truth is at last revealed after a century of idealised legend. For the book does not unfold an unpleasant person before us: what it does, is to show us a man, instead of the impossible demi-god of our fathers' dreams. Beethoven is seen to have been a man of tremendous force of character, with

great faults but also with great qualities. It is precisely because he was so human that by expressing this humanity musically he has made so wide an appeal. He lived more in the world than Haydn did. However autobiographical such works as the C minor and Ninth Symphonies may be thought to be—and it is almost impossible to exaggerate the personal side of them—it is because in varying degrees they typify the struggles and hopes and triumphs of every-one of us that their message is so universal. Beethoven was capable of experiencing both joy and sorrow pro-foundly. But the grief which he felt and which he expressed in his music was not the morbid distress which too often—alas!—appears in the life and the work of Tchaikovsky. On one side is the noble, yearning sadness of the Adagio in the Ninth Symphony, or the dignified melancholy in the Allegretto of the Seventh; on the other, the hopeless, sobbing anguish of the finale in the Symphonie Pathétique. Beethoven had many love affairs; but, for all that, he was able to love deeply; and in the slow movement of the Fourth Symphony he reveals to us the tender, idyllic passion which thrilled him in early manhood; it is the lover's song of happiness, the significance of which is deepened by our knowledge that the composer had recently become engaged to be married.

The intermingling of man and artist is, however, nowhere more conspicuous than in the case of Wagner. It might have been expected that a composer of music dramas would not have revealed himself so clearly in his work as does the creator of sonatas and symphonies—on the same principle as that in drama the writer's character is not so easily seen as it is in most other forms of litera-ture. But the personality of Wagner is everywhere in his operas. In some respects his is the most personal music in the world. To take only three instances from his mature works; Siegfried, Walther, Tristan—whatever their legendary or historic associations—are, both in their dramatic significance and their musical portrayal, repre-sentations of Wagner in different aspects. Siegfried, the vehement, self-assertive, young hero, is Wagner himself fighting against the old order of conservatism typified by Wotan. Walther, the youthful enthusiast, triumphing, with his characteristically Teutonic prize love song, over

the narrow pedantry of Beckmesser and the formalism of the Mastersingers, is Wagner in revolt against the conventions of early 19th century Italian opera. Tristan, the victim of a desire so intense that it heeds neither the bonds of marriage nor even the fear of death, is the Wagner who was swept off his feet by his passion for the wife of Otto Wesendonk. This autobiographical trait recurring in Wagner's work reminds us of Byron. The identification of the poet with the characters of his creation, such as Don Juan and especially Childe Harold, is something conscious and definite, contrasted with the inevitable but unintentional revelation of Shakespeare's own nature in the personages of his dramas. The merging of the man in the artist in the case of Wagner is different in kind from what it is, for instance, in Haydn, who put himself into his music by a natural process which he could not help and of which he was probably quite unaware.

Richard Strauss follows Wagner's example in *Ein Heldenleben*. Sir George Grove rightly says* that every work of Beethoven's is in some sense a portrait of the composer and that even the Eroica Symphony, the conception of which was associated with Napoleon, is no exception to this rule. But Beethoven does not identify himself with the hero to the same extent as Strauss. At the beginning of *Heldenleben* we have no reason to believe that the hero portrayed in the music is any other than an idealised and imaginary character: but when Strauss comes to the scene in which he depicts the hero's enemies, we do not find what we might have expected—a representation of violent hostility or of sinister intrigue; the curious biting, picking character of the passages in the woodwind refers unmistakably to the carping criticisms of Strauss's own opponents: and as if to put the matter beyond all doubt, the scene subsequently contains a section which, though described as "the hero's works of peace," is filled with quotations from Strauss's own compositions. I am not saying that the work is entirely autobiographical, or that the hero is throughout intended to be the composer himself; but it is true that Strauss at times seems to be telling his listeners that the experiences which are being unfolded before them are in some cases his own.

* *Beethoven and his Nine Symphonies*, p. 56.

This Byronic conception is, however, rare in music. What we more often find is simply the impress of the composer's personality upon his music—whether unconscious, as in Haydn—or sometimes conscious, sometimes unconscious, as in Beethoven. This is so even with a composer who was as comparatively objective as Mendelssohn. The happy life which he led, his personal popularity and charm, his affluent circumstances, the ease with which he rose to fame and favour, resulted in music which is sometimes tender, usually contented, often imaginative, but which touches not the depths of sorrow nor rises to the heights of such joy as springs from triumph over obstacles. Mendelssohn's work is often beautiful, but it is hardly ever grand. He is the Tennyson of music. The course of his life, while it lasted, ran smooth, like the flow of his melodies. Both as man and artist he is an attractive, rather than a masterful, figure.

What, then, becomes of the theory sometimes put forward, that when a composer creates music he puts aside his own dreams and emotions, the circumstances of his own life and character, and gives us something in which these play no part? It contradicts all the facts of musical history. I have taken but a few instances, typical of a truth which seems to me to be universal. The frequent division of a book written about a musician into two parts, one devoted to the man, the other to his music, is a mere matter of convenience. It does not imply that the one has nothing to do with the other. The well-known remark of Sir George Grove* that Beethoven's Eighth Symphony is not so much a piece of music as a person, may be considered an overstatement, even when allowance is made for the fact that it is, of course, a figurative expression. But it is founded on one of the basic truths of art, apart from the fact that it has special application to that particular composition. Nor can it have been by accident that Sir Hubert Parry's monograph on Bach—a book in which the facts of the composer's life and character are continually interwoven with descriptions of his musical works—was entitled *Johann Sebastian Bach, the Story of the Development of a Great Personality*.

* *Beethoven and his Nine Symphonies*, p. 280.

Arnold Bennett and Another

By Horace Shipp

The Great Adventure (Haymarket), *London Life* (Drury Lane), *Romeo and Juliet* (Regent), *Old Vic. Shakespeare Season* (New Oxford).

It seems a dangerous thing for Mr. Arnold Bennett to meet his own dramatic or literary past. He has become that obsession of his own mind, an astonishing success; capable, it is whispered, of selling his articles by the word and of dictating incredible terms to world-shaking people like publishers and theatre managers; so that we could not feel surprised when we learned that Drury Lane—the shrine of bigness—was to open under the Basil Dean management with a new play from his hand and that of Edward Knoblock. It was an opportunity for big things, and Mr. Bennett has that quality of mind which demands bold effects. His fancy walks abroad in the somewhat noisy salons of the Grand Babylon Hotel. Curiously, he seems never to have realised that his real genius lies in the subtlety of *Clayhanger* and *The Old Wives' Tale* rather than in the obviousness of *The Card*, so that the opportunity of writing for Drury Lane tempted all that was bad in him.

The obviousness of the fall would not have been so blatant had the play not been presented contemporaneously with a revival of *The Great Adventure*. The earlier work may not be a great play, but it is so consistently amusing, so happily conceived and worked out, that we forgive even such things as the comic curates who break in upon it from the realms of broad farce. Perhaps we forgive that the more readily because they escort Miss Dora Gregory, who during her ten minutes on the stage gives a perfect performance.

The Great Adventure, however, is not a play to be analysed; it is one to be accepted. The faults it has arise largely from its origin as the dramatisation of a book, and pale before its virtues as comedy—the fascinating working out of situation; the acute observation of the way the

world wags in its dealings with artists and its recognition of success; the triumphant combination of Putney and genius against the rest of the universe; the really good things that Arnold Bennett gives his people to say. With Hilda Trevelyan giving a performance which does not make us yearn for Wish Wynne, and with Leslie Faber playing Ilam Carve, it is a happy production.

That is why one wonders so profoundly about the Drury Lane piece. *London Life* is a variation of this theme of the value of success. It shows three groups of provincial people focussing upon London with a determination to succeed, a strong-minded solicitor from the Five Towns actually voicing the first article of faith of provincial ambition with the assertion that "London is waiting for" him. This solicitor, his daughter "with dashing brains," a Jewish money-lender, a little stranded variety artist, and a county lady with aspirations as a political hostess, form the army of attack, and during the interval between Acts 1 and 2 they have stampeded into success. London is powerless before these irresistible provincials, and remains in static acquiescence upon the backcloth whilst they spread themselves, their millions, their power and their glory over tea on the terrace of the House of Commons.

Much of the rest of the play is taken up with the spectacle demanded—or said to be demanded—by Drury Lane audiences. Horse-races and shipwrecks have been abandoned for pictures of high life; and a ballroom scene of much magnificence at the house of the *arrivée* political hostess is only outshone in splendour by a party at the establishment of the financier and his actress lady. One need not be concerned with the verisimilitude of plot, which shows the wheel of Fortune coming full circle for the Napoleonic solicitor and the beautiful Oriana, for one does not go to Drury Lane for realism. Unhappily, both as narrative and characterisation, *London Life* remains unconvincing, falling between the methods of theatrical naturalism and those of melodrama. These characters in half-tones, motivated by conflicting emotions, keep jerking themselves with obvious effort into the old Drury Lane tradition of solid blacks and whites. There's too much good in the worst of them and too much bad in the best

of them to carry it off. But their chief fault, and accordingly that of the whole play, was one of appalling vulgarity. The first act should prove a warning against being born provincial, and the second and third against remaining in that state of innocence of the decent usages of polite society. The scene with the Jew financier in the courtyard of the White Horse Hotel had an almost physical effect of nausea upon at least one member of the audience, and I hope the play is not creating the belief that English life is really governed by that kind of person.

The spectacular side of the production was certainly lavish, but I confess myself too remote from popular psychology to know whether these ball-rooms and millionaire's gardens will really supplant the train wrecks and tempests of old days, or merely hasten the social revolution. From a production point of view I thought the quantity of steps an error, except for Messrs. H. and M. Rayne, who figure on the programme as having supplied the shoes, for I defy any actress living to renounce her illicit love on the stage level and then successfully convey her broken heart in profile up a dozen stairs.

One hopes that Basil Dean's management at the Drury Lane will be a success because of the fine work he has done in his more intimate theatres, but I must confess that *London Life* neither appealed to my intelligence nor awakened my repressed passion for sensationalism and melodrama.

Even as I watched it, my mind slipped away between the loosely constructed stuff and played with the words drama and melodrama and spectacle; and rebounded upon a note in the programme telling how for two centuries Drury Lane Theatre had had the sole right of playing the work of one other ambitious young man who came up from the provinces and made some stir in the fashionable world.

A few nights before I had been at the Regent Theatre watching *Romeo and Juliet*. Hour after hour the old story had held us, full of thrills and skilful incident, replete with good acting parts, offering every kind of beautiful temptation to the producer, spectacular beyond the dreams of Basil Dean, melodramatic beyond the hope of Sir Alfred Butt, sentimental to the soul-depths of the greenest typist, and profound to the searchings of the litterateur.

The production at the Regent is a thing of joy. The acting, the speaking of the lines, the decoration, the costumes, the production—each of these things contribute to a memory of something lovely. It may be urged that both the parts of Romeo and Juliet are somewhat over-acted by John Gielgud and Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies, but their consistent conception is of quick-blooded Italian youth, and the beauty and the quickly beating pulse of young tragic love. It would be difficult to forget some of the pictures which Miss Ffrangçon-Davies gave us: her loveliness that of a Botticelli, her expressive manipulation of beautiful draperies, and all the inflowing of that terrible wisdom to Juliet's innocence. One other performance that stood out was that of Campbell Gullan as Friar Laurence, of whom he made so perfect a study.

Strange that theatrically we fear Shakespeare so profoundly when he can offer us so much. I write with the consciousness that the first week of the visit of the Old Vic. Company to the New Oxford Theatre has proved far from a financial success, although it is gaining popularity nightly. Here again there is something as exquisite as anything the stage can offer, and one wonders what would be the effect if we could see this production of *The Taming of the Shrew* for "the first time on any stage," and how we should hail Hay Petrie's performance as Christopher Sly for the brilliantly humorous thing it is. The Old Vic. Company have proved in their own home across the river how popular and playable Shakespeare is; one hopes they will find the West End as intelligently appreciative of their work during the weeks of their stay there.

Perhaps at the moment we should not be grumbling at any lack of Shakespeare, for yet another season is in full swing, that of the company at Hammersmith. It is not an elaborate intellectual myth, this Shakespeare business. If I had ever doubted the validity of his appeal to my emotions, my eye, and my intelligence, the memory of those visits to the Regent and the New Oxford, and that comparatively dreary evening watching the most thrilling thing that Arnold Bennett can do for us would remain to convince me. Believing in every article of the Drury Lane creed, I found it fulfilled in the writing of that inspired provincial who chanced to be universal.

Books.

BIOGRAPHY.

SIMS REEVES. By CHARLES E. PEARCE. Stanley, Paul, and Co., Ltd. 16*s*. net.

BESIDES being a biography of Sims Reeves, Mr. Pearce's book is an account of "fifty years of music in England." So far as creative work is concerned, a period more barren than this could hardly be imagined. The bright particular stars of a very dull firmament were such second-rate composers as Balfe, Benedict, Sir H. R. Bishop, John Hullah, and Vincent Wallace. It seems a pity that Sims Reeves should have had to waste his genius on such poor stuff as these gentlemen provided, but it is a consolation to know that he was able to tackle better material and to excel in it. He was not one of those singers who imagine that a good voice is all that goes to the making of a good singer. True, he was possessed of an abnormally powerful and beautiful voice, but he also possessed considerable musical intelligence. In early manhood he was master of the piano, violin, 'cello, bassoon, and oboe! Mr. Pearce traces his career from the earliest days till his death, touching very lightly on the singer's domestic affairs, but dealing very fully with his professional life. The book is full of interesting anecdotes of musical life, and is almost as valuable as a record of music in the Victorian epoch as of Sims Reeves' own life. It is unlikely that a more authoritative biography than this will appear.

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

RECENT PROSE. By JOHN MASEFIELD. Heinemann. 6*s*. net.

"THE Taking of Helen," with which this selection from Mr. Masefield's prose writings opens, is a classic example of story telling. It has all the sweetness of the sea coast of Bohemia, a Greek astuteness and economy, a bardic flow which canters now and then in song, and the humanity of all time to sweeten and deepen the adventure. If Menelaus was not outwitted by a peasant girl, if the shipman did not scorn the soldier, if the blind poet did not see love and beauty through his darkness, and if Helen and Paris were not sweet lovers, it does not matter. This is history with all the earmarks of truth, the rest is just musty tradition, and Masefield's Helen is as authentic as Perdita. For the rest, the letters from America—Niagara and the aeroplane flight; "Playwriting," with its amusing spoof example; "Fox Hunting," with runs in the ancient and modern manner; and the pathetically simple sketch of John M. Synge—all these make up a little volume of pure delight. Masefield of the best, serenity intensely alive and sweetly human.

BOOKS

GODS OF MODERN GRUB STREET. By A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK. With thirty-two portraits by E. O. Hoppé. Sampson Low. 7*s.* 6*d.*

AN amazingly good and unpretentious piece of work is A. St. John Adcock's *Gods of Modern Grub Street*, which collects a series of brief critical articles on the leading poets, novelists, and so forth, of the day. Mr. Adcock is full of commonsense, is little the pedant, and by no means anxious to display his own personal importance. *The Bookman* is fortunate in its editor, for we imagine that most of these essays are gathered from its pages. In a second edition, perhaps, Mr. Adcock will give us the correct date on which Mr. Arnold Bennett first saw the furnaces of the Five Towns (he cites that eventful year as 1887), and change the passage in which Mr. Zangwill's "Without Prejudice" is made to run serially in a publication called *To-day*. It began and ended in the first Lord Astor's brilliant *Pall Mall Magazine*.

Mr. E. O. Hoppé's thirty-two portraits add greatly to the distinction and value of a volume that is wise, witty, full of first-hand information, and never dull or artificial. A. K.

DEFEAT. By GEOFFREY MOSS. Constable. 6*s.* net.

THESE six sketches of post-war German life are so vivid, so varied, and are told with such easy artistry that it is difficult to choose amongst them for preference. Perhaps the last, which gives its name to the book, reaches the climax of tragic futility, but in all of them tragedy wears the mask of comedy with a certain jauntiness. Even the story of the young lovers who lost their dowry of potatoes has a note of humour beneath its tenderness. Mr. Moss does not write propaganda, but in finding a rich ground for pictures from life in the Ruhr and in unoccupied Germany, he will be unconsciously serving the cause of readjustment, if not of reconciliation. But quite apart from the particular interest of the moment which the economic situation of Germany holds, these stories reveal once again that the writer of *Sweet Pepper* has a remarkably picturesque and vivid pen, and that he can wring our hearts with a crooked smile and afford us all the indulgence of sentiment without any of its shame—a gift extraordinarily acceptable in the storyteller, but not too often discovered. *Defeat* is certainly a book to read!

GO TO THE ANT. By EDWARD STEP, F.L.S. Hutchinson. 18*s.* net.

THE reader will certainly be no sluggard who goes to the ant with Mr. Step. There are, it seems, 5,000 known species of this exemplar, with a literature in proportion. Solomon was apparently right when he said that the ant has "no guide, overseer, or ruler," for these communities are an aggregation of self-directed individuals keen on their job, with a more than Japanese patriotism to bind them. Mr. Step has translated the scientific literature of the ant into literary English, and made a thoroughly interesting and exhaustive book, with a lot of good photographs to help identification. Some curious facts will appeal to the least ant-like amongst us. Some of our own ants,

for example, are foreign invaders, and, as there are places in the world where ants make human life impossible, there is always the threat of conquest to stimulate our interest. In the long-standing dispute between the "automatists" and "reasoners" Mr. Step seems to be on the side of intelligence. The pismire of a few millimetres is a charmingly interesting creature, but were his size proportionate with his industry and civic virtue, writers and reviewers would cease to be. I have much pleasure in seconding King Solomon's proposal associated with the name of Mr. Step.

CAMBRIDGE CAMEOS. By SIR ARTHUR E. SHIPLEY. Jonathan Cape. 10*s.* 6*d.* net.

IN these collected papers the Master of Christ's is by turns antiquarian, naturalist, and biographer concerned with the origins of the University—the curiosities of its archæology, its heraldic and other fauna, from the Yale to the bat flea, with some account of the growth of the library and zoological collection, then passing to some worthies of whom he has been, in part at least, contemporary. These essays on Charles Darwin, Professor Newton, John Willis Clark, and Edward Adrian Wilson, who perished with Scott in the Antarctic, all exhibit the biological genius of Cambridge, a subject dear to the author's mind. These records are of special value to Cambridge men, but all who are alive to the pleasure of enthusiasm tempered by scholarly wit will find these cameos capital reading. Little glimpses of men worth remembering and facts worth recording, not too donnish in tone.

FICTION.

WANDERLIGHT. By ERNEST RAYMOND. Cassell. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

HILARY DOWN, a second lieutenant of Sappers, blew one of the giant Messines mines, met a very exceptional padre in a lonely billet, and, at an impressionable age, in the midst of horrors, decided to devote his life to the cause of life. He is an honest soul, and remains true to the memory of an emotional moment, goes to a minor theological establishment, takes deacon's orders, encounters two sorts of lovers, a great variety of minor and dignified clergy, and one tremendous temptation, but, being of a simple and direct habit of mind, loses the whole world and gains his own soul. All these spiritual adventures are in Mr. Raymond's hands perfectly delightful reading, for, whilst he resolves the depths of mystical and dogmatic faith, and all the subtleties by which they adjust themselves to the needs of individuals, he keeps the picture sweet and seemly by outweighing his sinners with saints, or, at least, averaging up to a more than decent level of Anglican parsondom, of which attractive species he gives us an amusing gallery. What rebellion and insurgence there is in the book—and there is full measure—has no touch of the iconoclast. A capital story, a helpful survey, and a discreetly useful book by a man who does not forget and still hopes.

BOOKS

THE YELLOW DRAGON. By ARTHUR MILLS. Hutchinson. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

THE "Wu-like" Chinaman is a sure card to play for inexorable subtlety marked by suave good manners: he, of course, wants an English girl—in this case a shop-soiled lady whose mysterious antecedents add to her romantic attractiveness. Three free-mannered young English subs get involved in this lady's fate, on the fringe of Settlement society, so the reader sees not only life as it is lived amongst the expatriated English, with their clubs, race meetings, and regimental amenities, but the decorative and dangerous fringes where the laws of China run. Then there is a delightful globe-trotter who has been everywhere and knows all the crafts of races and racing—a man whose adventurous exterior conceals a world-wide search for his lost love: he it is who, together with the long arm of coincidence, brings in the happy ending to a series of picturesque thrills told with zest and knowledge—a very readable and diverting yarn.

BEL-AMI. By GUY DE MAUPASSANT. T. Werner Laurie. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

MR. WERNER LAURIE'S experiment in introducing Guy de Maupassant in English form should succeed if admirable translation and handsome form count with the British public, apart from the fact that internationalism of art is in itself highly desirable. *Bel-ami*, *A Life*, and *Boule de Suif and other Stories* are to be the three experimental volumes in this tentative enterprise, and of these the first, *Bel-ami*, is an excellent and welcome *fait accompli*. Marjorie Lawrie's Englishing is delightfully transparent; it flows with Gallic directness and accuracy of phrase, leaving the story to unfold itself, as de Maupassant did, without the intervention of superficial stylism between its passionless inevitability and the reader's imagination. The style was, in de Maupassant's case, emphatically the man, who, with the intimate aloofness of a demigod, unrolled the career of George Duroy, or of any other upon whom his omniscient glance chanced to fall, like a scroll sufficiently amusing to need no commentary, but simple narration. It is this extraordinary power of implacable serenity and self-effacement, this alert silence of fixed attention, which sees all and records without comment, that gives to this story of an adventurer of Norman peasant stock, who uses his powers of seduction as stepping-stones to fortune, all the authority of actual biography and the fascination of precarious expedients. Few writers could make us tolerate George Duroy in his many episodes of shameless self-interest, but seen through de Maupassant's genius he holds our interest to the consummation of his rascality. In an atmosphere of amused tolerance too calm for indignation, too serious for contempt, one sees the little world of scheming, non-moral men and women, the puppets of fate, of race, and of time, conscious only of the artistic perfection of them and of their circumstance. There are no big scenes; tremendous situations, of which other writers would make a set piece, are taken in de Maupassant's unhastening, undelaying stride, together with that which is banal and commonplace. Everything is equally important

or unimportant to this "cynic warmed by sex," who knew the little soul of man with such astounding clarity, and neither praised nor blamed. The series should be an assured success.

ROUND THE NEXT CORNER. By ROLF BENNETT. Geoffrey Bles. 3*s*. 6*d*. net.

MR. ROLF BENNETT'S quality is known to our readers; his sea-savoured yarns, in which the romantic story shines against a solid background of accurate sailorising, give us the pleasure which the unexpected and extravagant happenings of real life provide only too seldom. He does not stint his readers in the matter of situations; his stories are too brief for psychology or picturesque descriptions, but both are implicit in the spinning of his tales of pointed human contacts. This gift of sufficient brevity gives dramatic point to the characters and happenings, puts a spot light upon the matter in hand, be it the adventures of a cast-away on a South Sea atoll, or the shore doings of deep-sea sailor men. There is a quiet, open-air humour in his shellbacks and ships' boys, and the whole baker's dozen of stories provide the sort of reading to which the landsman eagerly lists in an armchair or at the side of the sounding sea.

CHEAT-THE-BOYS. By EDEN PHILLPOTTS. Heinemann. 7*s*. 6*d*. net.

CHEAT-THE-BOYS is the name of an apple, so, as Mr. Phillpotts centres his romance in a great Devonshire cider orchard, his heroine comes easily by the stinging soubriquet. Gylian Neck is a beautiful and much-desired girl, who twice wrecks the life of the honest man who loves her deeply, and plays havoc with plenty of others. The story is tragedy wrapped in comedy—the comedy of extremely good peasant conversations and philosophy. The art of conversing still lingers amongst these primitive types, and their ideas are clothed in an admirable, full, and flexible dialect. Amidst these engaging and amusing commentaries the drama of hearts is a mere whisper, but the talk is so good that the depths in the background are, as it were, tragic relief. We may well be grateful to Mr. Phillpotts for preserving to us so fully a folk-lore which he knows so intimately, and which is so well worth recording.

SOME DO NOT. By FORD MADOX FORD. Duckworth. 7*s*. 6*d*. net.

"THUS to Revisit"—Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer's last contribution to this REVIEW—gives us a clue, if we are curious, as to "Chris Tietjens," a hero who really gets hold, in a story of extraordinary power. But "Thus to Revisit," with its air of retrospective detachment, makes the fact that Ford Madox Ford comes out with the biggest novel of the century as surprising as it is delightful. *Some Do Not* is the twentieth century *Vanity Fair*—at any rate it holds the belt until one of two possible competitors, or some unknown "white hope," goes one better. Mr. Ford must pardon this comparison upon the ground that his book marks all the differences between Waterloo time and 1914. Both stories may madden certain critics—they wouldn't be great works if they didn't; but they do both stand out as landmarks of achievement that linger in the mind—as pictures of life and manners, full of intellectual excitement, abundantly picturesque, but with an undertone of grave

nobility that goes deep. "Tietjens" is the story—the proud, honourable man of the world with Yorkshire stolidity and solidity under the cruel turns of fortune which make him lovable and pathetic without any sentimental appeal; but his neurotic, ultra-modern wife is wonderfully done—the woman who hates and loves at the same time—a superb picture of character in subtle touches. The facile Macmaster is another triumph—a careerist almost capable of manliness. There are no clear-cut wrong 'uns nowadays, and no bits of perfection, but "Valentine Wannop" is as sweet and dear as the most exacting can desire. The incidental pictures are compelling—the scene in the Swiss inn—at the rectory of the unhappy Duchemin—on the links—at the War Office—everywhere! The "sets" are stimulating and vivid without pasteboard or padding—not scenery that acts, but which helps the action; and certainly not mere draperies. Is the book oversexed? Is modern life oversexed? Thackeray would squirm, but we are franker and perhaps no less decent. Manner? Well, Mr. Ford can write, as everybody knows, and if he thinks best to give a climax before its components, he never lets the reader down, and probably gets more verisimilitude. Anyhow *Some Do Not* is a great novel.

POETRY AND DRAMA.

KENSINGTON GARDENS. By HUMBERT WOLFE. Ernest Benn. 6*s*. net.

MR. WOLFE'S engaging jingles touch the spot in our hearts left sensitive by the nursery rhymes of our childhood. *Kensington Gardens* is a picture book without interfering illustrations: a set of witty pictures evoked by the spirit of childhood, and done in the colours of the rainbow, dainty as Dulac, grotesque as Rackham, and as mondain as Charles Pears. How else can one figure this delightful rhymester's views? Not the Kensington Gardens of Barrie, marching with the Never Never land, but a playground of real grass and trees, of flowers and birds, sheep and squirrels, with impromptu jingles for real children of any age, little thumbnail sketches which charm by their brevity and compacted liveliness. A really jolly little book.

JUDAS. By THOMAS STURGE MOORE. Grant Richards. 7*s*. 6*d*.

IT was inevitable that someone should rehabilitate Judas Iscariot. The figure of almost comic opprobrium, the red-headed and red-handed money-grubber of mediæval mysteries and ecclesiastical art, cannot survive the age of psycho-analysis as a merely diabolical profiteer. Mr. Sturge Moore's Judas, perhaps, tends towards the other extreme, but, on the whole, the central figure of this long and extraordinarily picturesque poem is much more credible than the traditional grotesque. The poem opens after the arrest of Jesus, with Judas awaiting the triumphal assumption of Divine kingship, with tremors of doubt, which grow to despair and dementia. Even the thirty pieces of silver were thrust upon this Judas for an involuntary piece of information: he had been one of John's earliest and most zealous converts, and a reluctant honorary treasurer one gathers. We are shown little of the great tragedy, but get the horror of this sincere but wavering soul in

full measure: his contumelious rejection by his fellows, his wandering glimpses of the life of the day, his passionate discussions with Roman, Essene, and other wayfarers, and the insistent pictures of his own spiritual career which the fever of sleepless starvation bring, a state which passes into a profound realisation of his mistakes, his Master's forgiveness and expiation—a theme always picturesque, with well-pictured social, racial, and political conditions; passionately sincere and satisfying in craftsmanship.

BOGEY BEASTS. By S. H. SIME AND JOSEF HOLBROOKE. Goodwin and Tabb. 10*s*. 6*d*. net.

UNDER this somewhat enigmatic title Messrs. Sidney Sime and Josef Holbrooke have succeeded in compiling a book which is at once weird, fascinating, and extremely clever. In fact, its very cleverness will probably prove its chief drawback. Mr. Sime has written some verses concerning imaginary beasts, and has provided appropriate drawings. They are in Mr. Sime's most approved *bizarre* manner—calculated to frighten the life out of even grown-up children. Mr. Holbrooke has composed characteristically difficult and involved musical settings. It is a wonderful book in its way. Certainly one of the cleverest ever produced, and well worthy the close attention of all lovers of mystery and imagination.

THE DARK NIGHT. By MAY SINCLAIR. Jonathan Cape. 7*s*. 6*d*.

THE Tree of Heaven appears again in this rhymeless poem, in more than name, the undertone of tears, which gave to the novel a depth of appeal more than common, is full and poignant in this story of a pure woman's heart. The poem flows over its rugged bed with the spontaneity and crystal clearness of a mountain stream—impetuously carrying the reader's mind along with its broken music, tinged with the earth of its passage, but reflecting beautiful things, and often the clear light of heaven. The method is more than justified by its success, for in no other form could the same mingling of sacred and profane love be so well achieved. This story of the vision of God, broken by the clash of passion, and regained by compassion, is built into a little drama of modern life, which a set form of verse or prose would less happily express. Miss Sinclair has discovered a function for *vers libre* which makes it a living contribution to letters in its condensed suggestiveness of personal reactions to circumstance in series, and not mere isolated impressions of a stimulated moment.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY. By EDITH SITWELL. Duckworth & Co. 5*s*. net.

HELIODORA AND OTHER POEMS. By "H. D." Jonathan Cape. 5*s*. net.

NO poet of our time achieves individuality more surely than Miss Edith Sitwell. In this new volume all her tricks are displayed. The unusual adjectives and similes are there in plenty: sometimes to irritate us, as when the sky (among other things) is described as "hairy," but more often to quicken us by identifying us with her own vision, as

when "Darkness lumbers like a bear, Grumbling, cumbers floor and stair." Miss Sitwell's *Sleeping Beauty* has little contact with the fairy-tale we were brought up with; the old story is merely used as a peg upon which to hang a score of glittering tapestries, some of which are merely bizarre patterns woven of peacocks' tails and sequins, others having a depth of meaning which we had not hitherto associated with Miss Sitwell's muse. The book is, in a sense, a lament for the evanescence of beauty, and the poem which begins "When we were young, how beautiful life seemed!" and contains the lines:

> "And we are one now with the lonely wise,
> Knowing the spring is only the clear mirage
> Of an eternal beauty that is not,"

may be taken as the burden of the whole book.

Heliodora is one more testimony to "H. D.'s" power of recapturing the Greek spirit more completely than any other living poet. There is in all her work that cool, clear-cut beauty which, rightly or wrongly, we always associate with Greek art, however passionate it may be in conception. Lovers of poetry do not need to be recommended to read all she writes.

SPORT AND TRAVEL.

SPORT AND SERVICE IN ASSAM AND ELSEWHERE. By LT.-COL. ALBAN WILSON, D.S.O. Hutchinson. 18*s*.

YOUR soldier sportsman is one of the best of *raconteurs*, he is an enthusiast for nature, including *homo sapiens*, and his trade takes him into a great variety of strange places where curious beasts are to be found for rifle and study, odd fish to be angled or wangled, and queer types of humanity to observe with comprehending eye. This soldier at least has these pleasing gifts of heart and mind with the less usual gift of a ready pen to set his studies down in acceptable form. Colonel Wilson was for many years a Ghurka officer living, sporting, and occasionally fighting on the remote frontiers of India. His terrain, his folks, and his creatures are out of the ordinary: he has even shot unicorns—not the heraldic sort—and seen many happy days pot hunting for himself and his men, and looking upon all sorts of game, from elephant to woodcock, from behind a gun. His nature studies are full of picturesque fact, and his human contacts inspired by a ready wit and enjoyable comprehension. Plenty of adventure, serenely met, and lots of clear glimpses of people, white and brown, make up a set of sporting and service incidents which even the non-sporting pacifist will find amusing and instructive. Good photographs also help.

HIS MAJESTY'S
STATIONERY OFFICE.

BRITISH AGRICULTURE.

Agricultural Tribunal of Investigation.

Final report by Professors Sir William Ashley, W. G. S. Adams, and D. H. Macgregor. Cmd. 2145. **5s. (5s. 5d.)**

"Probably the most comprehensive survey of our agricultural problem that has yet been published."—*Manchester Guardian.*

Distribution and Prices of Produce.

Reports by the Departmental Committee covering Milk and Milk Products, Fruit and Vegetables, Meat, Poultry and Eggs, Cereals, Flour and Bread, with a general survey of the whole position.
Bound in stiff boards. At the special price of **3s. 6d. (4s.)**

BRITISH INDIA.

Moral and Material Progress.

Statement exhibiting the Moral and Material Progress of India during the year 1922-1923.
A survey of International Relations, Citizenship, Economic Structure, Problems of Progress and the Political Record. By Professor L. F. Rushbrook Williams. Cmd. 1961. **2s. 6d. (2s. 11d.)**

Statistical Abstract.

With Statistics where available relating to certain Indian States from 1911-12 to 1920-21. Cmd. 2033. **10s. (10s. 9d.)**
An indispensable reference book for all questions relating to British India.

CONTEMPORARY EUROPE.

Reparations.

Reports of the Expert Committees appointed by the Reparation Committee. Cmd. 2015. **3s. (3s. 2d.)**

Overseas Trade Prospects.

Authentic information relating to the Industrial, Economic and Commercial Outlook is contained in Reports on *Germany*, **5s. (5s. 2½d.)**, *Hungary*, **1s. 6d. (1s. 7d.)**, *Bulgaria*, **9d. (9½d.)**, *Czecho-Slovakia*, **1s. 6d. (1s. 7d.)**, *Italy*, **2s. 6d. (2s. 7d.)**, *Sweden*, **1s. 6d. (1s. 7d.)**, *Morocco*, **2s. (2s. 1d.)**.

All prices are net. Those in brackets include postage.

HIS MAJESTY'S STATIONERY OFFICE

LONDON:
Imperial House, Kingsway, W.C.2. 28, Abingdon Street, S.W.1.
MANCHESTER: York Street.
CARDIFF: 1, St Andrew's Crescent.
EDINBURGH: 120, George Street.

Or through any bookseller.

Empire Notes

Rejection of Preference

By very small majorities—as low as six in the case of the dried fruits resolution—the House of Commons rejected the preference proposals made at the Imperial Economic Conference last autumn. There is widespread disappointment at the failure to carry at least those resolutions which did not involve any increase of duties, and the effect overseas is likely to react unfavourably on British export trade, unless, as the result of an early General Election in this country, a Government is returned with power to reverse the present verdict of the House of Commons. If the Dominions should decide to withdraw the preferences now accorded by them to British goods, they would have every justification for doing so, and such action might, perhaps, hasten the slow process of conversion that is undoubtedly taking place in the Mother Country. The most significant feature of the debate on preference and the divisions which followed was the revelation of the extent to which a wedge has been driven between the rigid Free Traders and those who are open to change their fiscal faith with the times in both the Liberal and the Labour Parties. Eighteen Liberals voted for the first of the preference resolutions, and five Labour members also went into the "Ayes" lobby, while a large number of Labour members abstained from voting. The latter, although not hostile, appeared to feel that, in view of the attitude of the Government,

it would be an act of disloyalty to vote for the resolutions; but it is very clear that the Labour Party is far from being as whole-heartedly attached to the doctrine of free imports and no preference as the Asquithian Liberals would like to believe. An argument which carried a good deal of weight with Labour members was that the Dominion producers of dried fruits, who work under decent conditions, are entitled to some protection in this market against the ill-paid and over-worked labour of Mediterranean countries. This view may be expected to gain adherents in the Labour Party slowly but surely, and the day may yet come when both Protection and Preference will be cardinal points in the Labour Party's policy. It is becoming more and more generally recognised that the policy of "Free Trade," which really means "free imports," is the middleman's policy, and is in many cases contrary to the interests of consumers and workers, as well as manufacturers. It is, of course, from middlemen that the Liberals draw their main support. There is, however, a growing feeling that the great difference between the prices received by producers and the retail cost of commodities is largely due to excessive profits on the part of intermediaries, who, under a system of "free imports," combined with depreciated currencies and low standards of living abroad, are able to put most of the difference between the manufactured cost of foreign and British-made goods in their own pockets. When enlightenment on this point has spread a little further, the attitude of the masses towards the tariff and Preference questions will not give much cause for satisfaction to Cobdenites.

General Smuts' Defeat

The General Election in South Africa has gone against the South African Party, and its defeat, although not unexpected, is none the less unwelcome. General Smuts and four members of his Cabinet lost their seats, in company with Sir Abe Bailey and other prominent followers. The chief point of interest now centres on the length of the period during which Mr. Hertzog will be able to maintain himself in office. South Africa joins company with Britain, Canada, and Australia in having either a composite Government or a minority administra-

tion in office. In the circumstances it is fortunate that the South African Labour Party has done sufficiently well to enable it to hold the balance of power and so act as a check to the secessionist aspirations of the Nationalists. New Zealand is now the only self-governing portion of the Empire which retains the administration that was in power during the war.

Reform in Newfoundland

The Government formed by Mr. Hickman, following the defeat of Mr. Warren, was swept away at the General Election held in Newfoundland at the beginning of June. The Opposition, led by Mr. Walter Monroe, secured an overwhelming victory, and Mr. Warren himself won a striking endorsement of his action in the matter of the corruption scandal in his own constituency. Mr. Monroe, the new Prime Minister, has formed a Cabinet which includes four men with considerable experience as Ministers—Sir John Crosbie (Finance), Mr. John Bennett (Colonial Secretary), Mr. William Woodford (Ports), and Mr. Alfred Morine (Leader of the Legislative Council)—while Messrs. William Higgins (Justice) and Michael Sullivan (Minister without Portfolio) are old Parliamentarians. It is very satisfactory that the people of Newfoundland should have given a clear indication of their determination to effect a radical purging of the political life of the country. Mr. Monroe and his Cabinet have reiterated their intention of carrying out the pending prosecutions against politicians and officials who are charged with corruption, and of thoroughly investigating and reforming the public services.

Future of the Sudan

The dispute between Britain and Egypt regarding the status of the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan appears likely to come to a head very shortly, and Zaghlul Pasha, the Egyptian Prime Minister, is expected to visit London this month to open negotiations on the subject. In view of the attitude of both parties, it does not seem very probable that an early solution acceptable to this country and to Egypt will be reached. It is generally agreed that a condominium, such as exists at present, is an inherently unsatisfactory arrangement — the Anglo-French condominium in the New Hebrides is another example of the

difficulties to which dual control gives rise—but this country cannot accept the demand that the Sudan should be handed over to Egypt, and the latter country is equally unlikely to acquiesce in a solution which would transform the Sudan into a purely British protectorate. The position is complicated by the fact that Egypt is finding the interest on Sudan loans, amounting to several millions of pounds, and paying the cost of the military forces stationed in the Sudan. Were these obligations to be transferred to the Imperial Exchequer until the Sudan is able to shoulder the burden itself, Egypt's moral claim to the Sudan would be negligible, since the pacification and development of the country are almost entirely due to British initiative and capital. An important factor is, of course, the natural anxiety of any country in the position of Egypt, dependent for its very existence on the flow of a single river, to control as far as possible the head waters of the stream, and thus be capable of preventing any interference with its water supply. Apart from the political aspect, there would be many practical advantages in the establishment of an international Nile Waters Board, with representatives of all States interested in the river—Egypt, the Sudan, Abyssinia, Uganda and the Belgian Congo—which would have wide powers to examine and decide on all projects in regard to the storage, regulation and allocation of the Nile waters. If such a Board could be constituted, it might prove an easier matter to arrange with Abyssinia for the construction of the storage works at Lake Tsana, on the Blue Nile, which are an essential feature of any large extension of irrigation in the Sudan and in Egypt.

Jubaland Cession

It was hardly to be expected that the cession of Jubaland to Italy in fulfilment of a war obligation would pass uncriticised in Kenya Colony. Unofficial members of the Legislative Council put forward a plea for compensation on the time honoured principle of "passing it on," suggesting that the Kilimanjaro highlands of Tanganyika territory should be transferred to Kenya. The settlers in the Kilimanjaro area, dissatisfied with the policy of the Tanganyika administration, had previously expressed a similar desire, so that the resolution moved by Lord Delamere was

probably not entirely prompted by the news of the Jubaland transfer. At the same time, taking a detached view, it would be an unfortunate extension of the intrinsically undesirable policy of treating African international frontiers as political pawns to countenance any such alteration of the boundary between Kenya and Tanganyika. The Jubaland cession represents the fulfilment of a definite promise, and, much as one may dislike the principle involved, it must be accepted as such, but it would be entirely another matter to gerrymander the Tanganyika frontier, and the League of Nations would be failing in its duty if it permitted this to be done, in the unlikely event of the British Government fathering any such proposal. Even disregarding the moral aspect, it would be a serious blunder to deprive Tanganyika territory of a healthy highland area which in time to come will be of increasing value as a sanatorium for the white residents of the coastal belt of the territory and may eventually be regarded as a more suitable location for the administrative centre than Dar es Salaam. The true solution of the East African problem is not to carve up the territory covered by the Tanganyika mandate, but to combine it with the rest of British East and Central Africa in an administrative federation as soon as the means of communication between the different units are sufficiently good to render this course feasible.

Canada and the Lausanne Treaty

An interesting though somewhat disquieting debate took place in the Canadian House of Commons in June, following a long speech by the Prime Minister, Mr. Mackenzie King, on the attitude of Canada regarding the Lausanne Treaty. The position taken up by the Dominion Government is that, since Canada was not invited to send a representative to Lausanne, the Dominion, while agreeing to ratify the Treaty, will only do so on the understanding that the Canadian Parliament must sanction any future obligation arising therefrom. Examining the alternatives confronting Canada in the future, Mr. King expressed the view that the best line of development lay in fuller recognition of her national status within the community of free nations comprising the Empire. Every step would, he said, be taken to show that Canada believed in nationhood, and

realised that the recognition of the rights of self-government would promote the safe and sure development of the Empire. Mr. Meighen, the leader of the Canadian Conservatives, argued that Canada should have insisted upon being adequately represented as at other recent conferences. He said that Mr. King had abandoned all the ground gained since 1914 towards fuller control of foreign policy, and had taken a most retrograde step, reducing Canada to a Colonial status in which the British Government made treaties and Canada was bound by them whether she liked them or not. *The Times* on May 27th expressed the opinion that "the British Government . . . . cannot be acquitted of an error in procedure which opened a loophole for subsequent trouble." Discussing Mr. King's speech, *The Times*, on June 11th, said that "it would be the greatest possible mistake if this full-dress debate at Ottawa were to be the last word on the subject till trouble begins afresh. What is needed now—and the sooner the better—is a real effort to grapple with the difficulties of a common foreign policy for the Empire, which were simply shirked by the last Imperial Conference." With that view there will be fairly general agreement, and the incident furnishes an illuminating practical illustration of the importance of the issues raised by Mr. Clement Jones, in his article on "The Dominions and Foreign Policy," in the June number of this REVIEW.

British Capital for Queensland

As a result of the friendly understanding that Mr. E. G. Theodore, the Premier of Queensland, arrived at with the representatives of pastoral interests in London recently, there appear to be renewed enquiries for pastoral investments in Queensland by British capital. At present there is a keen demand for sheep properties, or any property that can be converted into sheep holdings capable of carrying from 10,000 to 20,000 sheep. The extraordinary world-wide demand for wool, which was a demand reflected in the record values realised at recent Brisbane wool sales, naturally increases interest in sheep as a profitable side-line on small holdings. Scarcely any phase of Australian development can compare with the success that has attended sheep-breeding.

The "White Australia" Policy and its Critics

By the Hon. F. W. Eggleston, M.L.A.

Minister for Railways and Assistant Treasurer in the Victorian Cabinet

THE critics of the White Australia policy have never paid it the compliment of a dispassionate study of the foundations, scientific and ethical, upon which its advocates base it. They are content to dismiss it as a crude expression of national pride and selfishness and loftily counter the arguments upon which they suppose it to be supported. It is assumed that it flies in the face of Nature, that it is the product of a feeling of racial superiority by the Anglo-Saxon over coloured races, or of the desire of the manual worker to maintain an artificial standard of comfort. These assumptions may be correct or they may not, but it is not right to take them for granted and base upon this conclusion a whole string of consequential deductions. Australians dispute this *a priori* reasoning. A difficult problem of this kind cannot be determined in the uninformed inner consciousness of a publicist—lay or clerical—in his London study.

The typical national slogan naturally becomes suspected of a selfish basis. It is the crude expression of the average man and is uttered in the language of national passion. But the White Australia policy is not the creed merely of the man in the street. It is a national ideal held by all sections and parties in the State. There are many people who doubt our power to maintain it. But there are very few indeed who do not regard it as desirable and necessary if the ideals and methods of life which we at present cherish are to be maintained. It is a doctrine which is well reasoned. Its various elements are carefully related by thinkers to the underlying facts and circumstances of the situation. *The White Australia policy is*

indeed the formula which the Australian people have framed as the only solution of a number of very complex problems which affect their security and welfare. These problems are of great difficulty. If each were isolated and taken on its own merits, a series of different conclusions might be arrived at, but, where questions affecting the integrity of the Commonwealth are involved, a people has to reconcile these differences and formulate a policy which will lead to the preservation of the fundamental basis of its life. The only way to determine the validity of the White Australia policy is to examine these points one by one and see what solution of the whole complex of problems is possible.

(*a*) The Problem of Racial Admixture as Applied to Australia.

It is not necessary in this post-war age to emphasise the danger of racial conflict. It seems impossible for two different races to live together happily on the same territory and under the same sovereign. Nationality is the obstinate fact of twentieth-century international politics. Its problems cannot be altogether settled by reason. In the peace treaty a sincere attempt was made to settle the map of Europe according to the principles of nationality. Where a homogeneous people is collected on one area under one sovereign set of institutions there is stability and order. But unfortunately in too many areas this consummation cannot be achieved: a clear cut cannot be made; and, mainly for this reason, Europe to-day is a seething cauldron of conflicting national claims. It is not the backward races only which are afflicted in this way. The two most gifted races in Europe—Anglo-Saxon and Celt—cannot live together in Ireland; and to end conflict a solution has to be arrived at which maims Ireland and penalises all sections. The case for obviating similar struggles in the newly settled countries is irresistible. There are, however, certain mitigating factors in the settlement of new territories. European nations are so closely akin that with intermarriage coalescence is only the matter of a couple of generations. If a country is well settled by one vigorous race; if the problem of sovereignty is

securely decided; if the language is decisively chosen; if the culture is one which can be shared by all, there is no need to apprehend trouble in a new country from the admixture of Europeans. The immigrant accepts the culture of the new land with pride. He learns its language and looks upon it as his home. But there are limits to the absorptive power of the settled race. The history of the United States shows that, where the immigration is too rapid, the aliens form enclaves and give all sorts of trouble. The absorptive faculty varies in the geometrical ratio. In a small country, where the original settlers are scanty, a large immigration might easily put the dominant culture in doubt. It might easily raise the question of the allegiance of the people to its old sovereign and institutions. And when the culture of race is threatened the racial conflict commences. The United States were so populous when the great stream of immigration started that no effective challenge could be made. But this does not apply to a small population like that of Australia, where an immigration of one million Italians or Germans might at once give rise to racial conflict.

Quite other considerations apply to the immigration of non-European races. America, which has shown such absorptive power in the case of European races, has never absorbed the negro. Non-European immigration is of two kinds. One is of races who have had no experience of civilised institutions—the negro and the South Sea Islander. These are generally regarded as inferior. The other is of races who have old cultures which vary widely and essentially from European culture. In the first you get striking differences of colour which indelibly discriminate the alien. You get an inability to live up to the forms and the institutions of the white race. You get an admission of inferiority by the coloured race and a life of mean and squalid conditions. You get two entirely different conceptions of sex problems and an ineradicable instinct against intermarriage, which renders absorption impossible. Mixed marriage becomes an act of treachery, and the progeny of the marriage are penalised. Economically the coloured races become pawns, depressing the standard of life and removing the white race from a healthy contact with manual labour. No system of indentured labour has

ever been satisfactory. Recruitment has given rise to all sorts of scandals; the life of the indentured labourer has been unnatural. It was never more than veiled slavery. Nowhere was indentured labour more closely guarded than in Australia; but the death-rate among the South Sea Islanders was always greatly in excess of the whites', even in tropical parts. The return of the indentured worker to his home gave rise to scandals worse than the recruiting. The case of older civilisations like the Hindu, Chinese or Japanese is like the racial problem in Europe, only ever so much more intense. Here you have an old, honourable civilisation, a noble culture very tenaciously held, but a low economic ideal. You have the conflict of colour and language, but a tenacity of purpose—a racial pride and an intellectual capacity which are absent from the inferior races. In races like the Japanese you have a patriotism which is more intense than our own, which will never accept alien culture or sovereignty.

Lastly, we must recognise that under democracy the chances of racial conflict are intensified, not mitigated. This paradoxical result is due to the fact that democracy is only possible where there is a foundation of mutual trust and confidence. The method of democracy is progress through struggle. There is a constant conflict of ideas and objectives which is only not dangerous because, underlying these difficulties, there is a strong unity of race, institutions, language, and history. We permit the utmost latitude in our Parliamentary struggles, because we know that all are interested in the integrity and value of the State. But if this interest is not shown by all, if there is a large section anxious to instal another set of ideas and institutions, the free and tolerant basis of democratic institutions becomes a danger. The very freedom can be used as an instrument to destroy the old culture. And so racial conflict develops almost automatically. The older race feels that its language, its institutions are priceless privileges. They are the condition of its political efficiency. A minority which cannot understand the language and the institutions in which the State is governed cannot be said to enjoy self-government. If it strives for government in its own language, it threatens the culture of the other race. Here is an irreconcilable problem.

The dominant race will discriminate against and hold back the minority for fear of the threat to its position. In the struggle all the reality of democracy will be lost. In America, where there is a difficult racial problem, racial hatred is intense. In Australia, where the only coloured aliens are visitors, there is no racial feeling. The remnant of the old Chinese who were originally hunted down in racial riots are really popular. Japanese scientists and sailors lately had receptions which surprised them by their cordiality. That cordiality would be changed to hatred if the Japanese were settling here and challenging our hold on this continent. Racial conflict is a fact which cannot be ignored. It is not based on depravity, but is the result of national and often virtuous characteristics on both sides. Any wise planning of world settlement would avoid it.

(*b*) The Right to the Exclusive Control of Australian Territory.

Even if the conclusion of the preceding section of this article be admitted, it by no means follows that the present occupants have a moral right to monopolise the whole of the vast land area of the South Eastern Continent. If a handful of people occupies a very large territory, it may be that the result of the argument as to racial conflict will lead to the conclusion that the handful should move and allow a race which can effectively occupy the continent to do so. Such an argument has, however, never been accepted in history. Nations have been displaced by others, but this has been done by the arbitrament of force, and not by any appeal to justice. In the present case, however, we are trying to justify the White Australia policy on ethical grounds, and this aspect of the question must be considered. It is just, however, to take the special circumstances of Australian settlement into consideration. It is not too much to say that the colonisation and settlement of Australia is entirely and solely due to the pioneering genius of the British race. Australia is not a land which could have been quickly occupied by a large population, who could have immediately established themselves there. If it had been it would have been filled up many centuries ago. It is only a short distance from the most

crowded territories of the East, and across a narrow strait from territories filled with millions of islanders. But Australia was severely neglected until the British came along. It was occupied by a primitive people who could not find in the resources of the land anything which could assist them to progress out of the most elementary stage of human life. Australia is now a prosperous country, and produces more wealth per head of population than any country in the world. But when the old navigators touched its shores they found it a most unattractive place. It was only when the east coast was discovered that it was thought of as a place for settlement. The narrow strip of land between the mountains and the coast and a couple of hundred miles inside it are well watered and attractive. The south-east corner, including the Murray Valley and the rest of Victoria, an area of not more than 250,000 square miles, is the only part of the continent which can compare with Europe so far as climatic conditions are concerned. Even here frequent droughts, quite different from anything known in Europe or the crowded parts of Asia, make settlement difficult, and would warn off invading races.

It is obvious, therefore, that the settlement of Australia could not have been achieved by a primitive race or by typical Asiatic races like the Hindu or the Japanese or the Chinese. These races, used to a low standard of life and without any far-reaching economic organisation, could not have solved the many difficult problems that had to be solved before successful settlement could have been effected. As it was, many of the early British settlements had a perilous existence for many years. The settlement of Botany Bay was maintained as a prison settlement, and did not succeed in establishing a stable condition based on local production for many years. At times starvation was imminent. Several expeditions in the western parts of Australia failed altogether, and the settlers had to be rescued. As a fact, the economic basis of the settlement of Australia was not established until the merino sheep were imported. First introduced on the coastal lands, they brought wealth, and now a very large proportion of the interior is occupied by the pastoral industry. To this day, though more elaborate and costly types of primary produc-

tion are established in the regions of higher rainfall, the pastoral industry is really the basis of the Australian economic system.

The later industrial development of Australia is directly due to another favourable circumstance—the discovery of gold. But this occurred nearly seventy years after the foundation. The settlement of Australia, therefore, could not have taken place under a primitive people without capital or economic development. At best a population of Hindu or Chinese peasants would have landed around the northern coasts and cultivated the soil to provide for their own needs. As the population grew, if it did grow, they would have gradually spread. But they could not have developed the interior or any but a few favoured spots in the Gulf country, or the northern coast of Queensland. They could hardly have discovered the gold, and none of the wealth contributed by Australia to the world would have been forthcoming. The whole of the extraordinary development of Australia, with its enormous trade, is due to its connection with the British Empire, which has protected it from foreign aggression, saved it from the expense of maintaining armaments, supplied it with capital in huge quantities, afforded it markets for its produce and a system of transport to carry it. No economic system is so productive per head as Australia's, but none is so completely artificial. Its value to the world is immense. It produces a large proportion of the world's wool and other pastoral products, besides much food, metal and raw material. But it could only have done this by being treated as a part of the British Empire.

Nothing like this could have been achieved by an Eastern race settling in Australia. Of course it might have been possible for an Asiatic race with European direction to have produced considerable wealth from Australia for the rest of the world, but it is certain, for reasons which will be given later, that it would have been much smaller than it is at present. The method of settlement which was adopted has, in fact, been far more productive than the other could ever have been. Taking advantage of the opportunities, its vast open spaces, its sunny climate, and its great wealth, the British people have set up high standards of life and institutions of the freest type, which

secure a high economic product. The answer to the problem propounded in this section is, therefore, that the British people have claims to Australia which are not to be gainsaid by the mere scantiness of population. The Australia of to-day has been created by them. They found it a neglected, apparently desert, continent. They have occupied and turned into profitable account a very large proportion of the territory and established a population there which has set up a high standard of social welfare. No one has a right to say that it has not justified its settlement of Australia. It might suit aliens now to take advantage of this pioneering work and settle here in a parasitic way; but if this would imperil the existing *régime*, we have a moral right to deny it.

(*c*) The Problem of Climate.

The British Empire was founded and extended in defiance of climate. Yet there is a curious insistence by the Englishman that all problems of racial settlement are determined by climatic considerations. This may be so in the long run, or with people who are passive. But an energetic race, equipped with all the resources of science, cannot accept it readily. The human race arose in the Tropics—some of the world civilisations were founded in or near tropical countries, and it cannot be concluded off-hand that the white races cannot live healthy lives in the Tropics and maintain their physical and mental vigour. There are Tropics and Tropics. There are moist Tropics of heavy rainfall and dense growth, where germs multiply, and there are Tropics where, though the heat is intense, the climate is dry—there is little water lying about and fever germs do not thrive. A good deal has been said by experts and non-experts about the ultra-violet rays. How far this is sound we will not discuss here, but there must surely be as complete a means of protection against the rays of the sun as from the Arctic cold. It is quite certain that consumption, a disease due to confinement necessary owing to cold conditions, exacts far more victims in England than the heat or any tropical disease does in Queensland, and it probably affects the average energy of the people as much. The fact is becoming recognised that the dangers

of life in the Tropics do not come so much from the heat itself as from diseases which multiply more quickly under tropical conditions not only of heat but moisture. If medical science is capable of coping with such diseases, the problems of tropical settlement will take upon themselves quite a different complexion. So far the outlook is hopeful. It is understood now that a great deal of the lassitude found in people inhabiting the Tropics is due to two diseases, hookworm and malaria. If these could be abolished the energy of the white races might not be impaired at all by life in hot countries. It is too soon to say whether this hope will be realised. In any case the medical problem of dealing with these diseases is assisted by the fact that we have in Australia an educated population with a capacity to obey hygienic regulations. To flood Australia with Asiatic populations without any appreciation of the possibility and means of combating disease, people who are probably tolerant hosts of the malaria parasite and the hookworm, would make these diseases ineradicable. Their presence would not simplify the problem of life in the tropical parts of Australia. They would probably for this reason alone drive the white race out of the coastal zone in the north.

The same problem has arisen in connection with the merino sheep in South Africa, where, owing to flocks being held by natives, diseases which have been stamped out in Australia by insistence on hygienic precautions are very prevalent. Fortunately, however, this problem is simplified by another circumstance. The parts of the Australian tropics with a moist climate are very small. A strip of land along the north coast of Queensland about ten to fifty miles wide, a few patches of the northern territory near the coast, and a very narrow strip along the north-west coast of West Australia comprise the total. The rest of tropical Australia possesses a relatively dry climate, a climate so dry, at any rate, that agriculture is almost impossible. This area can only be devoted to the pastoral industry. Here it is acknowledged that the danger of ill-health from diseases such as malaria, characteristic of tropical countries, is not serious. The energy of the white man is not impaired by this dry heat, however high the thermometer may be. In Australia the Queenslander is

regarded as far more energetic than the Tasmanian of the extreme south. The most vigorous and enterprising men I have ever met have been Queenslanders from the back country. I do not suggest, of course, that the summer climate of the western plains of Queensland is pleasant. Far from it. The winter climate is ideal. When the southern parts of Australia need labour and can pay high prices for it, men will not willingly work under the more strenuous conditions of the north. It is not because they cannot work there, but because they will not. While this is so the north gets the more unsettled section of the community, and provisions for housing are of an inadequate and primitive character. So far, then, as the climate problem is concerned, only a very small portion of Australia is really affected. Even in those parts there is every hope that it will be solved satisfactorily. The facts that along the northern coast there is a continuous mountain range from 3,000 to 5,000 feet high, and that in this range there are several large table lands with soil of extraordinary fertility which will accommodate large populations under temperate conditions are a factor of great importance.

(*d*) The Economic Problem.

Because white races can live healthy lives in the tropics it does not follow that people accustomed to a temperate climate will do so willingly. They may be driven thither by economic pressure or they may have to be attracted there by high wages. There has been for the last ten years no economic pressure in the south. The south is short of labour and the wages are high. Therefore labour has had to be attracted to the north by higher wages. The attractiveness of the north coast of Queensland has also had a share in bringing and retaining there a large and increasing population. It will be seen, therefore, that the settlement and economic exploitation of the northern parts of Australia under white Australia conditions, difficult as they are, are not at all hopeless. The problem is the selection of suitable primary industries where white labour can work at reasonable cost. Intense tropical agriculture, where the labour cost is high, is not possible

at present. But that does not mean that we cannot select other forms which will be just as profitable. It is quite a fallacy to suggest that exploitation of resources by low paid labour under an indentured system is a benefit to a country. It may bring a big profit to a few capitalists. It may serve a purpose by breaking up and developing new land. But in general a type of industry which employs more skilled labour, higher paid, and, if possible, under independent farming conditions, is immensely more profitable to the community. An indentured system in the north would not be settlement at all; it would be mere occupation. But the present settlement of the sugar districts of the north is a real settlement with happy and prosperous farmers living in comfortable houses with their families. The problems in connection with sugar have been difficult indeed, and they are not all settled yet. But a very great deal has been achieved. Those who resisted the discontinuance of black labour have not suffered in pocket.

There is an object lesson in the development of the sugar industry which illustrates how methods can be altered to suit white labour without loss. When it was proposed to prohibit black labour, it was contended that white labour could not do the work. When this was challenged the advocates of black labour stated that there was one part of the process which white men would never tackle. This was trashing, that is cleaning the dead leaves from the lower parts of the cane. The custom was to do this some time before cutting and, as the cane was very dense and the weather very hot, the trasher was for hours in something resembling a hot bath. It was held that he could not stand it. Probably he could not; but, when the Kanaka was prohibited, the planters ceased the trashing and found that it was quite an unnecessary operation. They have suffered nothing by its abolition. So far the sugar industry has proved the salvation of Northern Queensland. Up to the war sugar of a very high quality was produced at 3d. a lb. retail. For this the industry was protected. Since then politics have come into play and Labour Governments, by forcing up wages, have thrown burdens on the growers which are crushing. The sugar growers have been forced to combine, use political pres-

sure, and pass on to the rest of Australia the burdens imposed by their own Labour politicians. But, unsound as all this is, the prices have still not been excessive. In 1920, when the sugar agreement resulted in a retail price of 6d., the foreign price was considerably more and the Australian retail prices were the lowest in the world. In the interval foreign prices slumped; but now when decontrol prevails and the import duty results in a price of 4d., this is still, I understand, below prices in many other countries. These facts show that, although many grave political faults have been committed in connection with this industry, the actual results are not really serious.

What is wrong with Northern Australia is not its economics, but its politics, and the only real criticism against the climate of Queensland is that in a hot climate democracy does not work well. People perspire too much to maintain the vigilance which is essential for the working of democratic institutions. The sugar industry has settled a considerable stretch of the far north with a population producing an immense amount of wealth. The cost is only slightly higher than it would have been if black labour had been employed, while the whole amenity of society is better than it would have been with the indentured worker. There is no insuperable difficulty with labour. It can do the work, and, if the restrictions and standards of the arbitration courts were removed, a full supply of labour could be obtained at considerably less than the present rates. The sugar lands only cover a fraction of the north coast line; but on the average they produce sufficient sugar for the whole of the Australian requirements. There are areas on the coast which do not grow sugar owing to the climate being drier; but there is little doubt that industries such as cotton could be selected which without excessive protection would enable the whole coast to be settled effectively. This being so, the problem largely disappears so far as the coastal belts of Northern Australia are concerned.

There are two other areas to be considered—first, the mountainous country between the coastal belt and, second, the plains of the interior. The mountain plateaux can be worked by white labour with ease. They are high with a beautiful climate which is suitable for dairying and

may be ideal for cotton. In the interior plains the rainfall is not sufficient for agriculture, and the only industry possible is the pastoral. Here the labour cost is very low. Black labour for sheep and cattle would be of no use whatever and, even if it were, little could be saved by it. So that there is no economic problem to be solved by black labour here. It is, however, suggested that in the extreme north of the northern territory there are land and rainfall suitable for agriculture. But land of any value exists in small patches only, and the rainfall, though sufficient, falls all within three months in the summer. There is a nine months' winter drought; so that agriculture is almost impossible. Cotton might be found suitable, but it would only be in small areas. The net result of the consideration of the economic problem is that it would not be solved by the settlement of the tropics of Australia by coloured races. Except in a very small proportion of the territory, their work would be of no value whatever, and in this proportion they can be dispensed with, without serious expense.

(*e*) The Problem of Australian Defence.

When an amateur strategist looks at the map of Australia, with its vast empty or thinly settled areas in the tropics, he says to himself, "The North is the Achilles heel of Australia." It is rather an inapt allusion. The empty North does, of course, present a big defence problem for Australia, but it is nothing like the one suggested by a cursory glance at a map. The wealth of Australia is concentrated in the South, and the empty North can only be tributary to the South. Without a well-settled South, the North for economic reasons would not be settled at all. Australia remained unsettled for centuries, although a few days from the crowded population of Asia, because the South had not been discovered and its potentialities were undeveloped. The key of the situation is the fact that, except along the eastern coast, between the North and the South, is a desert heart uncrossable by any military expedition. The inhabitants of Timbuctoo would not feel any excitement at a landing on the Mediterranean coast of Africa, because they know that the Sahara could not be crossed by a conqueror. The situation is not so clear

in Australia because the integrity of the whole continent is a consideration of great value to Australian defence. But the idea of the Northern Territory being the Achilles heel of Australia is absurd. Its possession by an enemy would not be a mortal blow. In fact, it is doubtful whether it would be worth taking. An enemy attack against Australia would almost certainly be directed down the east coast near Brisbane or down the west coast near Geraldton or Perth. Only if the Northern Territory were well settled with a developed economic system in working order would an enemy think it advantageous to go there as a first step. It is, therefore, quite a feasible suggestion that an empty North is rather advantageous to Australian defence than the reverse. In fact, many people consider that to link the South and the North by railway would be a fatal mistake from the strategic point of view. If the North is developed through the pastoral system, with large ranches, it will probably be better than endeavouring to settle it by an agricultural population. In Queensland the position is also misunderstood. The settled coast towns on the coastal belt are not a factor of any value in defence at all. A hostile fleet could stand off and knock any one of them to pieces in a few hours. The key of the defence of Northern Queensland is the mountain range. All through this range there are huge extraordinarily fertile table lands at heights varying from 1,500 to 3,000 feet above sea-level, which can be settled by white farmers growing cotton, maize, root crops, and producing butter and dairy products. These table lands could not be taken except by large military forces, and if they are well settled Queensland is relatively safe. As things stand, the real defence of Australia is on the sea. Six million people cannot defend 3,000,000 miles of territory. Even when well settled to the limit of her capacity, Australian settlements will be a narrow ring around the centre, and the North will always be comparatively empty. The distances are so great that landings on lonely points on the coast will be impossible of prevention. A navy strong enough to prevent any other Power from getting command of the Pacific will always be essential. A White Australia policy, therefore, does not militate against Australian defence. The admission of Asiatics would indeed make

it more difficult. If this immigration reached any size, it would immediately raise very difficult questions of internal defence. If the immigrants were South Sea Islanders, it might not matter; but if we had races like Chinese, Indian or Japanese, with a high degree of national feeling, capable of being militarily organised, a great danger would immediately be created, which would be intense while the white population is so small. The defence of Australia can only rest on the shoulders of the Anglo-Saxon holders, and any substantial penetration of unassimilable aliens would render the problem of Australian defence insoluble."

It cannot be denied, of course, that the exclusion of the subjects of powerful Eastern races does cause offence and challenges aggression by them. They suffer from the evils of over-population, and if such problems become acute those nations may be spurred to action against Australia. In the face of such a danger we can only rely on our membership of the British Empire and help from other sections of our race. Such a danger is not averted, but rather intensified, by the admission of other nationals. Besides, the evils of over-population can be overcome by other means. Asia as a whole is not over-populated. Nor is South America, where a very mixed people with little racial feeling is just beginning to develop the land. There are spheres for the expansion of India and Japan in the innumerable islands of the Pacific. Meanwhile, Australia is overcoming her under-population as rapidly as possible. Her natural increase is one of the highest in the world. Her total increase over a series of years is over 2 per cent., which is greater than that of America at the period of its highest immigration.

A careful and unbiassed consideration of the facts will give the facile publicist in London reason to pause before he pronounces a condemnation of the white Australia policy. It may not convince him. Conviction depends to an extent on point of view and the pressure of the problem on a man's interests and its place in his environment. But he must see that there is another side and that the white Australia theory is not the product of immature thought or racial prejudice. We cannot decide it upon superficial generalisations. Arguments against a White Australia which seem so obvious at first blush turn out the strongest

in its favour. The climatic argument, which is so cogent with many who see the north of Australia within the tropics gives the most convincing reason in favour of a white Australia, for a white population is the only safeguard against tropical disease and the area in Australia capable of cultivation by dark labour is negligible. The economic argument is also disposed of by similar considerations. The best economic use which nine-tenths of the north of Australia could be put to is pasture, and in pasture native labour would be expensive and inefficient. From the defence point of view Asiatic penetration could not be an advantage. We exaggerate the scantiness of Australian population because we assume that the heart of Australia is habitable in the same way as Europe is habitable. In fact, the cultivable part of Australia is not one-tenth of its area, and the rest can only be occupied by the semi-nomadic though highly profitable merino wool industry. The settlement of Australia is a remarkable economic and social achievement, an artificial piece of national development quite overlooked by the Eastern world before, and only rendered possible by our connections with the British Empire. Finally, no European can deny the evil effects of racial admixture upon all concerned.

The considerations expressed in this article upon a subject of the deepest interest to Australians are themselves familiar to Australians and represent their common point of view. They are not so familiar in this country. A statement of them may correct the misunderstanding of this Australian ideal which Australians at times have reason to complain exists here, and may lead the British citizen to support the claim Australians make for national integrity.

Although every precaution is taken, the Proprietors will not be responsible for the loss or damage of the manuscripts that may be sent in for consideration; nor can they undertake to return manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.